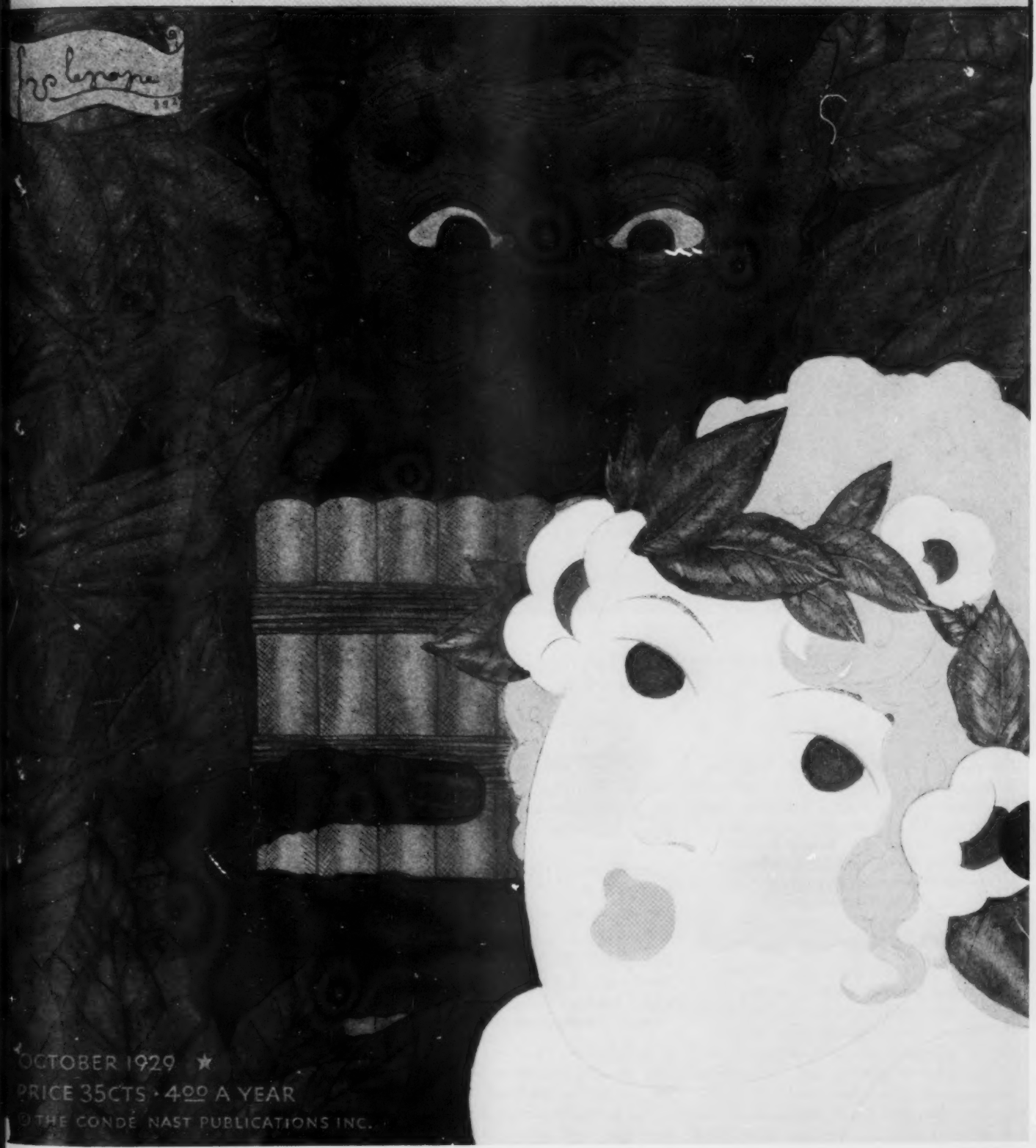
vanity fair



OCTOBER 1929 ★
PRICE 35CTS · 4.00 A YEAR
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STEINWAY

THE INSTRUMENT OF THE IMMORTALS

"PETROUCHKA," *painted for the* STEINWAY COLLECTION
by NICHOLAS REMISOFF

It is the opinion of many critics that Stravinsky has never surpassed his colorful ballet "Petrouchka." To them it expresses completely the striking personality of its famous composer. Certainly the brilliance and originality of its scoring and the keen insight of its characterization set it among his undisputed masterpieces.

IN TEACHING a child to play the piano, parents and teachers are the first to recognize the susceptibility of the youthful mind and fingers. Yet frequently they feel justified in allowing him to practice on an inferior piano until they find "whether a Steinway would be worth while." By so doing they disregard the development of his whole tonal sense . . . the very foundation of his musical appreciation and expression.

The rich, sonorous tone-quality which distinguishes the Steinway has long been the acknowledged standard for pianoforte music among the musically informed. And it is this inimitable tone that has caused virtually every noted musician from Liszt to Stravinsky to choose the Steinway as the perfect medium for his art.

Yet children are often denied the influence of this tonal perfection because of the impression that a piano of such acknowledged superiority must be an extremely expensive instrument.

As a matter of fact you can have a Steinway grand delivered to your home today, for an original payment of only $147.50 . . . a medium for your child's expression that will give a lifetime of perfect service and satisfaction. And *there* is the index of the true economy of a Steinway. . . . You need never buy another piano.

A new Steinway upright piano can be bought for $875

GRANDS $1475 *and up*

10% down *balance in two years*

Any Steinway piano may be purchased with a cash deposit of 10%, and the balance will be extended over a period of two years. Used pianos accepted in partial exchange.

STEINWAY & SONS, STEINWAY HALL
109 West 57th Street, New York

TIFFANY & CO.

JEWELERS SILVERSMITHS STATIONERS

SILVERWARE

Made by Tiffany & Co. is noted for
Design Quality and Workmanship

MAIL INQUIRIES RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION

FIFTH AVENUE & 37TH STREET
NEW YORK

ACACIOSA

PARFUM DE LA JEUNESSE

CARON

PARIS FRANCE

VANITY FAIR
October, 1929

Vanity Fair is published every month by The Condé Nast Publications, Inc., Boston Post Road, Greenwich, Conn. Executive and Publishing offices, Greenwich, Conn. Entered as second class matter at the Post Office at Greenwich, Conn., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Editorial offices, Graybar Bldg., Lexington at 43rd, New York, N. Y. Subscriptions for the United States, Canada, Porto Rico, Hawaii and the Philippines, $4.00 a year in advance.

Vol. No. 33, No. 2

B. ALTMAN & CO.
GENTLEMEN'S
OUTFITTERS

Altman Clothing is ready-made only in the sense that it has been constructed up to a final fitting . . . in technique of cutting and tailoring this wear is as fine as man could wish. Autumn fabrics are especially smart in weave. Men's Clothing on the Sixth Floor.

B. ALTMAN & CO., FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Strange . . . that the genius of a single family should have guided the smart world for a century in its choice of perfumes! Yet the reign of the Guerlain dynasty has been unbroken for a hundred changing years. The loveliness of the Empress Eugenie found its complement in the delightful flower odeurs created for her by Pierre Francois Guerlain. The gay rebels who shook off the Victorian yoke found their new daring incarnated in Jicky. The elegantes of today adore the sophistication of Shalimar.

GUERLAIN

PARIS • 68 CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES — MONTREAL • 60 CRAIG ST. W. — NEW YORK • 578 MADISON AVE.

GUERLAIN PERFUMES ARE BLENDED AND SEALED IN PARIS AND SOLD ONLY IN THE ORIGINAL BOTTLES

One of the Whitehall rooms, set up and furnished by Marshall Field & Company in the office of Arthur Reynolds, Chairman, Board of Directors, Continental Illinois Bank and Trust Company

EARLY in Queen Elizabeth's reign Great House, Whitehall, was built in Shrewsbury town by one Master Prynce. 'Four yeares in buyldinge to hys great chardge, with fame to hym and hys posterite for ever,' it was a splendid mansion, but never so splendid as its panelled walls of oak, added later. What tales those magnificent walls could tell! . . . and their story has not ended. One that looked on Charles the First three centuries ago watches the head of a Chicago bank today. Others that knew Cromwell and James the Second are meeting new friends in modern manor houses. . . . Considered by some authorities the most nearly perfect panelling in the world, Marshall Field and Company sponsored the importation of the Whitehall rooms, entire, as they constantly sponsor the fine in furniture and decoration. You are invited to view the remarkable taste and versatility of Field's decorating staff displayed in the period rooms on the ninth floor and the moderately priced budget house on the eighth.

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY RETAIL CHICAGO

Look

. . . and look again. NOW THERE'S NO NEED TO PASS THIS BEAUTIFUL SILVER BY . . .

STERLING is no longer a "lump sum" purchase. It may be purchased as easily, as sensibly as one's car . . . one's radio . . . one's new electric servant.

Purchased out of income.

Ask your jeweler about the Sterling Silversmith's Guild Purchase Plan and he will be glad to tell you . . . how you can buy, at the start, enough International Sterling to set your table adequately, without disturbing your carefully calculated budget plan . . . a whit!

So . . . look, and look again! Let your eyes dwell lovingly on the beautiful International Sterling pictured here. Let your own personality express itself in pattern.

Then . . . learn . . . in Elsie de Wolfe's own booklet . . . just what selection of pieces will best suit your menus, your scale of entertaining.

INTERNATIONAL

pine tree

. . . beautifully simple . . . symbolic of the stalwart worth of the pine. And on the reverse side . . . the Pine Tree image which appeared on America's first silver coin . . . the Pine Tree Shilling . . . and stamped it genuine . . . solid silver.

minuet

. . . just to look upon its simple, fine lines, its smooth-flowing curves, its exquisite scroll pediment is to remember that America can boast, in its Colonial period, a perfect flowering of the arts.

wedgwood

. . . delicate as a bit of lace . . . or the Wedgwood pottery which gave it its name. Here is silver for a gentlewoman whose tastes run to tea roses and Chopin and Fragonard. Against fine linens . . . silver which "belongs."

trianon

. . . a pattern which, like many a charming lady, is of two minds. For in it, surely, one traces the Greek. And yet there is . . . just as unmistakably . . . the French. As in the Grand Trianon at Versailles . . . here is a perfect blending of the two.

fontaine

. . . magnificent in its superb detail! French . . . in the finest manner of France. Reminiscent of the rich court of the Louis' . . . yet at home in any setting of good taste.

STERLING

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.
FINE ARTS DIVISION
MERIDEN, CONN.

Send for booklet . . . . . today

"Correct Table Silver . . . Its Choice and Use" is the title of the most helpful booklet on silver in all the world. Elsie de Wolfe supervised its every page. And in it . . . eight different sterling selections are suggested . . . varying from a beginner's set for four, to an elaborate service for twelve. Table settings are discussed and beautifully illustrated. And a number of International Sterling patterns are shown, with lists of pieces and prices on each. Send 25c . . . a fraction of its actual worth to you

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., Meriden, Conn. V. F. 10-29

Enclosed is 25c (coin or stamps), for which please send at once my copy of "Correct Table Silver."

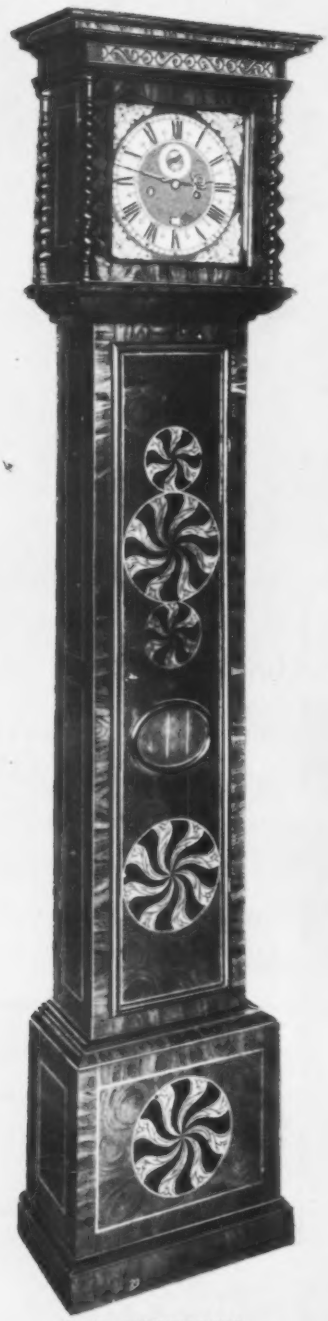
*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____

*State*_____

ANTIQUES

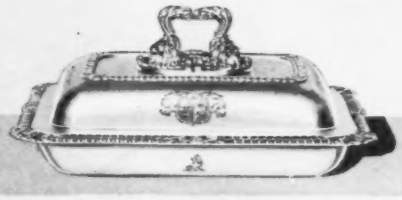


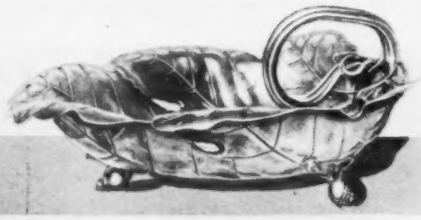
OLD ENGLISH GRANDFATHER CLOCK

Height, 6 Feet 4½ Inches

The movement which is in exceptionally good condition, strikes the hour; has square dial, with silvered arch, matted brass centre and aperture showing date. Made by Wm. Cam circa 1686. James II period.

The two-toned, inlaid case is recognized as a particularly fine specimen of marquetry clock case of the earliest period and is credited as a model from which later marquetry work was developed.





OLD ENGLISH SILVER

One of a pair of silver entree dishes, with covers. The handles are removable, making four open dishes. Length 12½ inches. George III period. London, 1813. By Paul Storr.

Silver fruit dish in form of a leaf, with stem shaped as handle and mounted on three cast feet. Length 13⅛ inches. George II period. London, 1757. By Edward Wakelin.

Rare hand-pierced silver basket, with sapphire-blue glass lining. Diameter 5⅞ inches. George II period. London, 1753. By Thos. Moore.

Articles for the Home—Treasures for the Collector. Wedding Gifts of charming individuality, distinguished lineage and distinctive beauty—welcomed as different and superior.

OLD SHEFFIELD PLATE

One of a pair of Old Sheffield candelabra. Height 17 inches. Circa 1783. By J. Green & Co.

One of two very unusual Old Sheffield platters of different sizes. Circa 1810 By T. & J. Creswick.

J. E. CALDWELL & CO.

PHILADELPHIA

Styled

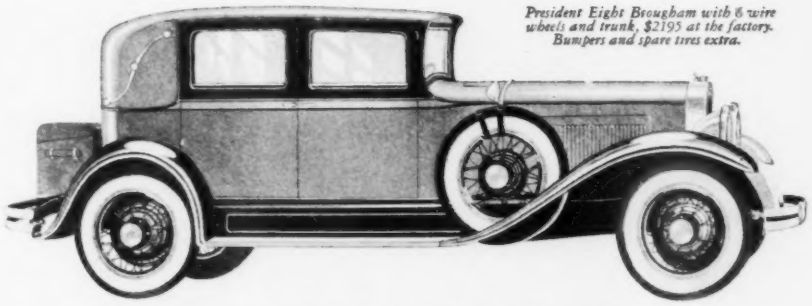
AS BEFITS CHAMPIONS

by those whose word in art carries authority

THAT impression of utter harmony, revealed by the most casual examination of Studebaker's smart motor cars, is your mind's quick compliment to the artistic genius which achieved such beauty. For Studebaker, insistent upon style and perfection of detail to match the performance of these world champion cars, turned wisely for counsel to the feminine leaders in art and decoration.

Helen Dryden, Mrs. Lee Simonson, Marjorie Oelrichs, Neysa McMein, Rose O'Neill, Marion C. Taylor — women whose talents for true harmony in colors, in textures, in lighting, in lines and curves and planes, are world-recognized—these are the artists whose talents have assisted in achieving effects which will delight you in your new Studebaker.

Champion behavior, matchless comfort of ball bearing spring suspension, and finally, style impeccably authoritative, are yours in a Studebaker, at very moderate, One-Profit prices.



President Eight Brougham with 6 wire wheels and trunk, $2195 at the factory. Bumpers and spare tires extra.

America's finest motor cars are "eights"—and Studebaker builds more of them than any other manufacturer in the world. Why wait a year to buy an "eight" when Studebaker offers The President Eight Four-Door Sedan at $1735, The Commander Eight Four-Door Sedan at $1475 and The Dictator Eight Four-Door Sedan at $1235. Prices at the factory.

Studebaker

BUILDER OF CHAMPIONS

Helen Dryden's sense of form and color, reflected in her covers for America's foremost magazines, has won her commanding fame as one of America's most notable illustrators.

Mrs. Lee Simonson, artist and decorator, enjoys a unique position as an arbiter of good taste, sharing the genius of her husband, who is a director of New York's famous Theatre Guild.

Marjorie Oelrichs, New York society woman, is a noted interior decorator and designer whose word carries authority in the highest artistic circles.

Neysa McMein, whose first magazine covers attracted immediate attention to her undisputed genius, is one of the highest paid women artists in America.

The immortal "Kewpie" is but one of the creations accredited to Rose O'Neill's genius as an artist, author and illustrator. Few American women have achieved more widespread artistic success.

Formerly an editor of America's smartest fashion magazine, and a constant student of the latest style trends, Marion C. Taylor is an outstanding authority on fashions at home and abroad.

VALUE—
greater than ever before - - -

NEVER *before has Society Brand offered such values. It is now a matter of economy, as well as correctness, to wear these finer clothes.*

ABOVE: A topcoat style for Autumn that is both smart and comfortable. Every Society Brand topcoat is showerproofed by a special process.

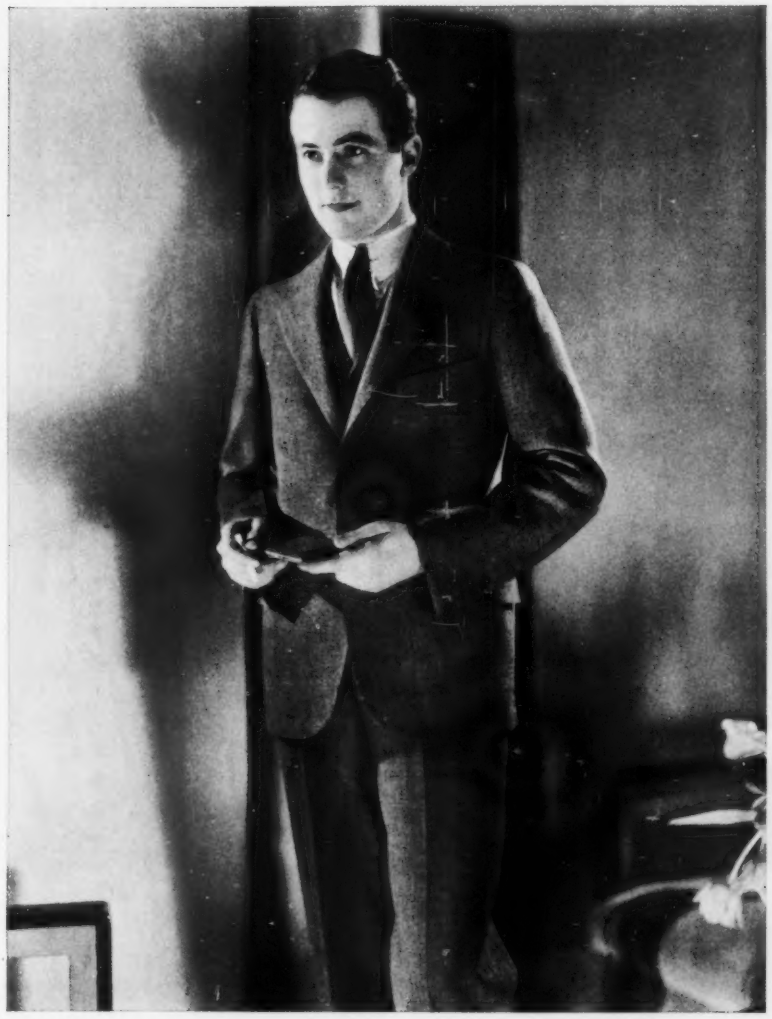
AT RIGHT: An advanced young man's style, correctly designed by Society Brand. Two buttons; peak lapels; a trim waist-line; well set-up shoulders.

IT'S THE CUT OF YOUR CLOTHES THAT COUNTS

Society

STYLE-
masterly as always

BEFORE you select your Fall turnout, it will be worth your while to see what Society Brand offers you—to learn how much more Society Brand is able to give you, even in clothes of moderate price. Retaining all exclusive features—all distinction of cut—all niceties of hand tailoring—this famous style-house is now providing greater value for less expenditure than ever in its history. *Alfred Decker & Cohn, Makers, Chicago, New York. Society Brand Clothes Ltd., Montreal.*



ABOVE: A somewhat conservative style admirably suited to the young business executive. Two buttons; notch lapels; semi-fitted waist.

Brand CLOTHES

. . . *In the grain*

Your practiced eye will recognize here a definite type of shoe. A style we are accustomed to think of as English. A rugged-grain leather we know as Scotch. In these shoes you will find a deep, easy fit . . . soles of substance for cross-country comfort . . . well-bred trimness of line for days in town. Wear them. Watch how they respond to polishing, how they mellow with time. Good looks that are inherent. Quality in the grain. The WARWICK $10.

WALK-OVER SHOES

MADE BY THE GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

CHENEY CRAVATS

Made by
CHENEY BROTHERS

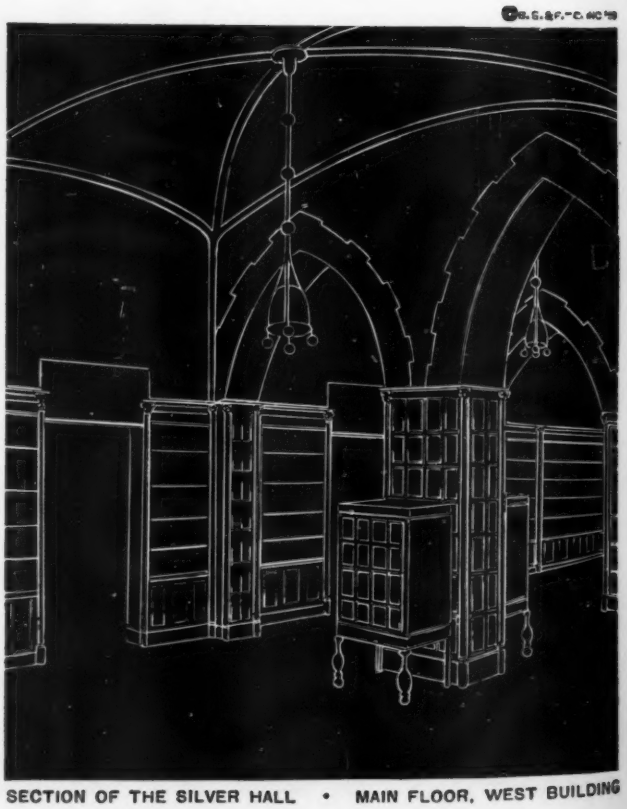
SO YOU'RE GOING TO THE GAME

A necktie to fit in with the spirit of the occasion! : : : A feather in your hat, a pennant in your hand, if you will . . . and a cravat, gay and festive in design, but *in good taste.* : : : Your haberdasher has Cheney Cravats in bright and spirited designs for bright and spirited occasions . . . in sober hues and decorous patterns when you are on your dignity.

WELCOME!

Early in October our customers will enjoy the advantages of a really complete and modern jewelry and silversmith service. This has been made possible by the merger of two of Fifth Avenue's oldest, most famous houses—Black, Starr & Frost and Gorham—now known as Black, Starr & Frost-Gorham, Inc.

For months our architects have been busily engaged in remodeling the present Black, Starr & Frost building at Fifth Avenue and 48th Street and the adjoining property at 6 and 8 West 48th Street, into which we are expanding. This reconstruction has resulted in greatly enlarged quarters



SECTION OF THE SILVER HALL • MAIN FLOOR, WEST BUILDING

CORNER OF THE GEORGIAN ROOM • SECOND FLOOR

with an unusual feeling of dignity and spaciousness, rightly belonging to such an establishment. Modern fixtures of a type new in jewelry and silverware houses, have been especially devised for the greater convenience of our customers and for the display of our wide and diversified stock. The personnel and management of the combined houses remain substantially the same.

Associated with the New York organization is Spaulding-Gorham, Inc., of Chicago and Paris. When you travel the service of all branches of the organization will be at your command.

BLACK STARR & FROST-GORHAM Inc.

FIFTH AVENUE, CORNER 48TH STREET, NEW YORK · · · SOUTHAMPTON · · · PALM BEACH

Associated with SPAULDING-GORHAM, INC., *Chicago and Paris*

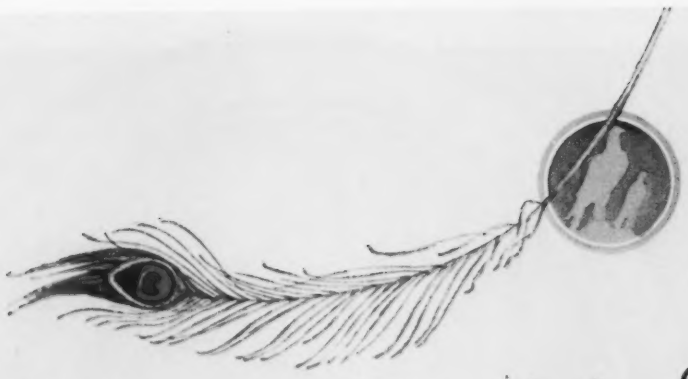
. . . from twenty-five to one hundred and twenty-five dollars the flacon

From the Painting by Sir Godfrey Kneller
HENRY FLEETWOOD, Esq.
OF PENWORTHAM
LANCASTER
ENGLAND

GOLDEN TRADITIONS ★ THE INSPIRATION OF FLEETWOOD

No manufacturer is more vividly aware of the debt of gratitude which modern industry owes to the artisans and the craftsmen of the past, than is Fleetwood. ¶ The spirit which moved the carriage builders of those earlier days, is *today* the inspiration of the artisans in the custom body shops of Fleetwood, in America—a community of craftsmen which takes its name from that beautiful English town founded by the celebrated Fleetwood family which flourished in England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. ¶ The rich traditions of three hundred years of coach building, applied and developed by Fleetwood, have secured for Fleetwood Bodies a special and separate place in the minds of the most discriminating circles in the world. ¶ The quality of every Fleetwood Body is heightened by the superb engineering contributed by Fisher and its actual value vastly increased by reason of the fact that Fleetwood commands the unequaled facilities and resources of the Fisher Body organization. ¶ It is entirely fitting that the names and the physical and designing resources of Fleetwood and Fisher should reinforce each other, and particularly notable that this association brings to Fleetwood advantages which Fleetwood, alone among custom body builders, enjoys. ¶ In the past, Fleetwood Bodies have graced such notable chassis as Hispano-Suiza, Isotta Fraschini, Mercedes, Minerva, Rolls-Royce, Duesenberg, Cadillac and La Salle. Fleetwood will continue to create custom designs for these and other chassis, and to deserve, in ever larger measure, the high repute attaching to the Fleetwood name.

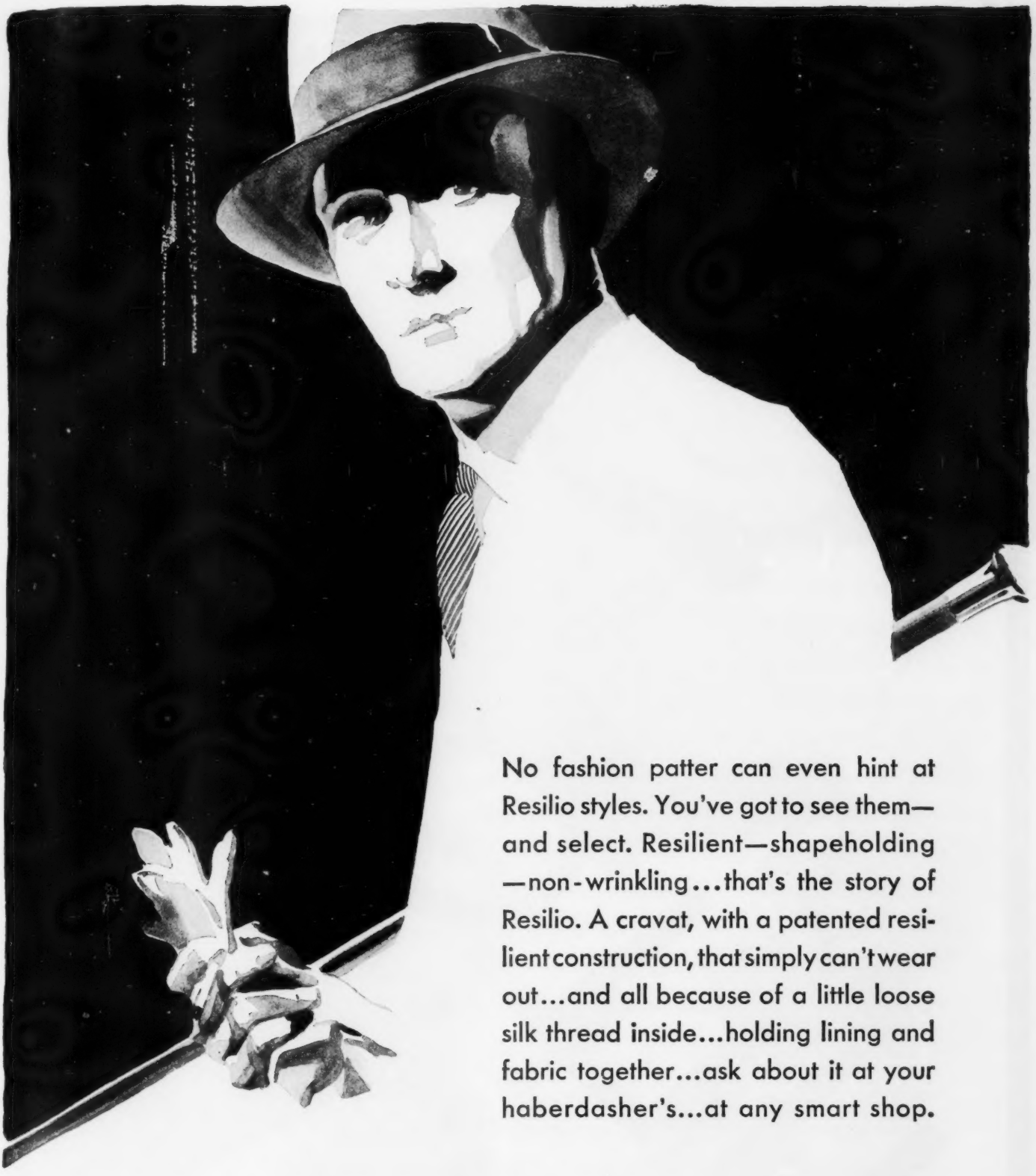
FLEETWOOD



You may not need a tire so extraordinarily fine. But if you do buy the Goodyear Double Eagle, you will know a new security and serenity of mind, however or wherever you drive. Accustomed troubles will pass you by. Delays or inconvenience due to tires will become a memory. *And under anything like normal conditions the Double Eagle will last as long as you will keep your car.*

GOODYEAR

Double Eagle



No fashion patter can even hint at Resilio styles. You've got to see them—and select. Resilient—shapeholding—non-wrinkling...that's the story of Resilio. A cravat, with a patented resilient construction, that simply can't wear out...and all because of a little loose silk thread inside...holding lining and fabric together...ask about it at your haberdasher's...at any smart shop.

RESILIO CRAVATS

Made by FRANC-STROHMENGER & COWAN, INC. • 10 East 40th Street, New York, N. Y.

» YOU WILL BE SURPRISED ALONG WITH THE REST . . . THAT HOSIERY SO SMART AS

ULLOWAY »

SO SUPERLATIVE IN QUALITY, CAN SELL FOR 50c AND $1 »

FROM the sleek brilliance of silk socks and stockings to the rugged friendliness of wool, the Sulloway line for this autumn runs the gamut of good taste in hosiery. For those conservatively inclined, there are quiet blues and browns and grays in patterns unimpeachable. For those exuberant in taste, the colors of the rainbow here are reproduced and subtly blended. . . . Silk, celanese, rayon and wool—these and their effective combinations are merely raw materials. It is in their manufacture that Sulloway is outstanding. . . . The most alert and soundest fashion judgment dominates both pattern and design. The most progressive technical knowledge makes possible efficiency of manufacture . . . Sulloway combines these two in creating for men, women and children hosiery for every conceivable occasion—hosiery of unquestioned style and serviceability, unquestionably moderate in price.

Sulloway's leadership in its field is this year exemplified by the introduction of Kantshrink Golf Stockings—the first golf stockings on the market that are guaranteed not to shrink. Pure Australian wool is treated by a special process, and the stockings emerge soft, luxuriant and absorbent—woven in smart, modern colors, and absolutely certain to fit as well after many launderings as they do at the start. These stockings provide amazing wear, but they are most moderate in price. Sulloway Mills, Franklin, N. H.

IT'S THE HANG OF THE TROUSERS THAT MATTERS

WALK into a room where a painting or an etching is slightly off the level and no matter how worthy a work of art it may be, your first impression will be unfavorable.

The finest example of the tailor's art will suffer the same fate unless the trousers hang correctly. And as any good tailor will tell you, the only way to assure the precise hang of the trousers is by wearing precisely balanced braces such as you'll find in the Guards Line — distinguished braces by Pioneer.

In refreshingly original color combinations and patterns created by Pioneer stylists. At all better men's wear shops.

PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., PHILADELPHIA

PIONEER SUSPENDERS · PIONEER BELTS · BRIGHTON GARTERS

BRACES *by* PIONEER

BRIGHTON GARTERS

will make your sox hang as correctly as your trousers.

Unspoken Compliments.....

The "spoken compliment" is for the ladies! What is there then about a man's get-up that makes for "unspoken approval", specially in evening wear? The cut of his clothes? The way he wears them? Yes—and no! That much can be said about most men. It's the little things that catch the eye and make the good impression!

Take, for instance, this newest Krementz Tuxedo Set —the Black Knight—smart, correct and all that sort of thing but—it's *just that sort of thing that tickles the eye*—without raising the eyebrow!

The *ideal gift* too, because it also is an "unspoken compliment" to his own good taste!

The smarter shops are now showing Krementz Tuxedo and Full Dress Sets correct for the present social season; in gift cases, priced from $7.50 to $50. Upon request we will gladly tell you the names of stores near you.

KREMENTZ & COMPANY - - Newark, N. J.

This easily inserted, time-saving Bodkin-clutch back on the studs and waistcoat buttons is an exclusive feature of Krementz Correct Evening Jewelry.

Krementz

CORRECT EVENING JEWELRY FOR MEN

Housed in beauty, the Temple electro-dynamic is the only speaker with the adjustable hum eliminator feature. Separate table type speakers are available for those who do not own a Temple Receiver.
$39.00 for the Temple electro-dynamic Speaker.
$20.00 for the Magnetic Speaker.
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF ROCKY MOUNTAINS.
THE TEMPLE ELECTRO-DYNAMIC SPEAKER
Screen grid chassis
Optional equipment
-at no advance in price

TEMPLETONE IS *MELLOW TONE*

MEASURED BY TASTE

UNFORTUNATELY, taste is a word that has been shanghaied by the press-gang of trade. It has been manhandled like a garage-helper's tools . . . stripped of its proper significance . . . begrimed by association.

How, then, shall we say that Temple wins the approval of those who have a nice perception of artistic excellence . . . who prize a bit of Quattro-cento and despise a forty-foot Hollywood mural . . . who relax with DeBussy and wince from Broadway stridence?

Temple is not earmarked by the gramophone-Grand Rapids influence. It is a superb musical instrument in a console of dignity and beauty.

Temple is all-electric, standard chassis six 227 tubes—push pull amplification in last audio stage, using two new 245 power tubes—full-wave rectification. A power supply over-sized in every respect in combination with the Temple electro-dynamic Speaker assures matchless tone for Temple Receivers. Consoled ready for use. The Temple 8-60 Console . . . $149. The Temple 8-80 Grand Console . . . $169. The Temple Combination 8269. All prices less tubes. Temple Receivers are licensed by R. C. A. and Associated Companies. Prices slightly higher west of the Rocky Mountains . . . . .

TEMPLE CORPORATION
CHICAGO . . . . . U. S. A.

TEMPLE Radio

TEMPLETONE

"THE SWITCHBOARD OF A NATION"

© 1929 T C

TEMPLE NIGHTS
Every Thursday Night at 10—Eastern Time—Over Columbia Network

MELLOW TONE IS TEMPLETONE

HOW well-dressed MEN dress
THIS BOOKLET tells how to get the most in dress-value and satisfaction out of footwear. Ask your shoe dealer for a copy . . . or write to *Executive Advertising Committee, 14th Floor, 260 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.*

SHOES MARK THE MAN

THE BASIC AXIOM of good usage in footwear is this: *the best and most useful shoes for you are those various TYPES of shoes that go best with the clothes YOU wear and the things YOU do!*

Apply this to your own case, regardless of your personal preferences in price and pattern. Each time you dress, choose your shoes as carefully as you do your tie. Pick the ones that go best with the clothes you're wearing. The world must judge you by what you seem. Don't let "shoe-shame" spoil the whole effect. To be *right* . . . and look the part . . . make sure you have footwear that looks well with the heavier clothing you'll be wearing as the season changes.

FORMAL SHOES LOOK BEST with formal dress. Certainly there can be no exception to this rigid rule of etiquette: strictly "formal dress," plain-toe footwear of black patent leather should be worn with tuxedo or full evening dress.

BLACK SHOES LOOK BEST with dark clothing, with blues and all but the lighter shades of gray. The lighter weights are best for summer, and the heavier weights for wet and wintry weather. Wear black shoes *always in the evening.*

TAN SHOES LOOK BEST with trousers of the lighter shades, with all the browns, *and in daylight.* For reasons of style, common sense, and comfort the heavier weights come into vogue with the felt hats and heavier suits of autumn.

PLAIN-PATTERN SHOES LOOK BEST with conservative clothing. Shoes of any smooth-finish leather (black or tan) look best with smooth-finish fabrics. Do not wear heavy shoes of "doggy" design with suits of thin, fine-textured weave.

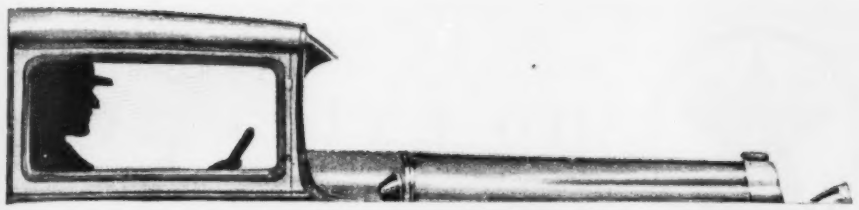
FANCY-PATTERN SHOES LOOK BEST with woolly fabrics. Brogues and other standard fancy patterns go well with heavy suits, heavy weather or high old times in the open air. Novelty patterns go best with youthful togs and young ideas.

SPORT SHOES LOOK BEST with clothing comfortable and appropriate for out-of-the-city recreation. For general playtime wear men are offered almost unlimited range in their choice of special footwear that's smart and practical, including sport shoes in the new blue-and-white combinations for wear with blue coat and white flannels.

HIGH SHOES LOOK BEST when made in simple and conservative patterns. They are favored by many men for Fall and Winter wear. . . . In all weights (whether browns or black) they are good style when worn in accord with the preceding axioms.

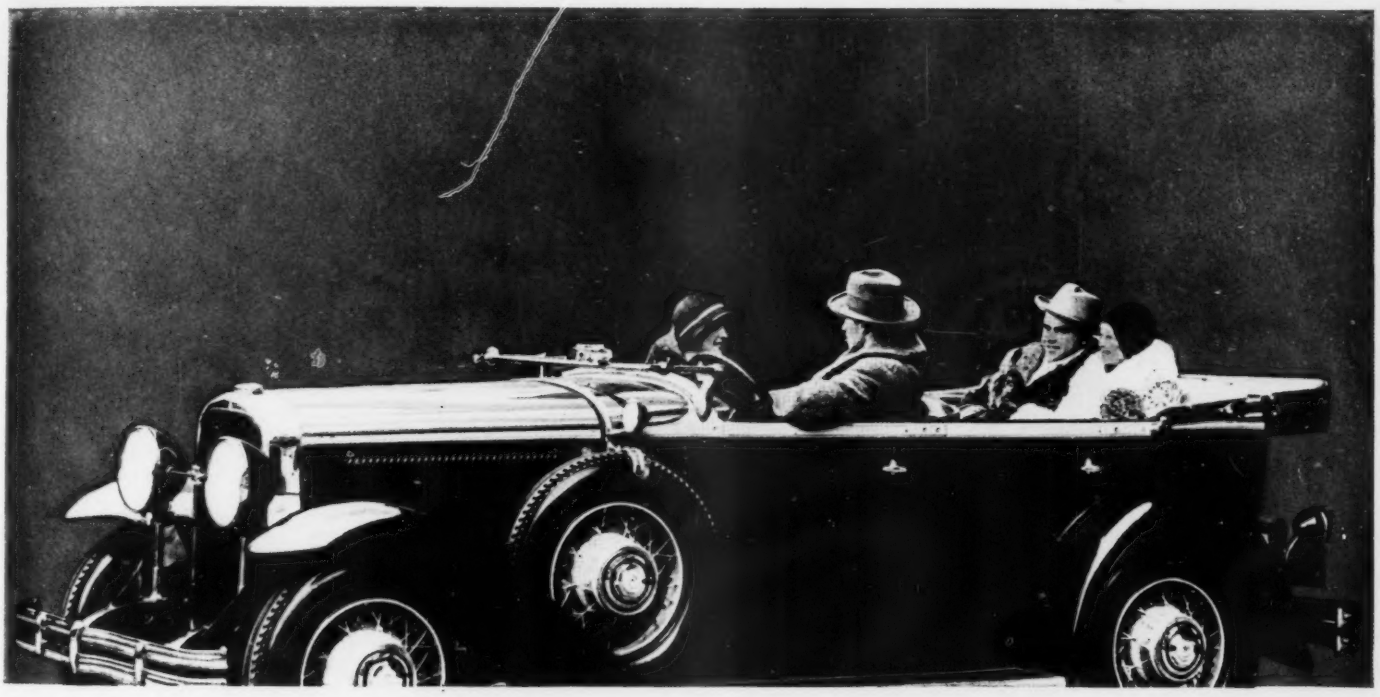
FOR CORRECT DRESS as well as correct fitting consult shoe merchants who display the emblem shown below. This advertisement is one of a series sponsored by the combined Shoe, Leather and Allied Industries in collaboration with the National Shoe Retailers' Association.

THE

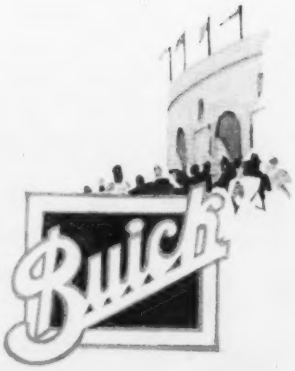


NEW BUICK

for that select circle of motorists who demand performance as well as prestige . . . value as well as luxury . . . and Buick character above all else. . . .



WHAT a wealth of motoring advantages they receive—these men and women who are competing for new Buicks almost as enthusiastically as Buick competes for their favor. Performance unsurpassed and probably unequalled anywhere in the world . . . plus the prestige of owning the finest engineered motor car money can buy. Princely luxury in every detail of surpassingly beautiful Bodies by Fisher . . . plus the remarkable value of new prices many hundreds of dollars lower than any comparable car. They receive all this—together with the definite assurance of satisfaction resulting from Buick soundness and reliability. And so they buy from two to five times as many Buicks as any other fine car.



Buick Motor Company, Flint, Michigan + Division of General Motors Corporation
Builders of Buick and Marquette Motor Cars
Canadian Factories, McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

High-test TEXACO no extra price

Stop at the TEXACO *Station for the "dry gas"*

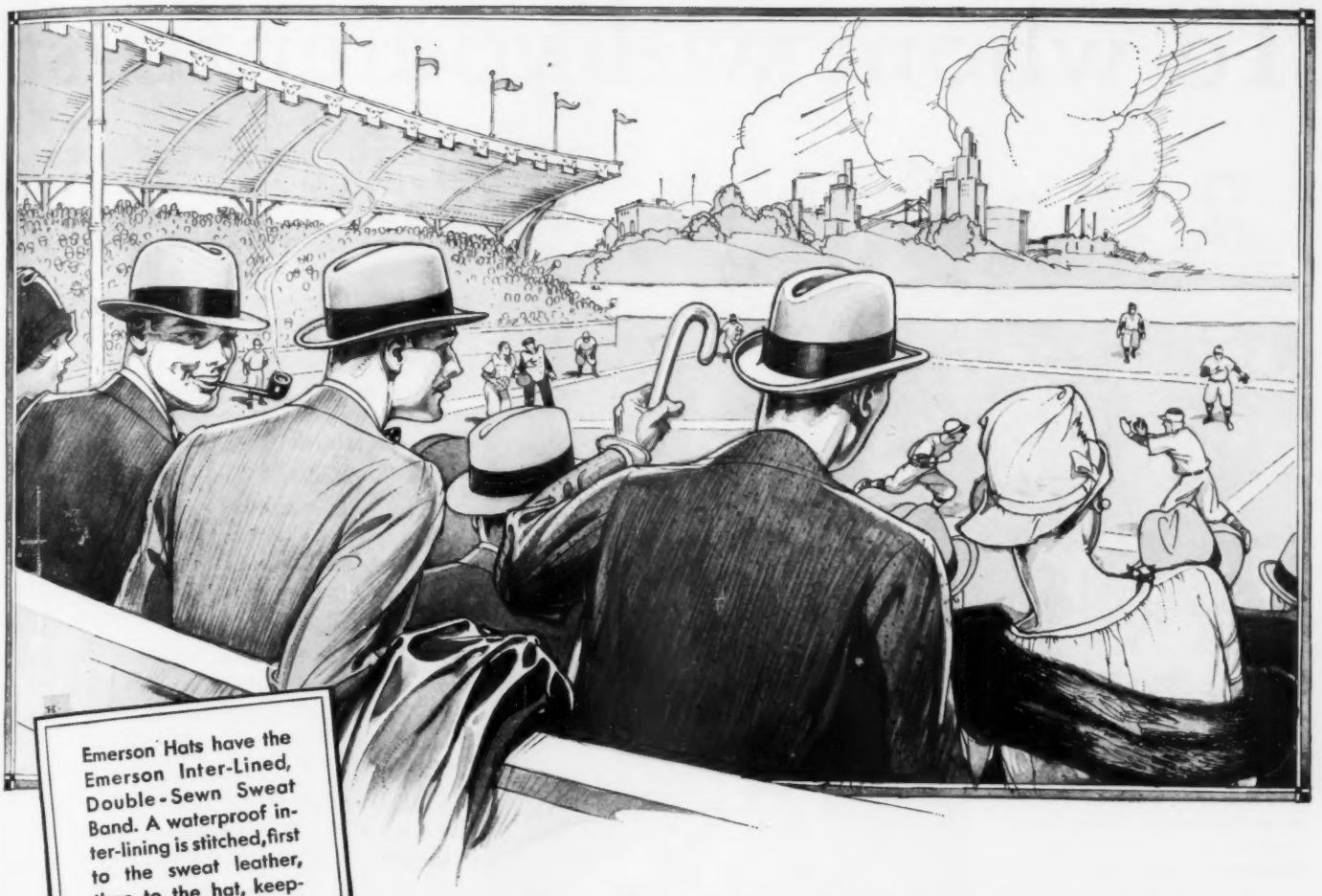
Ask your neighborhood Texaco man what a *dry* gas will do for the engine of your car. He will tell you that the *new* and *better* Texaco gives extra speed, pick-up and power because it forms a *dry, active* mixture of gasoline and air which responds instantly to the first spark flash.

This man is a specialist who knows that his success depends on pleasing you—on the way he services your car. He selected nationally known Texaco because it's *high test,* yet costs *you* no more than ordinary gasoline.

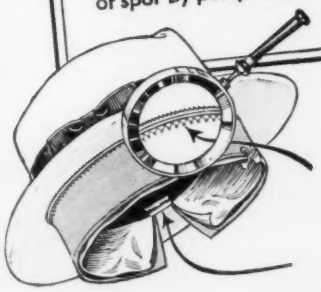
The first tankful will convince you that it's better.

THE TEXAS COMPANY
TEXACO PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

The NEW and BETTER
TEXACO GASOLINE



Emerson Hats have the Emerson Inter-Lined, Double-Sewn Sweat Band. A waterproof inter-lining is stitched, first to the sweat leather, then to the hat, keeping sweat leather and its stitching from contact with the felt. This positively protects both the silk band and body of Emerson Hats from stain or spot by perspiration.



Emerson—the Home Run Hat

Crack—wood meeting leather with incredible force—fielders dashing backwards to the fence, a human flash rounding the bases, thousands of rooters standing on their feet, and another home run has been added to the "Big Boy's" collection.

And as you pass out of the ball park with your new Emerson perched smartly on your brow, you breeze along happy in the knowledge that you also are "batting" one thousand per cent.

Emerson Hats are wonderfully good-looking, with a quality easy to recognize, yet difficult to define. Made for those who are satisfied with nothing short of the best—yet they are moderately priced. And to keep them at their best they are protected with the Emerson, (patented), Inter-lined, Double-Sewn Sweat Band—an added feature exclusive with Emersons at $6.00 and up.

America's Greatest Hat Values

5^{00} *to* 10^{00}

CHICAGO
BUFFALO
LOS ANGELES

392 Fifth Avenue, New York

EMERSON HATS

To whom will you entrust

Practical training first. The experts shown above train all new men in the practical field work. Every new man must go through a thorough course of training and be proved out—no untrained men are ever used. These selected instructors are men of character, intelligence, and professional attitude

Tumbling Team—Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, 1928-29. Davey Tree Surgeons are athletic types. They are carefully selected with the idea of physical fitness. The nature of the work and their training make them more so. In addition to intelligence and character, they have physical energy; that is why they are diligent workers

LET us talk about *your* trees. They are living things, subject to disease, decay, starvation, insect attacks, mechanical injury and other ills. They are priceless to you—only time can replace them, long time at that.

Just for the moment, think of the most valuable tree on your place. Suppose it is starving. Wouldn't you, in self interest, insist upon scientifically trained experts who know what to feed it, and how, and when—without guessing or experimenting?

If this priceless tree is decaying in the trunk or limbs, and is growing steadily weaker, liable at any moment to break off or break apart in any high wind, wouldn't you entrust its treatment only to men with proven scientific knowledge and real personal skill?

If *anything* is wrong with that tree—and dozens of things might be wrong, because it is a living, breathing organism—wouldn't you demand reliable experts who are trained to diagnose tree troubles? Certainly proper treatment cannot be given without correct diagnosis.

You can trust Davey Tree Surgeons with a feeling of confidence and satisfaction. They are carefully selected and reliable men. They are thoroughly trained and have real demonstrated skill. They are educated scientifically in the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, the only school of its kind in the world. They know how to diagnose the ailments of trees. Their knowledge and skill are based upon a half century of Davey experience. They are backed by a responsible business organization.

Scientific Training. A laboratory class at the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery—using high-powered microscopes and dissecting lenses to learn the sciences relating to their work. They must know the scientific reasons for all the things that they have been trained to do skilfully

Practical Training. This is a class learning the important art of saw filing at the Davey Institute. Every man is taught to keep his tools in proper condition. Sharp tools mean good work. Practical training plus science means efficient service

your priceless trees?

Surprisingly Low Cost

In 1928, Davey Tree Surgeons served 21,608 clients from Boston to beyond Kansas City and from Canada to the Gulf. 76 per cent of these clients paid less than $100.00 each. The following table tells the story.

17,022 clients paid less than $100.00 each
2,223 paid from $100.00 to $200.00 each
1,642 paid from $200.00 to $500.00 each
721 clients paid more than $500.00 each

You can afford to employ the expert, reliable service of Davey Tree Surgeons for your trees. They will do as much work as you want—and no more. They will do their work right—they will save any tree that can be saved—they will give you professional and conscientious service. There is no charge except for working time, plus the necessary materials and expressage.

Davey service is local

Davey Tree Surgeons live and work in your vicinity. They are almost as conveniently located as your dentist or doctor or surgeon. They are not sent from Ohio for your individual work—they are trained in Ohio, but they live in your vicinity and work regularly for other nearby people.

Write or wire Kent, Ohio, for examination of your trees without cost or obligation. Permanent representatives are located in principal cities; the nearest one can serve you conveniently.

Everyone who sees Davey Tree Surgeons at work in the trees says, "They climb like squirrels." They certainly are remarkable climbers—they are trained to it. They get around in the trees with surprising agility and speed. But they use ropes—never injurious climbing spurs—to facilitate climbing, to prevent accidents, and to protect trees, wires and other property. They have diligence, speed, accuracy and a trained knowledge of their work

The Student Body of the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery, 1928-29, numbers 446 splendid young men in the Freshman, Junior and Senior classes, all selected from the proven men who have already been thoroughly trained in a practical way. The purpose of this resident school is to provide scientific knowledge and accuracy to supplement the practical skill that is given in the field training. This gives balanced education—Davey Tree Surgeons know both how and why. The Davey Institute of Tree Surgery has been in continuous operation for twenty years, the only school teaching the science of Tree Surgery. The Faculty of the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery includes 37 scientists and master Tree Surgeons

JOHN DAVEY
1846-1923
Father of Tree Surgery
Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

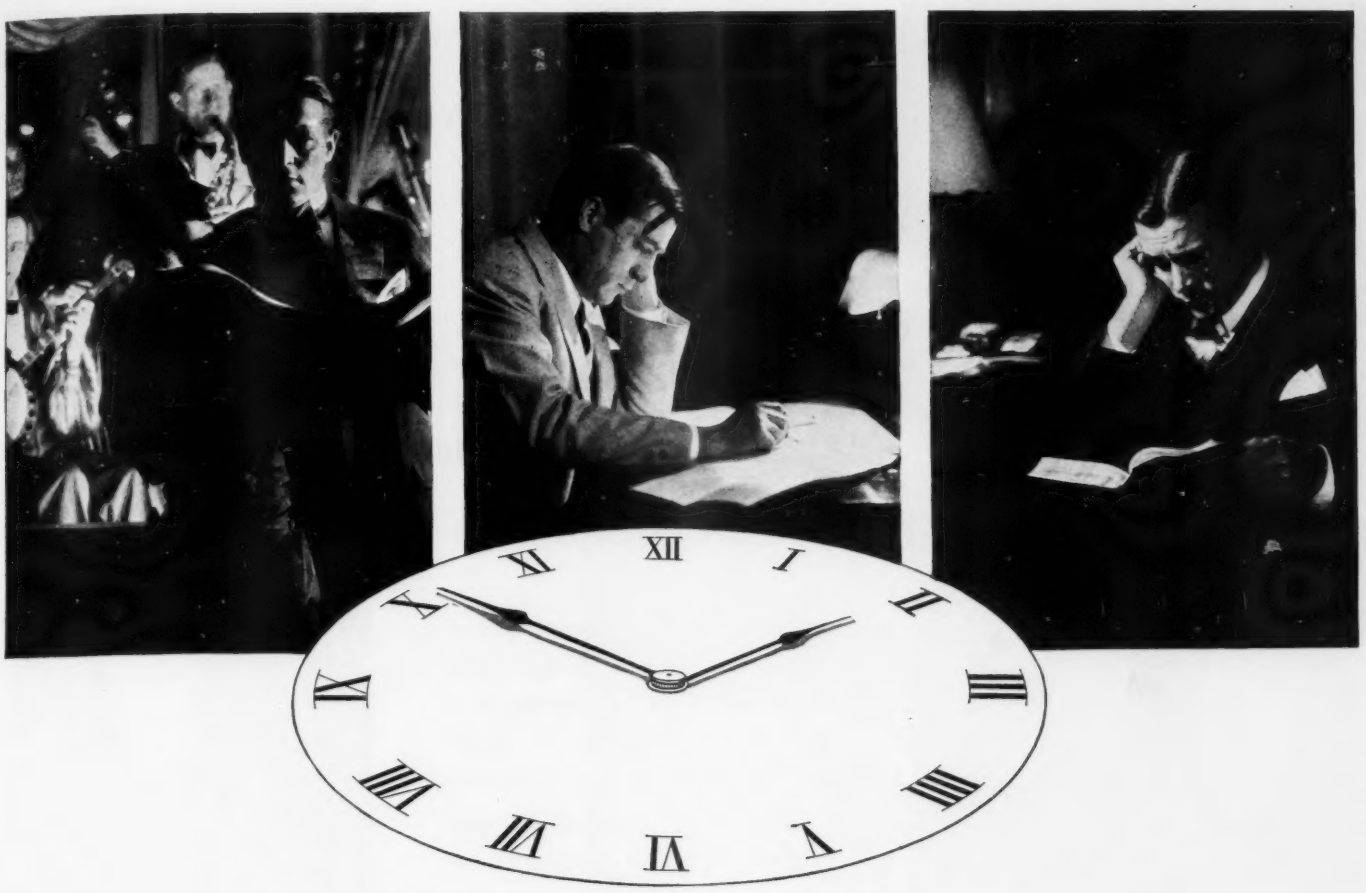
DAVEY TREE SURGEONS

MARTIN L. DAVEY, *President and General Manager*
THE DAVEY TREE EXPERT CO., Inc., 204 City Bank Bldg., Kent, Ohio

The "Saratoga Flair" $5.00

EACH season finds Calfskin in greater demand by discriminating men. The rich coloring and soft pliancy of the Saratoga Flair, designed and fashioned by Daniel Hays, afford a combination that is decidedly appealing.

A Daniel Hays Glove



Rob yourself of sleep . . . *but you can't rob the* Gillette Blade *of its sure, smooth shave*

A FACE drawn and tight from lack of sleep, a slapdash lather and a hurry-up shave—it can't ruin the even temper of a Gillette Blade, even though it may wreck your own!

On such mornings, lather extra-thoroughly and treat yourself to a fresh Gillette Blade. You're sure then of the smooth, even, comfortable shave which has been honed and stropped into *every* Gillette Blade by machines adjusted to one ten-thousandth of an inch.

Every Gillette Blade *must* be even and sure. To guarantee that, four out of every nine of our blade department employees are inspectors and are paid a bonus for detecting every blade that won't do a superb job of shaving.

No two men have identically the same kind of beard. No man gives his Gillette the same kind of job to do every morning. A dozen varying conditions affect the comfort of your shave. The Gillette Blade alone remains constant.

Eight out of ten American men count on the Gillette Blade to do its job *well* every morning. It does. Witness the smooth faces of American men today. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U.S.A.

THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.

★ **Gillette** ★

The FINAL TOUCH *of* TAILORING *which denotes* TRUE DISTINCTION *in a Garment*

COAT linings have a habit of springing suddenly into view. On such occasions, it is within their power to cause you pride or embarrassment.

The swift and silent appraisal of those who may be present brings to you acute lining consciousness. What a satisfaction, then, to have them look upon the smooth, lustrous surface of Skinner's Satin!

Style, beauty, pride of ownership—a lining of this world-famous material will emphasize these three things in your next suit or topcoat. Ask for it.

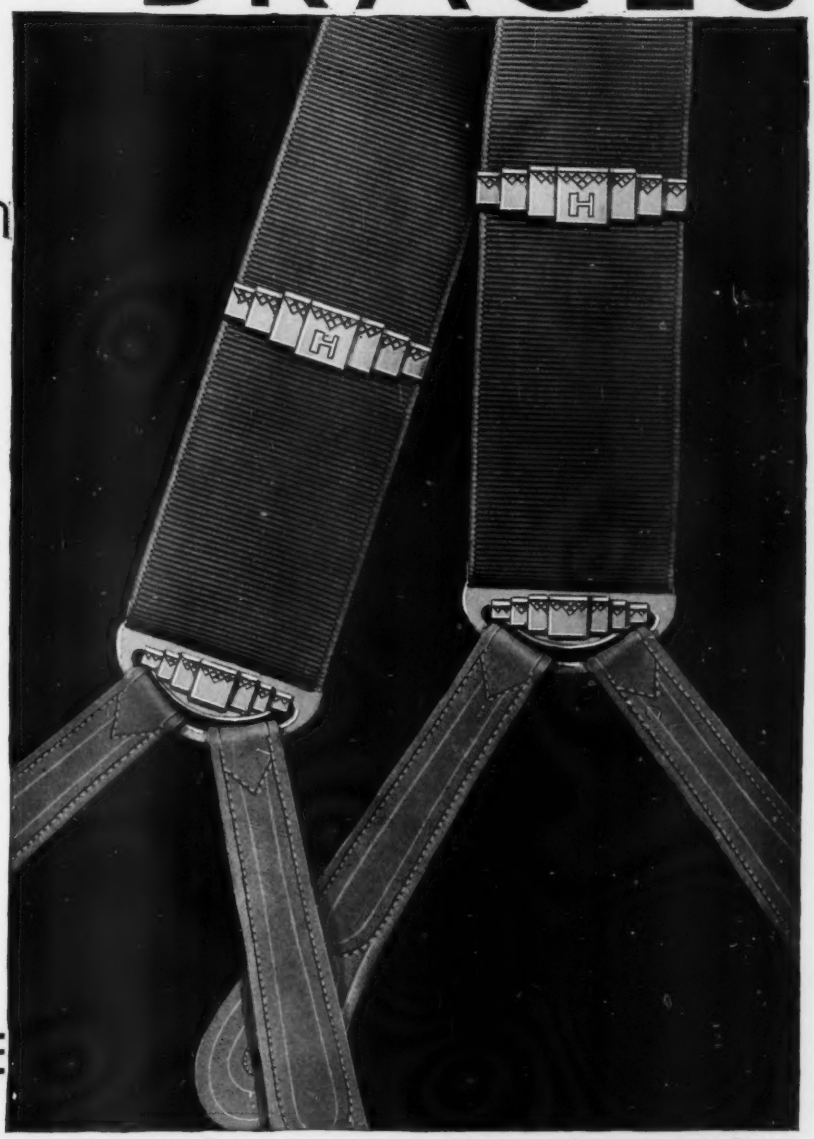
Skinner's Satins

WILLIAM SKINNER & SONS, Established 1848
New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia
San Francisco Mills: Holyoke, Mass.

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

Now—BRACES

as only Hickok
could make them



SMART
DISTINCTIVE
DIFFERENT

Rich Fabrics Initial Buckles
Handsome Oxford Links

HICKOK

BELTS GARTERS BRACES

LIKE OLD FRIENDS THEY WEAR WELL

'HAND SEWN'

FOR the first time in the history of glove making, it is possible to present HAND SEWN gloves that do not require 'breaking in'. Thanks to soft, but durable, American tannage Meyers Make HAND SEWN Gloves offer a 'free-fitting' fist-full of style with wear to spare—in a variety of leathers. And more, their perfectly fitting, custom construction cannot be duplicated in models of lesser value. ¶ It is interesting to note—now that men realize that one pair of Gloves will not answer for all occasions, all ensembles—that Meyers dealers are constantly being called upon for authentic Glove Styling. It's the feather in the wind that points to the recognized authority of the international organization behind Gloves of Meyers Make.

LOUIS MEYERS & SON, INC.
One Park Avenue, at 33rd Street, New York, N.Y.

GLOVES of MEYERS MAKE

CRISP AIR...CASUAL CROPPERS...COOLER SMOKE

A long run and a fast fox . . . then back for coffee and bacon, talk and cigarettes! Spud is a great cigarette when the talk is high . . . a clean-mouth, nimble-tongue smoke . . . the cigarette for swift smart banter and lengthy alibi. Thus Spud is accepted by the casual world by means and mode. Spud's refreshing cooling effect serves to sustain and heighten your enjoyment of Spud's full tobacco flavor. Spud is the modern freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

Used by Charles Chaplin personally and professionally

A derby, a mustache, big boots, a cane . . . the Charlie Chaplin America loves has been brought to us for twelve years by Bell & Howell Cameras. Soon we shall again grieve at his pathetic smile and laugh at his antics, in "City Lights", now being taken by three Bell & Howell Cameras.

For making *personal* movies outside of his studio, it is but natural that Charlie Chaplin should also choose a Bell & Howell Camera—his personal Filmo.

Benefit from his experience, and from the judgment of most of Hollywood's leading producers. Choose the personal model of the cameras which the professionals have used for twenty-two years. Choose a Filmo.

There are three models for your selection. Filmo 70-A is the original and still the most popular of personal movie cameras. Filmo 75 is coat-pocket thin, light, smart in an embossed metal case, and less expensive. Filmo 70-D, the latest and "master of all personal movie cameras", has seven film speeds for the fastest to the slowest of movies, and a turret that snaps any of three lenses into place at a twist of the wrist. All three have the precision of studio cameras. All are simple to operate . . . just look through the spy-glass viewfinder, press the button and "What you see, you get."

Filmo 70-D comes complete with Taylor-Hobson Cooke 1" F3.5 lens and smart Mayfair carrying case of English saddle leather, equipped with SESAMEE lock, at $245. Eight other models with various lens combinations range upward in price.

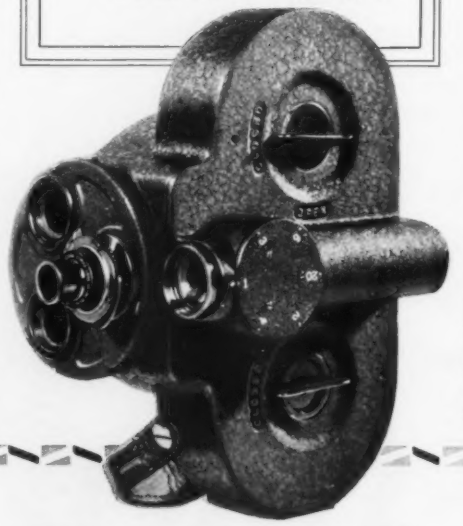
It is only just, after twelve years faithful service in my studios here, that I now say a word in commendation of the Bell & Howell cameras.

That I am now using three of them in filming my latest production "City Lights", is evidence they have given me entire satisfaction.

With best wishes, I am

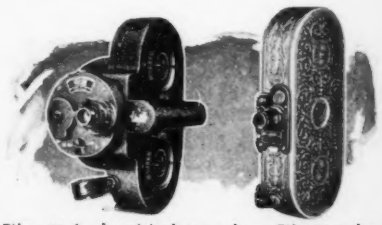
Cordially,

Charles Chaplin.



Ask your Filmo dealer to demonstrate them. We shall gladly send you his name and literature that describes all three, including the movie booklet, "What You See, You Get."

BELL & HOWELL COMPANY
Dept. J, 1832 Larchmont Avenue Chicago, Illinois
NEW YORK · HOLLYWOOD · LONDON
(B. & H. CO., LTD.) ESTABLISHED 1907



Filmo 70-A, the original personal movie camera, surpassed only by Filmo 70-D, $180 and up with carrying case.

Filmo 75, pocket-size and of patrician smartness, $120 and up with carrying case.

All Filmos take either a 50 or 100 foot roll of film

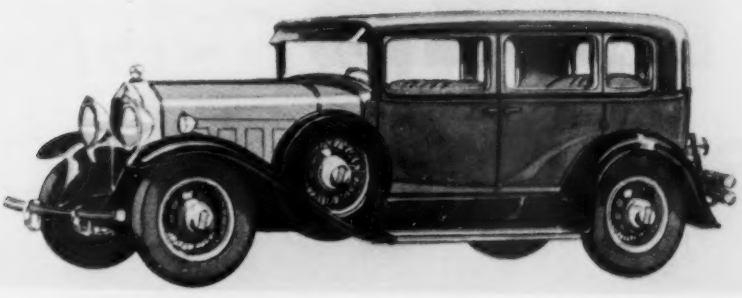
For black and white pictures, Filmo Cameras use Eastman Safety Film (16mm.) in the yellow box—both regular and panchromatic—obtainable at practically all dealers' handling cameras and supplies. Filmo Cameras and Filmo Projectors are adaptable, under license from Eastman Kodak Company, for use of Eastman Kodacolor film for home movies in full color. Cost of film covers developing and return postpaid, within the country where processed, ready to show with Filmo Projector.

BELL & HOWELL
Filmo
WHAT YOU SEE, YOU GET

ITS BEAUTY EXPRESSES
SUPREME MASTERY OF MODERN DESIGN

The new Willys-Knight Great Six is the most distinctively beautiful motor car that Willys-Overland has ever created. Line, color and finish combine in a rich ensemble that marks the achievement of new ideals in design. The individuality of the new Great Six reveals itself in a higher order of beauty, luxury and performance.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC. · TOLEDO, OHIO
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD. · TORONTO, CANADA



Willys-Knight

GREAT SIX

Sedan, Roadster, Coupe, 5-passenger Coupe — each,

$1895

Six wire wheels and trunk rack standard equipment. Prices f.o.b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice

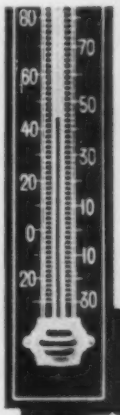
The food he eats is the man he'll be !

Guard his food by safe refrigeration—keep it below 50° always

A CUT finger brought tearfully to you for first-aid. The busy sound of small feet clumping down the stairs. A tousled head and one bright eye peeping from the bed clothes. He seems so little now—but the years hurry by.

What will he be like when he grows up? Will he be tall and strong? Will he be kind and brave? Will he be—happy? So much of his future depends upon the food he eats. For, good food builds good health—and health is the foundation of a successful life!

Nothing can give you greater assurance that his food will be wholesome and healthful than a General Electric Refrigerator. Quietly and faithfully day and night this refrigerator automatically keeps food safely below 50 degrees, the temperature which medical authorities agree to be the danger point. At even slightly higher temperatures, bacteria thrive, germs multiply, food becomes unwholesome—often dangerous.



Vital Superiorities

The General Electric Refrigerator possesses many vital points of superiority. Its mechanism, hermetically sealed in a steel casing is placed on top of the cabinet, allowing maximum storage space for food. It is extremely simple and quiet in operation, dust-proof—never needs oiling. An easily accessible freezing regulator enables you to control freezing as you desire. In addition, it has an all-steel cabinet, warp-proof, rust-proof, sturdy and sanitary.

We shall gladly send you a free copy of Dr. Royal S. Copeland's book on Refrigeration and Health. Address Sec. Z-10, Electric Refrigeration Dept., General Electric Company, Hanna Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

Consider this performance record before you buy a refrigerator

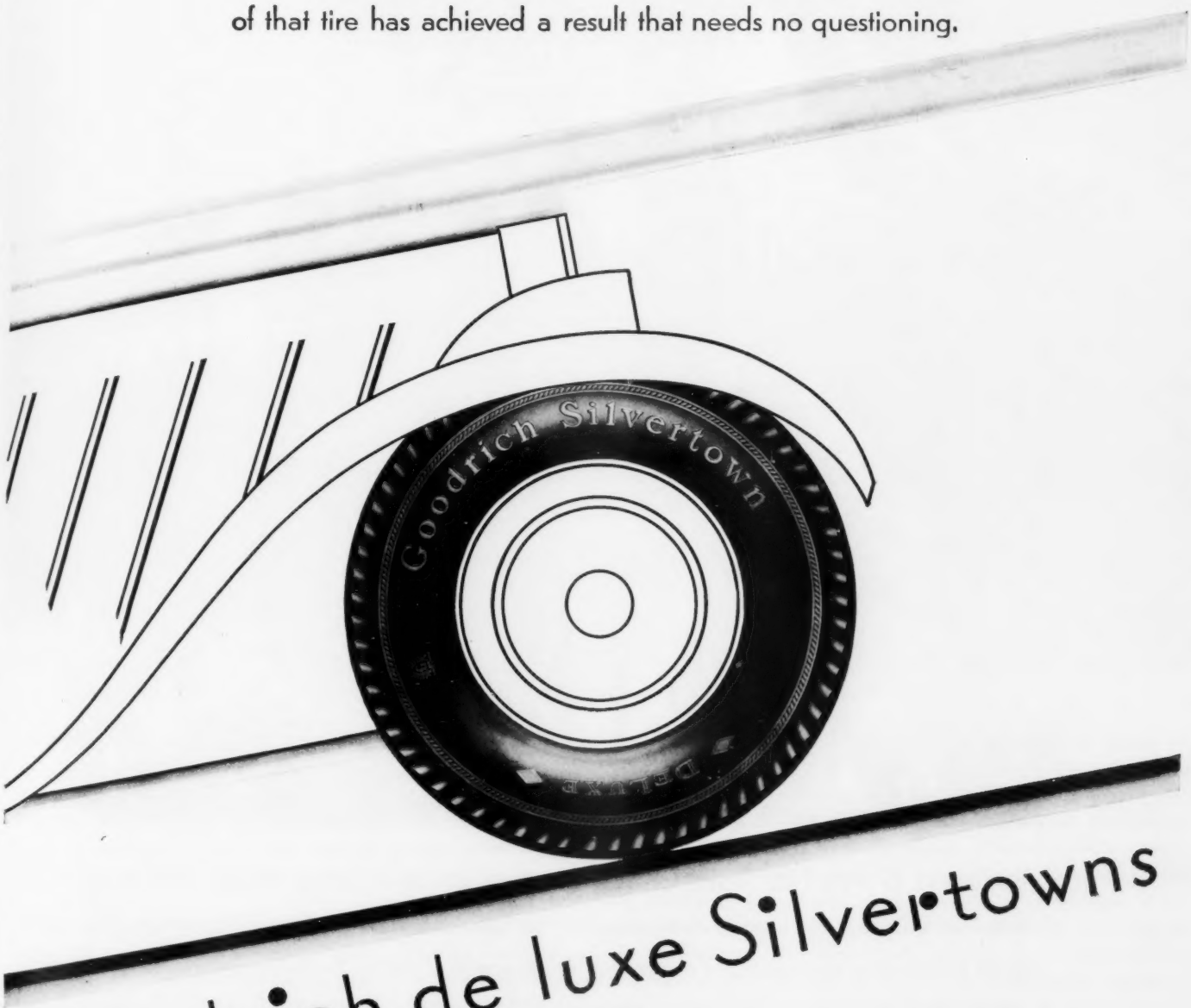
More than 350,000 American homes are enjoying the convenience, economy and the health-guarding service of General Electric Refrigerators. And not one owner has ever spent a single dollar for repairs or service. This is a record in the industry. No wonder General Electric users are proud of their refrigerators and consider them the very best of investments.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ALL-STEEL REFRIGERATOR

Character

You see it in a man's eyes and in the shape of a dog's head. You recognize it in the tailoring of a costume and in the lines of a cabin cruiser . . . and when you hear shrewd men dismissing the tire question with a simple request for "Silvertowns De Luxe, please!" . . . you can be sure the maker of that tire has achieved a result that needs no questioning.



Goodrich de luxe Silvertowns

Duro Gloss

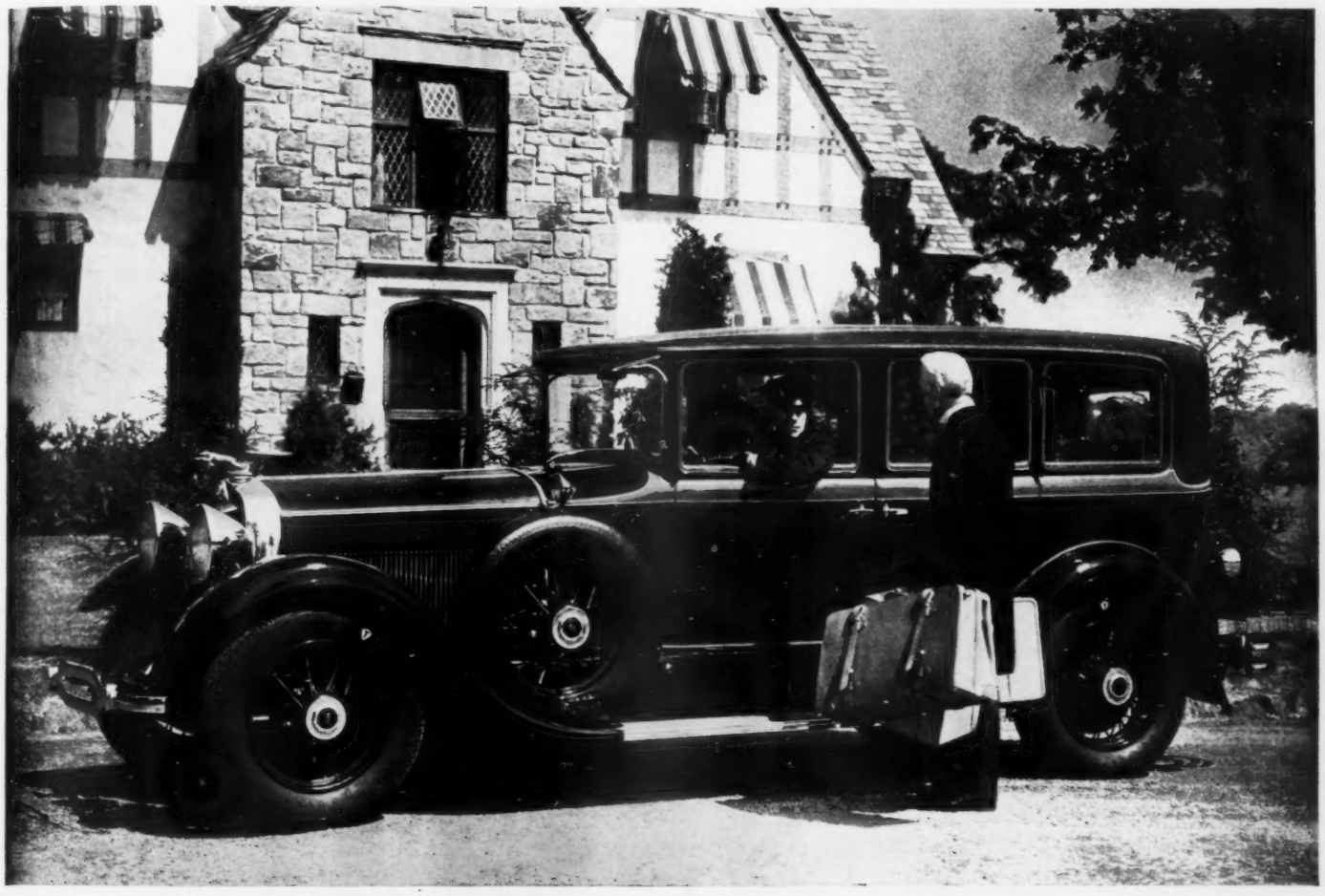
"GRAY DAY" COATS
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Business Gives No Rain Checks! Business as usual in spite of the rain and those who carry it on must be dressed to meet its demands. • A coat that sheds water and keeps the wearer dry has the prime essentials of a raincoat. But a coat that is both practical and at the same time well tailored has the unique characteristics of a Duro Gloss. • These "Gray Day" Coats of Duro Gloss are cut to meet the most detailed requirements of men's style. English box cut and Trench coat styles are offered in a variety of Duro Gloss models. And with the famous Duro Gloss tailoring comes the assurance of perfect storm protection.

GENUINE Duro Gloss RAINCOAT FABRIC

J. C. HAARTZ COMPANY · NEW HAVEN · CONNECTICUT

THE LINCOLN HAS AN AUTHORITY AND DISTINCTION OF ITS OWN



The Standard Limousine, a smart and capacious motor car for town and social use

As YOU step into your Lincoln at the curb . . . as it carries you surely and silently through the streets . . . as you leave it at your destination . . . you have the assurance that your comings and goings reflect its effortless power, its unfailing fitness, its authentic style.

This well-founded sense of satisfaction is no small part of the experience of owning a Lincoln. For this motor car possesses, beyond its unfaltering performance and beauty of design, a tradition and an individuality of its own.

Wherever you call upon your Lincoln to take you—to the office, to the shops, to the theater—you are secure in the knowledge that it is unsurpassed by any other motor car that you see on the rounds of your duties and pleasures. Its mechanism is enduringly sound. Its smartness is assured by the designs of the country's leading coachmakers. Its performance is swift, safe and luxurious. As a result, the character of the Lincoln is a thing directly communicated to you who ride in the car, as well as to those who see it even for the brief moment in which it flashes by.

The high quality of the engineering skill and the materials used, coupled with the unhurried precision of its making, form the basis of the Lincoln's unusual character. Its excellence, in motor, chassis and body, is evident in every aspect of the car. Here is an automobile that complements and enhances the civilized routine of city life . . . one that possesses an atmosphere as unmistakable as its name . . . "as nearly perfect a motor car as it is possible to produce" . . . the Lincoln.

THE LINCOLN

Town & Country

OUT-O-DOORS
LEATHER
CLOTHING

TAKE HOLD of a Town and Country leather garment. Rumple it in your hands. Feel the caress of the soft, vital leather. Put it on. Catch the reflection that your mirror gives back and you will not fail to appreciate the fitness of Town and Country leather clothing for your favorite sport.

A beautiful selection of designs for your consideration. Each garment is a faultless example of fine fashion tailoring, true sport and outdoor knowledge.

Your dealer either carries or can obtain Town and Country Clothing for you. Ask us to send you a booklet.

TOWN AND COUNTRY *leather windbreakers and leather coats similar in style to the illustrations are made in a variety of selected leathers in all desirable colors.*

GUITERMAN BROTHERS

Originators of cold-resisting clothing

SAINT PAUL, MINNESOTA

These qualities make the Lotus what it is—Premier Shoe of England

GOOD FIRST APPEARANCE of a shoe is quite easy to obtain. Shoes can be produced that will compare in appearance at the store very favorably with the Lotus and sell for half the price. ¶ But compare the shoes six months, or a year later. Then you will learn the worth of Lotus quality and workmanship. The Lotus has but gained in dignity. Its upper has tone—in brown, the luster of an old violin; in black, the glow of polished ebony. Its shape retains intact the original distinction. Its sole still stubbornly resists hard wear, and when the time finally comes, the welt will hold a new sole just as firmly as the original. ¶ This permanent smartness and defiant service are far from accidental. They result from the traditions of generations of fine shoe making. Lotus shoes are made from selected leathers of the greatest European tanneries. In those unseen places of the welt, the counter, toe puff, insole, lining—the materials are always the best, the linings and leathers best, with workmanship supreme. ¶ Illustrated are some of the Lotus Scotch-grain shoes. These are made over rocker bottom lasts in order to reduce creasing and eliminate "biting." These Lotus Scotch-grain shoes will give almost unbelievable wear. Their appearance will even improve with age. And in comfort they are glovelike from the start. ¶ Some of the leading stores which carry Lotus shoes in this country are listed below. Mr. Douglas B. McIntosh, of Lotus Shoes Inc., will answer inquiries of any one who has not a dealer near him. Lotus Shoes Inc., 130 West 42nd Street, New York City. (*Lotus shoes are priced from* $14 *to* $20.)

SOME OF THE LEADING RETAILERS WHO STOCK LOTUS SHOES

NEW YORK . . . Abercrombie & Fitch Co.
NEW YORK . . . . . Cruger's Inc.
581 *Fifth Ave.*
PHILADELPHIA, PA. . A. H. Geuting Company
BALTIMORE, MD. . . . N. Hess' Sons, Inc.
BOSTON, MASS. . . Jordan Marsh Company
DETROIT, MICHIGAN . . . R. H. Fyfe & Co.
KANSAS CITY, MO. . . . Rothschild & Sons
PORTLAND, OREGON . . . . . Armishaw's
CINCINNATI, OHIO . . The Smith-Kasson Co.
BUFFALO, N. Y. . Wm. Eastwood & Sons Co.
ROCHESTER, N. Y. Wm. Eastwood & Sons Co.
PORTLAND, MAINE . . A. H. Benoit & Co.
BERKELEY, CALIF. . . . Garwood's Boot Shop
Telegraph and Durant Aves.
BERKELEY, CALIF. . . . Garwood's Booterie
Shattuck Ave. at Kittridge

LOTUS 776—*The Lincoln last is trim as a lounge suit by a West End tailor. It is smart enough to appeal to young business men and sound enough in design to please vice-presidents too. Its first virtue is comfort. Scotch-grain leather and Lotus workmanship foretell years of wear.*

LOTUS 774—*Unique construction makes the famous "Veldtschoen" water-proof. It is literally a shoe within a shoe. Constructed of Martin's Zug leather, it will wear from Freshman year to graduation—and longer. The shoe for the country, for wet city streets, and for golf, when studs have been inserted in the generous sole.*

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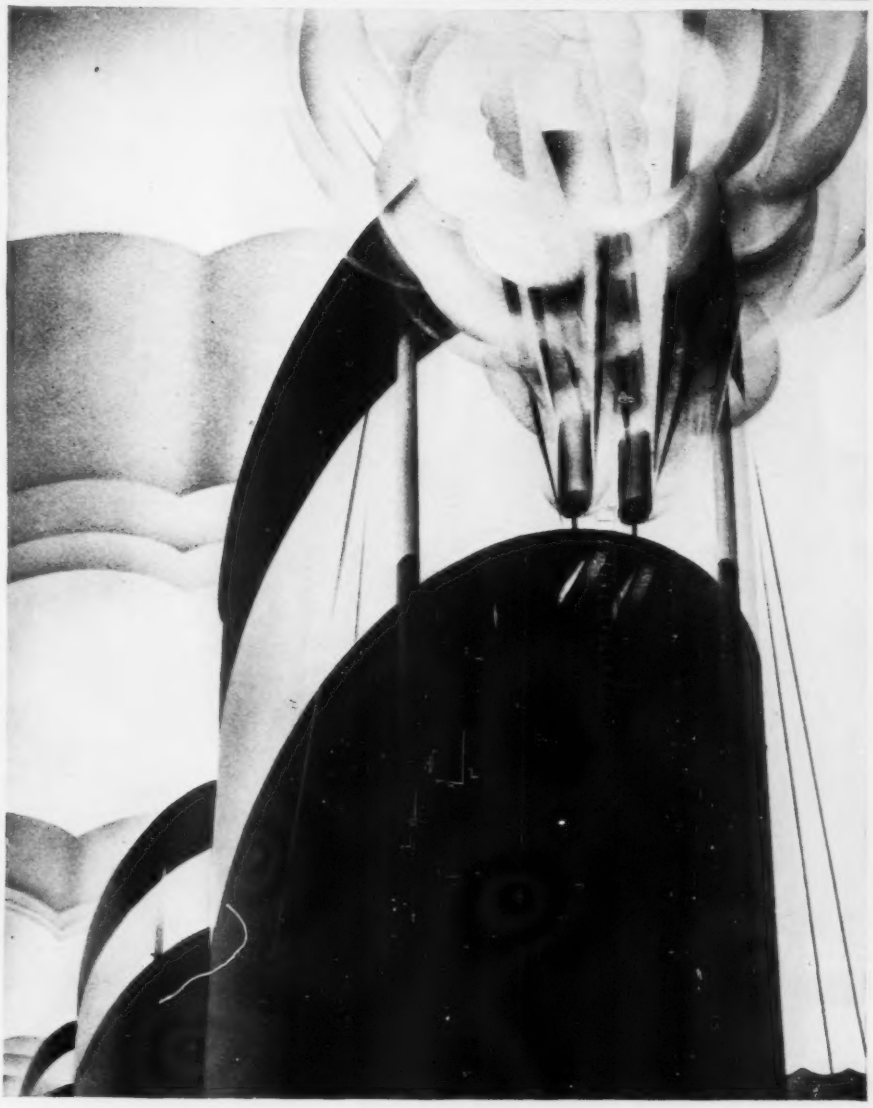

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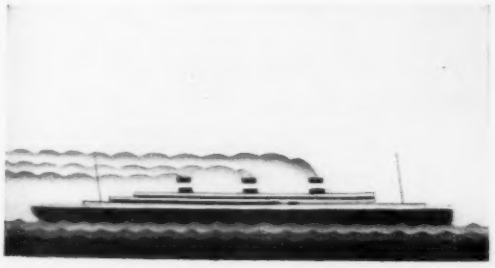

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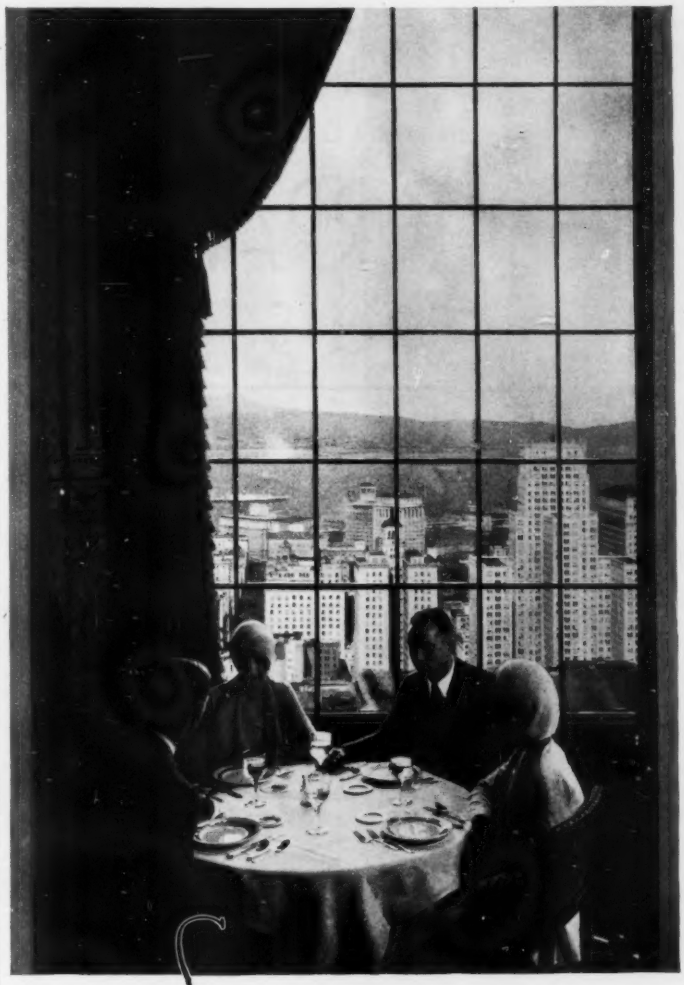

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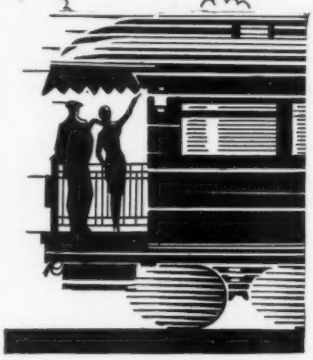

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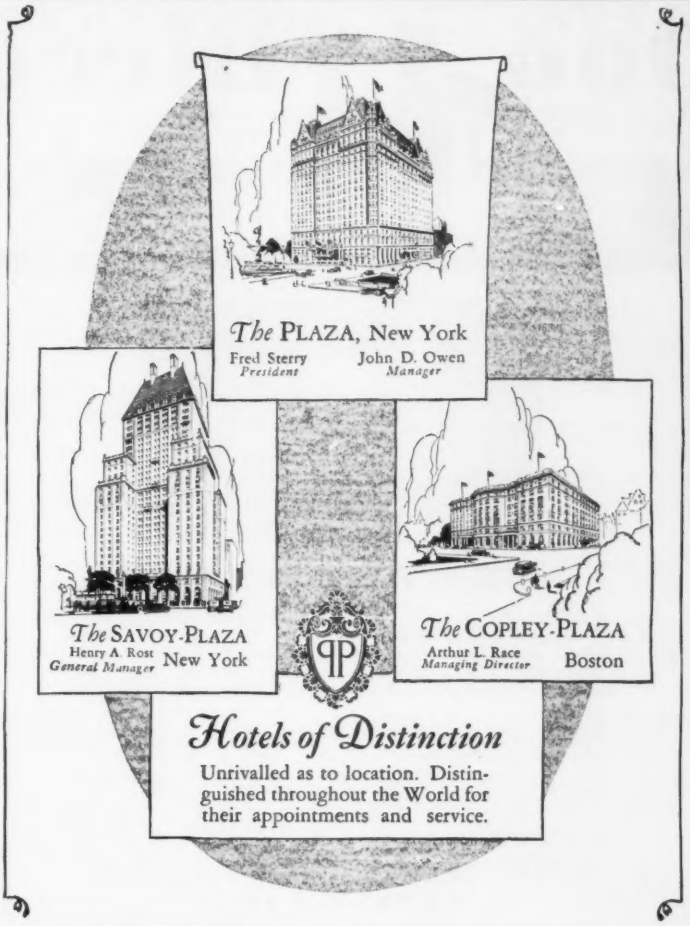
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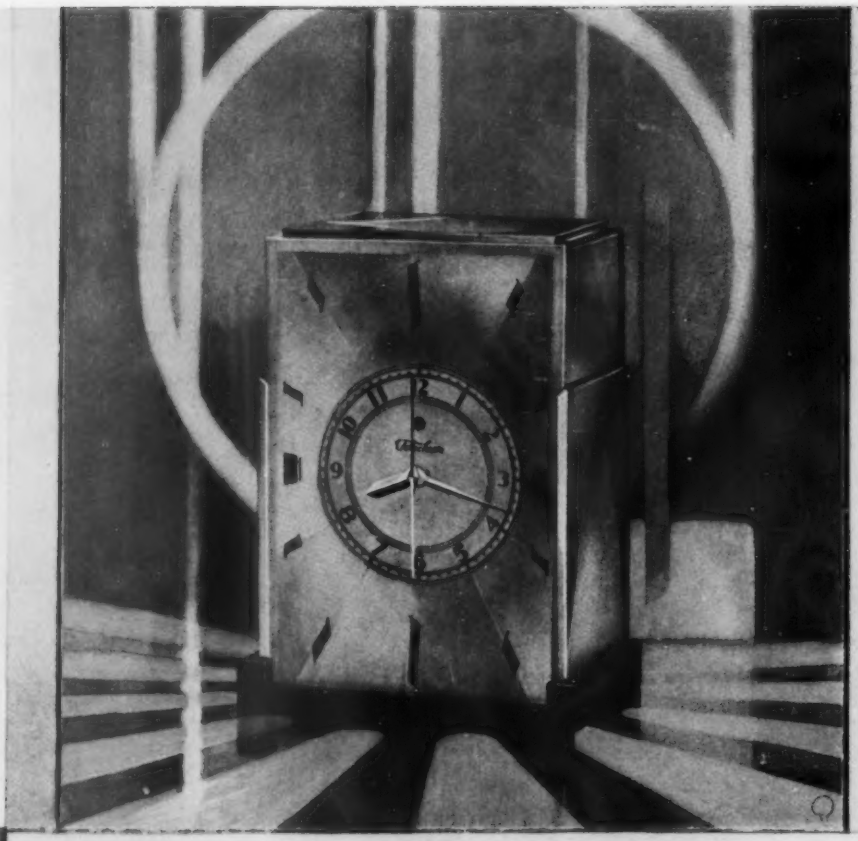

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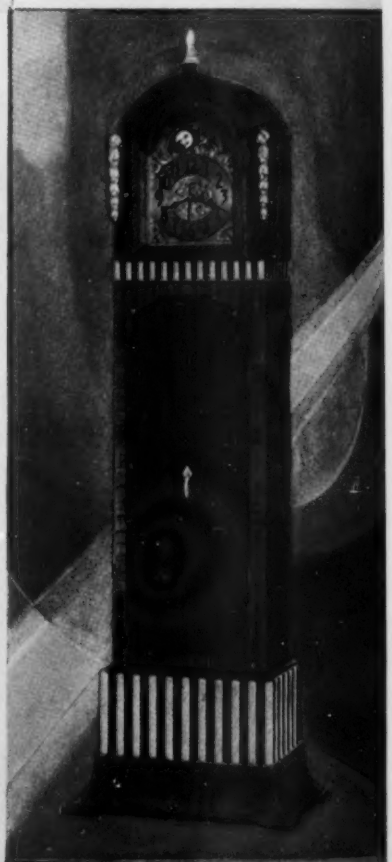

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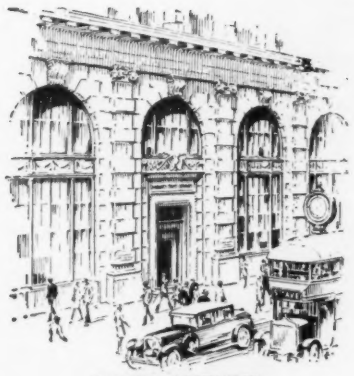

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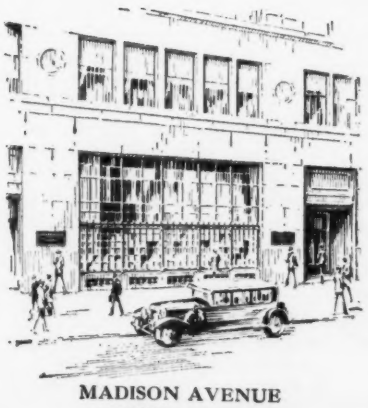

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VANITY FAIR

gentleman of the underworld—model 1929

being the tragedy of an aspiring gangster whose early training was not up to snuff

■ Felipo Porto narrowed his dark eyes. "If any of you want trouble, I can make it."

Pansy, who had run the gang for the past nine years, winced. Young Porto was getting altogether too ambitious. No one saw the wince. They saw a smile, instead. "Shut up, Porto," Pansy said.

"Looka here—"

"Don't get mad."

Tommy left the table. He got a drink of water, and strolled from the room.

"Tommy's gettin' yellah," Porto said.

"Tommy's all right"

"Is he?"

Porto rose. He nodded to the others. Silently they followed him. Outside was a green touring car. It was dark. Porto took the wheel. Tommy sat beside him.

"Scared?" Porto said.

Tommy bit his lip. "No," he lied.

Porto skidded around a corner and edged into the flowing stream of traffic along Broadway. A dead cigarette hung between his lips. Thirty-fourth street and then Forty-second. On up town. The car turned into a side street. The men descended. From somewhere above the street came the insistent noise of jazz. The saxophones carried farthest into the jumble of racket on the sidewalk. They went up stairs.

"Put 'em up." The cashier fainted. Porto shot him.

■ Tommy went to the till. He shot the drawer open and began to fill a cloth bag. A man and a woman came up the stairs. It was Kelly and his wife. Kelly saw what was going on and reached for his iron. Porto's gun cracked and Kelly hit the floor.

"All through, Tommy?"

Tommy nodded. His teeth were chattering so he couldn't speak. Porto and the other men went out, leaving the two bodies.

Twelve o'clock. Porto put the money in front of Pansy. "Well," he said.

Pansy counted it. Five thousand two hundred and eight dollars even. He divided it in six parts and took two.

"Fifty-fifty," Porto said. His thin lips were compressed on his dead cigarette.

Pansy looked at Porto but Porto did not budge. Pansy redivided the money and gave Porto his even share.

"'Night," he said.

Tommy walked home. He reached the corner of Spruce and Lime and stopped to look in a window. A car stopped at the curb behind him. Tommy turned and looked into Porto's eyes.

"Gettin' yellah?" Porto asked.

Tommy's voice was quavering. "No I ain't. Honest. I'll do anything, Porto."

"Yeah. You'll croak."

An automatic rifle in the back seat coughed and spluttered. Tommy curled up. The car drove away. "Too bad," Porto said.

After that Pansy was no more. Whether he had left town or left the earth no one in little Mongolia could say—or would.

Porto was now the unquestioned head of the gang. Little Mongolia looked up to him. He walked its streets with dignity. He bought new clothes.

■ One night he was sitting in his apartment with Flora—the girl of a rival gangster whom he had abducted bodily. Flora didn't mind the abduction. All men were the same to her—so long as they had money. He ran his fingers through her thick, auburn hair. The telephone rang.

"This is the boss," a bass voice said.

Porto felt a dim stir of emotion. The boss was mayor of the town. His word was the real law. "Yes," Porto said, and added "sir," for the first time in his life.

"Come up to my shanty," the boss said.

"I'm goin', kid," he said to Flora.

"Not now," she pleaded.

Porto put on his hat and left. Women were at most a relaxation to him. He came out of his front door. For a moment he stood on the threshold. It was a moment too long. A gun barked. Porto felt a sharp stab in his side. He gave it no heed but presently his own gun replied. A stream of bullets crossed the street. A man fell from a second story window. Porto walked over to the drug store. Brady, of headquarters, was standing inside.

"Nicked you, eh, Porto?" he said.

"Yeah."

"Someday you're going to get nicked by something worse than a bullet."

"What?" asked Porto insolently.

"The law."

Porto's gun recited a round half dozen notes. Brady fell on his left side. Porto walked on to the next drug store. "Fix me up," he commanded.

Twenty minutes later he reached the boss's home. A gigantic building on the north side. A butler let him in. For the first time in his life he was awed. The boss came out of the shadows.

"Like my books? Cost me fifty thou."

"Gosh," said Porto, like a small boy.

They had dinner together. Afterward the boss gave him a dozen cigars. Porto lit one.

"I don't like Williams," the boss said.

Porto nodded. A little later he left. On the next morning Porto did an errand. Afterward they found Williams lying face down on Lever Street. He didn't move when they spoke to him.

Billy, the youngest member of the gang, squealed. They got him in a gambling joint and took him to headquarters. He sat in the dazzling light for seven hours, listening to questions that stabbed out of the blackness. Then he squealed. Porto heard about it during a card game.

■ He left at once. Down to the church, over to Mother Magee's for his roll, back to his house. "Good-bye, Flora." He peeled off a grand and handed it to her. Then he was in his car. A year passed.

Porto was very restless in that year which he spent disguised as a speakeasy waiter. Outside of two men from Pittsburgh he had killed no one. His excitement consisted in little more than high-jacking.

"Getting dull," he said.

He told them who he was. At first they were incredulous. Then frightened. That night he left. He'd go back—or die in the attempt. He went out the back door. There was a sharp crack. Porto fell. His mind struggled numbly, grasping a single fact. "This is the end of Porto." He lay still.

And it was the end of Felipo Porto, gang leader, who would have been nicer and ever so much better off, if his parents had but taught him at an early age to read every single issue of VANITY FAIR.

—P. G. WYLIE.

PORTRAIT OF MR. JOSEPH SANTLEY

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K. NAKAMURA—LOS ANGELES

EVENING WAVE

VANITY FAIR

SOME AMERICAN CONTRADICTIONS • BY ALDOUS HUXLEY

■ Life is not like logic—unfortunately; it would be so much simpler if it were. In logic for example, a thing cannot be at one and the same time endowed with contradictory qualities. It cannot be simultaneously good and bad, false and true. In life, on the contrary, it can. Life may be one thing; but that does not prevent it from being at the same time the exactly contradictory and incompatible thing.

Our education is largely an affair of logic; we are taught in terms of rigid formulas, we are made to believe dogmatically that only one thing can be true or right at one time and that contradictions are mutually exclusive. When we leave school and come into immediate contact with human life, we find that mutual contradictions thrive in one another's company and that many things are simultaneously true and false, right and wrong. The discovery causes astonishment, pain, and sometimes even indignation.

■ As a youth fresh from the university I had very clear and definite ideas about what could and what could not be. And when I discovered that the logically impossible was normal, I was outraged, I felt like asking for my money back. I have outgrown astonishment now. The longer I live and the more I see of our fantastic world, the less I marvel at impossibilities and inconsistencies.

But I must confess that my first visit to the United States was almost enough to shake me out of my painfully acquired and studiously cultivated calm. The inconsistencies of American life amazed me. It was, like everything else in this prodigious country, a matter of scale. Ravines and cataracts and towers exist in other parts of the world besides America. But the Grand Canyon is the largest hole in the ground, Niagara is the greatest mass of tumbling water, the Woolworth is the highest of buildings. In the same way the mutual contradictions, the logical inconsistencies which distinguish human life in every quarter of the globe are so enormously much larger, so much more obvious and vital in America, that they strike the newly arrived observer with an overwhelming force.

Let me give a few specific instances of these enormous and luxuriantly vital American inconsistencies. I shall begin with Puritanism and its opposites—outspokenness in speech, free-and-easiness (a severer moralist might call it licentiousness) in action. America is popularly supposed to be a country of Puritanism. And so it is, as anyone who travels across it can discover. But what the traveller also discovers—to his vast surprise, if he happens to have arrived with the conventional opinions about the country—is that a Rabelaisian looseness is just as characteristic of contemporary America as Puritanical strictness. In Boston the respectable Watch and Ward Society suppresses *The American Mercury*, and in the same city one at least of my own novels has to be sold under the counter, as though it were whiskey. I have been in Middle Western hotels, where it was considered indecent for my wife to smoke a cigarette in the public rooms. And though I have not visited the southern states, I have read in the newspapers the most extraordinary accounts of the persecutions to which unfaithful wives and errant husbands are liable. It would be possible to quote many other examples of American Puritanism. The list would be long and curious. These few specimens, however, are sufficient to prove the old contention that America is a Puritanical country.

But it is also and simultaneously one of the least Puritanical countries I have ever visited. In the theatres of New York it is possible to see plays of a character which can hardly be paralleled in any other city of the world. I do not speak of the displays of naked women; these have now become too commonplace to be remarked on—except, perhaps, in a country colonized by the Pilgrim Fathers. And in any case, Puritans tolerate spectacles and actions more willingly than words.

■ It is only during the last few months that the Lord Chamberlain of England has finally brought himself to license the public performance of Bernard Shaw's play, *Mrs. Warren's Profession*. Countless performances whose appeal was frankly pornographic, have been licensed during the quarter century of *Mrs. Warren's* exile from the stage. Shaw's crime was to have discussed frankly and seriously the subject of prostitution. He broached certain ideas, used certain words. Puritans like to wear the fig leaf over the mouth. This Puritanical idiosyncrasy renders all the more remarkable the verbal frankness of many of the plays current in New York during the past months—plays in which there was no exposure of skin, but where spades were very openly called spades, and often worse, more intimate names. I remember a play of two seasons ago called *Cradle Snatchers*. It was a Restoration comedy brought up to date—Wycherly without the wit. Indeed, it was little more than Restoration. Its theme, which concerns three middle-aged ladies who hire three young men as lovers, is very close to that of a comedy of Fletcher's, *The Custom of the Country*, which Dryden, when defending the Restoration theatre against the attacks of Jeremy Collier, pronounced to be far more indecent than any play written in his own day.

Nor was this play an isolated phenomenon. What, for instance, did Mr. Sumner of the New York Vice Society think of the dramas produced on the American stage last season? What would have been the reaction of those two lineal descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers to the casual light-hearted references to homosexuality which I heard at more than one burlesque show and cabaret? I wonder.

It is not alone in the theatre that this spirit of anti-Puritanism exhibits itself; it is also in American life. In one part of the country cigarette smoking will be forbidden, and the self-appointed censors of public morality will hold up passing automobiles and demand to see the marriage certificates of their occupants. In another the relations of the sexes will be easy, intimate, and (how shall I phrase it?) chronically amorous.

■ Fresh from the conventionalities and decorum of Paris and London, the stranger coming to the West Coast will be astonished by the amount of casual embracement, squeezing, and public kissing, which he sees going on among the most respectable members of society, in restaurants and dancing places. He will be astonished by the frankness with which people discuss their intimate affairs—in voices, moreover, so loud that the most private details are reverberatingly audible for yards around. He will be impressed by the almost Congolese style of dancing, while that general atmosphere of hilarious inebriation, which pervades the night life of all American cities, will make him wonder whether a little less Prohibition—which means a little less whiskey—might not perhaps be a good thing. In modern America the Rome of Cato and the Rome of Heliogabalus co-exist and flourish with an unprecedented vitality.

Not less remarkable than the spectacle offered by American Puritanism and its opposites is that presented by American religion. There are probably more religions in America, per square mile of territory and per head of population, than in any other country of the world. There is an intensity of religious fanaticism, affecting huge bodies of population, such as has been unknown for generations, centuries even, in the nations of Western Europe. Prohibition was forced on America by the predominant religious sects of the Middle West. There is no Church in contemporary Europe strong enough to put through a similar measure. In the same districts from which Prohibition came, religion has been powerful enough to make free thought a punishable offense. What has *(Continued on page 136)*

love, and the gentleman with

from which it is proved that love always seems a little more alluring when it is allied to elegance and good manners

■ How old was I when this incident, of which I am about to tell you, occurred? Eight or nine, perhaps ten. . . . I was a vigorous, noisy child, happiest when, with my comrades, I was engaged in some strenuous, shouting game. Breathless, we loved to tumble over each other in tremendous scuffles, to run all over the countryside in the warm sunlight, playing at robbers and police . . . everyone wanted to run with the robbers—delightful, dangerous creatures whose peril lent them a kind of glamour which the pursuers, clothed in the dull armour of the law, could never hope to possess. We stole birds' nests, we hurled pebbles from our sling-shots far into the smiling sky. . . . Girls did not interest us. They were an inferior sex and for us without attraction. I could not have been ten years old.

However, at about this time I began to observe certain things, to develop a kind of thoughtfulness. It must have been that without realizing I began to see clearly and to ponder upon what I saw; certainly my first impressions of the little town where I was born and of the society in which I grew up were extraordinarily distinct—for, to this day, they remain in my mind's eye sharp and clear, undimmed by the many years between.

■ There was in our town in France one man whom I remember more clearly than any other for, accidentally, he became connected in my mind with the first revelations of a world, a life entirely new to the child that I was then; romantic, mysterious, and passionately interesting, he is forever identified with a moment in my life which I shall never forget.

This man, in our small community where social distinctions and rank were strongly defined, belonged to one of the old *bourgeois* families of which, for lack of any others, our aristocracy was composed—comfortable land-owners whose ancestors before them had tilled their own soil for hundreds of years. But, descended though he was from these busy people, he was startlingly not of them; he was a man apart, a mystery. To begin with he was—at thirty-five—a bachelor, and that in itself was a rare thing in our small, sturdy world where men married young; and not only was he a bachelor but, superbly, he was an idle bachelor. While other men worked at their trades on their farms, he did neither; he was a man of leisure, subsisting on the small income which his father had left him.

This was interesting. In our simple eyes it heightened the distinction that somehow was already his—the elegance that, instinct in his every gesture, reached a glorious climax in the suave glitter of the monocle that he wore. Yes, he wore a monocle. Here was a marvel that, each time I saw him, amazed me anew. With a youthful curiosity, I studied it; his left eye drooped a little, but the right one opened wide behind a circle of glass framed in tortoise-shell and thrust grandly in the arch of his eyebrow. Why, I wondered, didn't it fall out with the jolting of his steps as he walked? That it never did, seemed to me nothing short of miraculous.

He had, furthermore, a taste in dress that was entirely his own, and I still seem to see the richly cut fawn-coloured suit in which he was wont to stroll, fashionable and unique, along the *Grande Rue*. His given name, too, was surprising; for in the heart of our French province he called himself, unaccountably, James. Where, we marveled, had he got this British name when our own fathers were all Jules, Pierre or Jacques?

■ But bachelorhood, idleness, monocle, clothes, British name . . . all of these paled before another and still more enchanting distinction: he wore sideburns! There were, of course, others in the town. The clerk of the court wore in front of his ears two rabbits' paws of a doubtful white, and the cheeks of the tailor in the *Place du Marché* were pallid beneath a startling arrangement of whiskers . . . but what were these compared to the sideburns of this delightful James? Of a dark, gentle brown, they were a mere melancholy shadow on each temple, extending almost to the lobe of the ear and giving his face a romantic, almost a delicate contour. More than that they implied, in our lavishly bearded community, a sense of restraint which was enormously chic. Unique, then, this James with his sideburns, and for me a glamorous and exciting personage whom I looked upon with awe; for in the simple, everyday life of our town, my young eyes saw no other vestige of romance. Life there seemed to me rather tepid and lacking in interest; things happened too regularly. Our people followed a mode of living from which all fantasy seemed necessarily to be excluded. They became engaged, got married and had children who in their turn grew up, became men and women, and continued to lead the identical life that had been their parents' before them—helplessly following the immutable laws, human and divine, which were dutifully observed by all society.

But I had begun to suspect that, beyond this most correct outer life and somehow vaguely identified with it, there was something else—something mysterious and formidable which was not mentioned before us children, but the influence of which at times was revealed to us with startling force. The name of this mystery, which echoed obscurely in the songs our nurses sang to us, and in the refrains of the street-gamins, was love.

In our ignorant, boyish language (how old *was* I then?) love meant to pay court to girls, that is to say, to stare at them, to giggle when they passed us in the street, to address them boldly, bully them a little, and to affirm on all occasions our own masculine superiority. Beyond this we spoke of them only with scorn. We were, after all, men; and they were girls. We existed, like the angels, in a kind of hierarchy of which we male creatures alone occupied the glorious summit.

■ Was there, perhaps, some occult and divine harmony which love established between human beings? . . . Ah, how vague that was to our eyes of youth! We only knew that love was a mysterious thing, a thing apart from us, carefully hidden from us. Not that we hadn't all observed, at one time or another, some farm lad pursuing a flushed and laughing servant-girl, or a clerk boldly putting his arm about the waist of a girl in a shop . . . and sometimes a couple separating quickly when they heard a noisy group of us, just out of school, bursting into a sheltered road. But that was all. That people of our own world could ever lend themselves to similar behaviour we did not believe possible, for the simple reason that we had never seen it happen. The gestures of love appeared to

the monocle

BY CLAUDE ANET

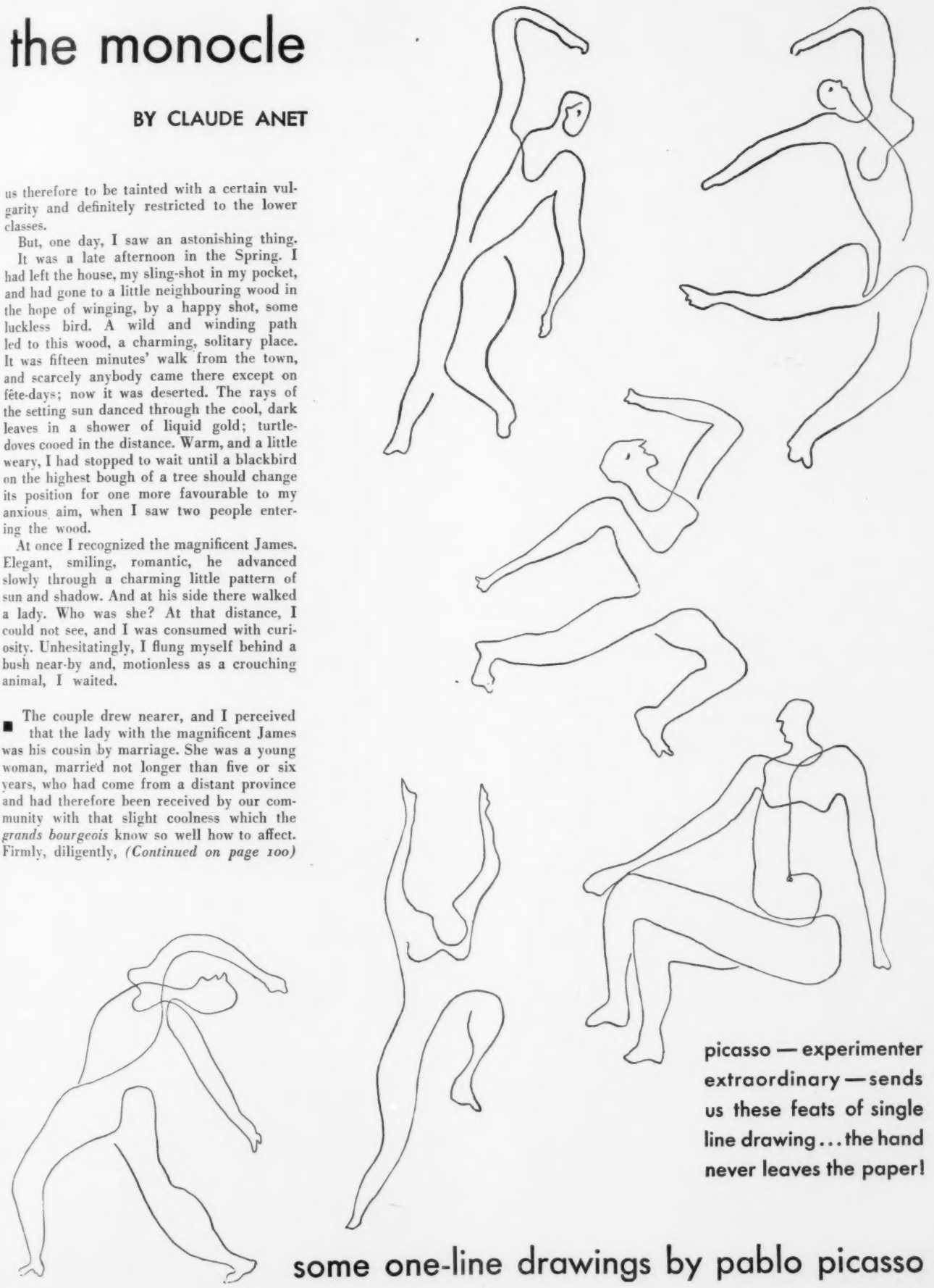
us therefore to be tainted with a certain vulgarity and definitely restricted to the lower classes.

But, one day, I saw an astonishing thing.

It was a late afternoon in the Spring. I had left the house, my sling-shot in my pocket, and had gone to a little neighbouring wood in the hope of winging, by a happy shot, some luckless bird. A wild and winding path led to this wood, a charming, solitary place. It was fifteen minutes' walk from the town, and scarcely anybody came there except on fête-days; now it was deserted. The rays of the setting sun danced through the cool, dark leaves in a shower of liquid gold; turtle-doves cooed in the distance. Warm, and a little weary, I had stopped to wait until a blackbird on the highest bough of a tree should change its position for one more favourable to my anxious aim, when I saw two people entering the wood.

At once I recognized the magnificent James. Elegant, smiling, romantic, he advanced slowly through a charming little pattern of sun and shadow. And at his side there walked a lady. Who was she? At that distance, I could not see, and I was consumed with curiosity. Unhesitatingly, I flung myself behind a bush near-by and, motionless as a crouching animal, I waited.

■ The couple drew nearer, and I perceived that the lady with the magnificent James was his cousin by marriage. She was a young woman, married not longer than five or six years, who had come from a distant province and had therefore been received by our community with that slight coolness which the *grands bourgeois* know so well how to affect. Firmly, diligently, *(Continued on page 100)*



picasso — experimenter extraordinary — sends us these feats of single line drawing... the hand never leaves the paper!

some one-line drawings by pablo picasso

more about love

BY PAUL GÉRALDY

a lover now becomes a husband and learns from skilful counsel the art of being both

EDITOR'S NOTE:—In the August issue of *Vanity Fair*, M. Géraldy, in a series of thoughtful paragraphs, lightly counselled a hypothetical young man about to venture upon the devious path of life and love. In this article, his leisurely and charming advice follows the same youth, now a little older, into the more substantial condition of marriage.

§1

■ Armoured against misfortune, eager and appeased, you move in a world that is perfect, complete.

The present extends into the future.

You exult in the thought of holding a certain woman captive, sheltered from men, from the conflict and the muddy waters of life. You are touched by seeing her live for you alone, beautiful and near, haughty and gentle, a little like a goddess . . . yet so submissive!

You tell her about your triumphs and your failures. She listens. Nothing remains but your triumphs.

§2

But there comes a sudden storm. Tears. Voices. . . . She has locked herself in her room to weep. And you, horrified, bewildered, cast out from the garden of Paradise, take refuge in flight.

You flee toward the busy streets, streets crowded with men like yourself. But you are clothed in the glory and the confusion of love, and you do not know these men. You are a stranger to them, you reflect that she has neither heart nor mind. You reject her forever. Tirelessly, before an imaginary judge, you rehearse your wrongs, building them into a crushing accusation against her. And then you return to her, anxiously, aggressively, your heart full of words.

You set forth your arguments implacably. She answers them with sobs. Worn out and querulous, you touch her with your hand. At once you feel the need of touching her more closely. She is passive. You take her in your arms at last, and, once more, you are united in the divine, eternal secret of love.

The love of love is the salvation of love.

§3

Ah! You are so terribly dependent on each other!

§4

In love there is no peace unless a lover is satisfied both with himself and with the one whom he loves.

For her, to love is to cease judging. But for you, it means to judge more rigorously. You demand that she justify and at every moment corroborate your excellent taste in choosing her. Having selected her among all women, you feel personally humiliated by her shortcomings. And when you disapprove of her, you are ceasing to love yourself.

You overwhelm her with hints, observations, remonstrances, and advice.

A man may know that he is truly in love by the fact that he can hide nothing from himself. A great love is a mirror that does not flatter. What a fine idea one might have of one's self if one were not adored!

§5

She surprises you continually by her spirit of levity and her childish whims.

On the other hand, there are moments when you are troubled by her lucidity, and feel that she is wiser, more practical than yourself. There are moments, even, when you are astonished by her courage.

After these moments are past, do not forget them!

§6

You blame her for being reticent with your friends, for not admiring them enough.

Why do we never love the friends of those we love?

§7

■ Don't insist on improving and perfecting her—in other words, on remoulding her into your own likeness. She will never be like you. The more strength, the more patience you exert in the effort to repress her, the more fiercely her deeper self will turn against you some day.

We have tried to absorb, to adapt women to our own ends as we have succeeded in adapting Nature. But women are better able to defend themselves.

We have assimilated Greece, Rome, the Barbarians, China. We are assimilating the Negro. We have not yet assimilated women.

§8

Lovers show each other their portraits, and each of them sees himself reflected in the glass.

§9

You must be somewhat alike to understand each other, but you must be a little different to be in love. Yes, similar and dissimilar. . . .

Ah, there are times when "stranger" is a pretty word!

§10

I know, I know, her frivolity! But what about your own asceticism? And can you be certain, moreover, that her charm depends solely upon her virtues?

My friend S., whose family reproached him for his ill nature, remarked one day, "They don't understand me at all. My ill nature is the best thing about me." And he was right. His moodiness and susceptibility arose from an excessive delicacy of heart.

One loves people for their faults, and one detests the faults of those one loves.

To love a woman is to love her for her virtues, and to adore her for her faults.

§11

■ It isn't true that there are days when one loves more and days when one loves less. There are days when one loves, and days when one does not.

Respect a woman for being the woman you have chosen.

§12

As a youth shrinks from revealing his secret and tremendous dreams, so are grown men ashamed to admit their goodness of heart. Show a little courage! Be kind.

You have caused her sorrow: very well. Whom would you choose to console her?

Do not be a miser with love. Like money, it is made to be spent.

To spend well is to enrich oneself.

§13

Of all social relationships, love is the most refined and the most uncivilized. You would not accept a hundred *francs* from your friend. You ask everything from your wife.

But do not ask too much.

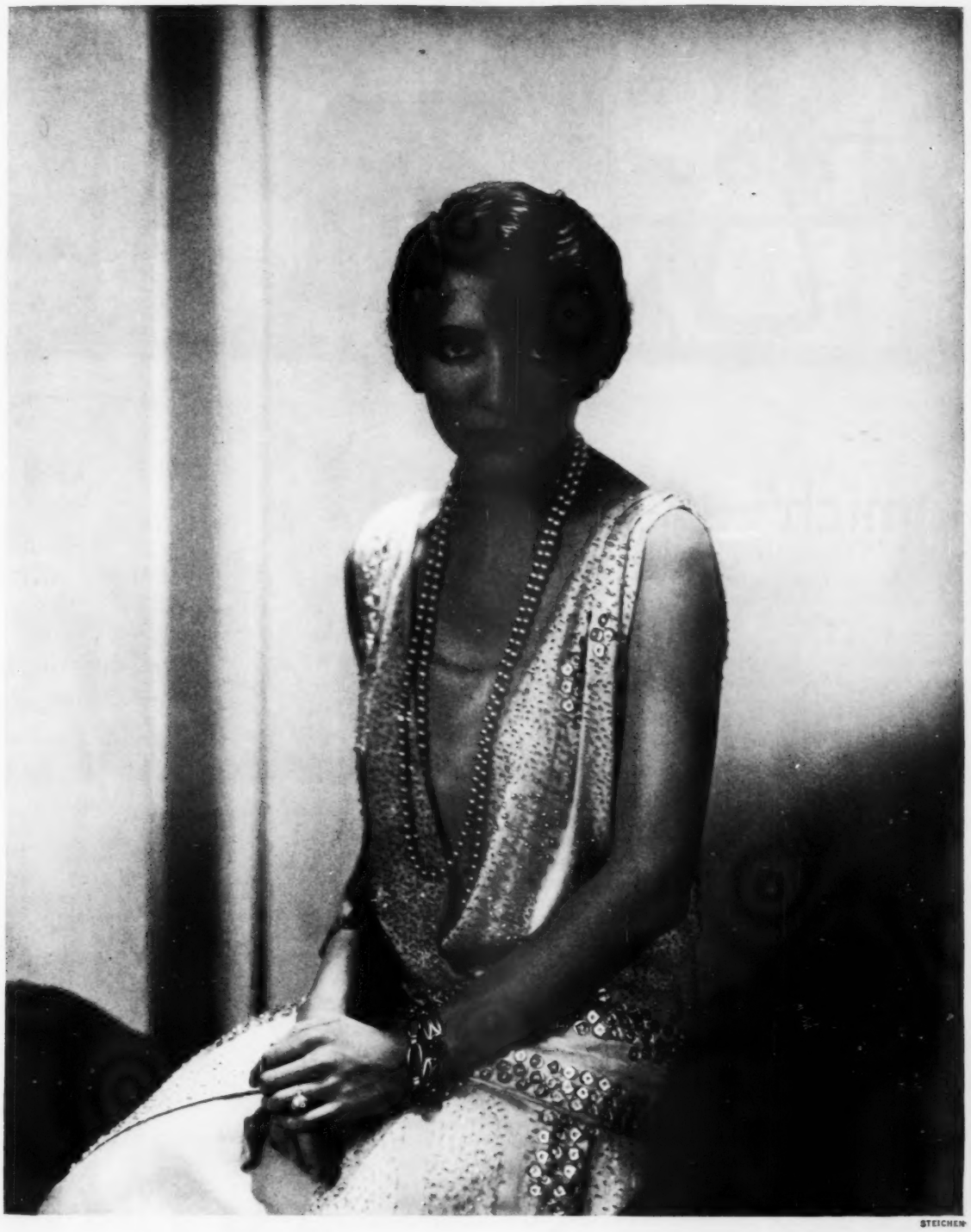
"I have been happy in love," said my friend A. M., "since I realized that a woman could never be an intellectual comrade."

§14

If you were satisfied with yourself, you would be less dissatisfied with her.

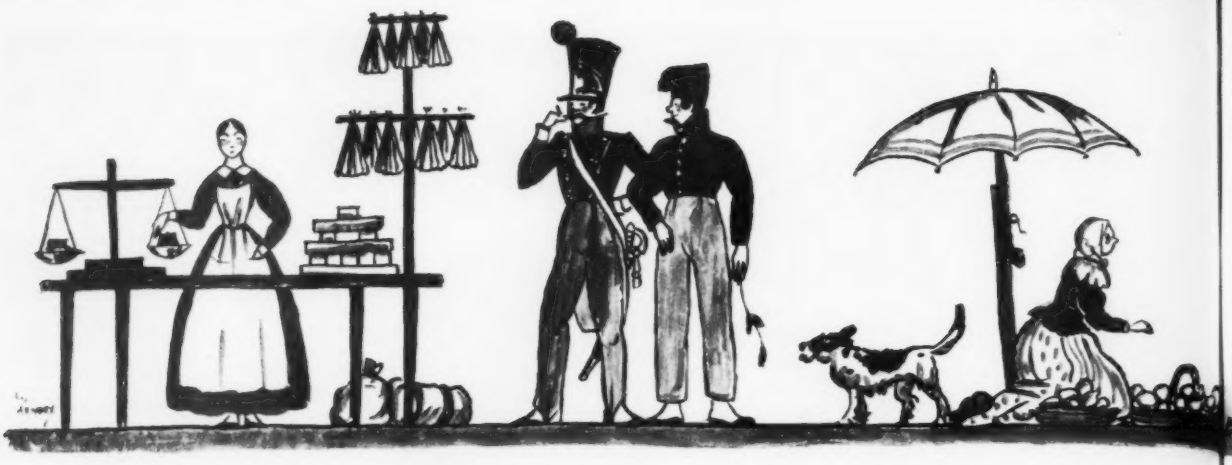
§15

Do not flatter yourself that in the eyes of your friends the beauty and grace of your wife are ever reflected *(Continued on page 132)*



claudette colbert

this young actress will appear in "see naples and die", a new comedy by elmer rice, the author of "street scene"



LA MARCHANDE DE GÂTEAUX

boul' mich'—1929

BY PAUL MORAND

the quartier latin has altered greatly but, in essence, it is always the same

■ After eight centuries the Latin Quarter is still the educational centre of Paris. Its importance has not diminished, but it has greatly changed. The mediæval quarter, the narrow alleys, the gabled houses that survived between the *Boulevard Saint-Germain* and the Seine have almost wholly disappeared since the war. But the *Boulevard Saint-Michel* and Montparnasse have become definitely allied, and that is a superb combination.

Twenty years ago Montparnasse was a neighbouring but independent section, which came into contact with the Latin Quarter only in the summer at the *Closerie des Lilas* or the *Bal Bullier;* the Luxembourg gardens were a no-man's land. The women of Montparnasse wore their hair as short as did the men of the Latin Quarter; their men shaved their heads, like ancient Egyptians or Central Europeans.

The folk of Montparnasse wore homespun, sandals and Rio Jim silk scarves; they drank alcohol and fed themselves on coffee with cream. The *Boul' Mich'* stuck to beer and sandwiches; there you saw long hair and heard French spoken. In 1929 the two clans have merged; they have exchanged fashions and even women; as little French is spoken now in the *Place de la Sorbonne* as in the *Rotonde.*

■ It is not at all surprising that this hill of Sainte-Geneviève, which dominates Paris and the left bank, should be a strategic point, for it commands the main roads that pass from the south of France to the north. Along this road from Paris to Orléans, which is the *Boul' Mich'*, there passed the former Roman highway; here was a luxurious suburb, with villas, streams, baths that still exist. The legions of Caesar and Charlemagne marched along this road. And it was on this boulevard that, one September evening in 1914, I saw the army that was flung from Paris, to the northeast, marching toward its victorious onslaught upon the Germans at the Marne.

So came the barbarians in the Third Century and the Eighth; chiefly the Normans, coming from Norway, who destroyed everything in their path.

The Latin Quarter did not begin to develop until after the great wall of Philip Augustus came to shelter it in the Twelfth Century. That wall was flanked by square towers, like the Byzantine fortifications one may still see in Constantinople, and stretched from the *Place Saint-Michel* to the *Rue de Buci* and to *Saint-Germain des Prés* whence it climbed to the Panthéon. Beyond the walls stretched open country, an ecclesiastical countryside of vineyards, mills, abbeys, and monasteries. Further out were impassable roads, ponds, and the marshes where we now have the *Place de la Concorde, Les Invalides,* and *Grenelle.*

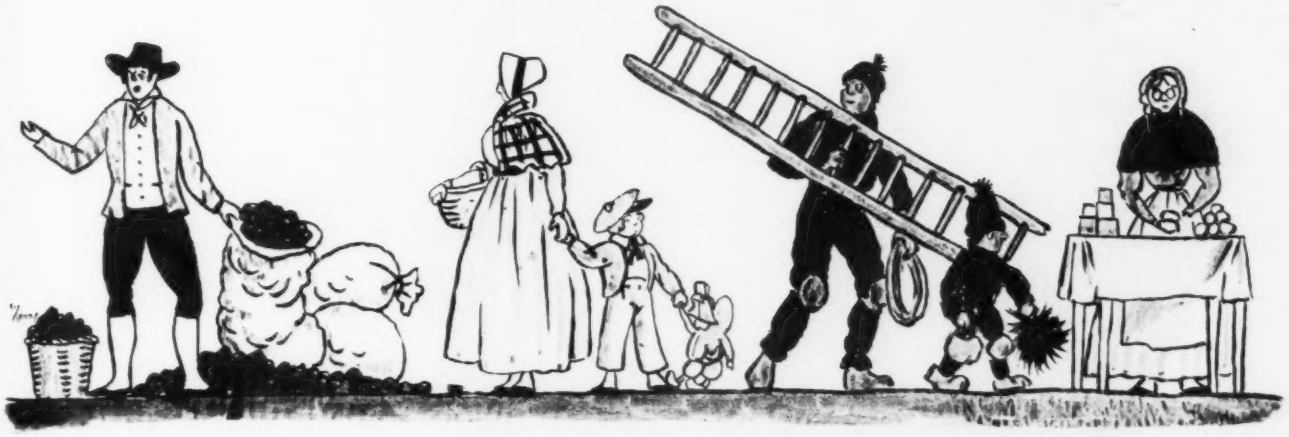
■ This ecclesiastical character is the essence of the Latin Quarter. Latin is the language of God; wine, which the monks introduced into France, is the blood of Christ; to drink and to study were, for Rabelais, one and the same thing. The Quarter retained its original religious character until the French Revolution. Catholic means universal; universe and university are one and the same word. This word appears for the first time in a law of 1215.

The University represented, in that terrible Thirteenth Century, the first spark of real liberty—that is to say that it offered, on condition of playing the game and observing certain formalities, the only freedom: that of thought. In 1259 the University, recognized by the Kings, possessed, as a token of supreme liberty, the right of sanctuary.

And that same universal and international character that is the Latin heritage, was to be found in the very organization of the University. It is well known that on the hill of Sainte-Geneviève the students of that time were grouped by nations, and the national groups, again, were subdivided according to provinces. The municipal universities they are trying to establish to-day recall the past. In those days students were boarded as well as instructed. There were colleges for the English, the Germans, the Scotch, *(Continued on page 118)*

LES GRANDS BOULEVARDS

LE MARCHÉ AUX FLEURS



LE MARCHÉ AUX LÉGUMES

SKETCHES BY GUY ARNOUX

paris — 1829

a hundred years ago, the boul' mich' was far more beguiling than today . . . more rusticity, colour, beauty and lasting charm

STEICHEN

greta garbo

miss garbo is beginning work on a talking film based on eugene o'neill's famous "anna christie"

country squires

BY SHERWOOD ANDERSON

concerning the ever-present prototype of a class that has supposedly disappeared

● There are thousands of them. In some states they are called "justices of the peace," in others "squires." Theirs are the little neighbourhood courts in which are tried the chicken stealers, the small damage suits—as when a farmer's horse gets into another's corn—the assault cases, some of the liquor cases, petty thefts of all sorts. When I was a boy we had a Squire as a neighbour. He had a tremendous voice.

The man was an early riser and in the summer was abroad at five. He stood on his front porch. Seeing a neighbour three or four blocks away, he began a conversation. His voice rang through the little town and honest citizens, awaking, cursed the Squire.

● Still the man was liked. He laughed with his whole body. His fat belly shook and he waved his arms. He had a trick he could do with the muscles of his belly. He drew the belly in and then let it fly out. Grasping a small boy he embraced him enthusiastically. The belly was drawn in, taking the boy with it, and then it was let fly. The breath was knocked out of the boy. He fell to the ground and the Squire stood over him, roaring with laughter. All the by-standers laughed too. Such a man could be elected Squire over and over. No one could beat him.

There was another one who was a shoemaker and had lost a leg in the Civil War. He leaned toward the socialistic theory of government and, as he pegged shoes, he quoted Karl Marx. The men of the town went to his shop on winter afternoons. He leaned forward and punched at the floor with his shoe-maker's awl. "The capitalists are bringing the country to ruin," he declared, the blue veins standing out on his forehead.

The Squires are nearly all small farmers. In Virginia, where I now live, three Squires rule over each squirarchial district. The size of the district is fixed quite arbitrarily. In our county we have three such districts and therefore nine squires, while in the next county, but slightly larger, there are seven districts and twenty-one Squires.

The Squire receives no salary but is paid one dollar for issuing a warrant and two dollars for trying a case. When the prisoner is found guilty he must pay the costs, the Squire's fee, the fee to the officers who serve the warrants, and the witness fees. Witnesses receive fifty cents for coming in and testifying and, when they must come more than five miles, a certain sum, per mile, for the cost of getting there. If the prisoner is found not guilty the cost is paid by the state.

The court of the Squire is held in the winter in a farmhouse living room and in the summer on his front porch. In most farmhouses there is a bed in the living room. The Squire's wife is working in the kitchen. You can hear the rattle of pans. When the case interests her, as for example when the fatherhood of an illegitimate child is to be determined, or when there is some other misdemeanor that comes directly into the world of woman, she comes in her kitchen apron, and stands by the door listening.

There is always a crowd present. The men and women have come from all the neighbouring farms. In the summer, children are playing on the lawn before the house and the women have fixed themselves up. They sit stiffly on chairs brought from the house, in their stiff clean calico dresses, and whisper to each other.

The Squire's court is the theatre of the countryside. Here the tragedies and comedies of the neighbourhood are played out to an appreciative audience. For the smaller cases there is rarely a lawyer present. The country people are suspicious of lawyers. They are a necessary evil at times but it is best, when possible, to go on without one.

And the Squires are also happier when there are no lawyers present. A lawyer is always telling you how to do things. He has ideas about the procedure of a court. He brings law books with him. "In such and such a case, State of Vermont, volume so and so, page so and so . . ."

"Eh!"

"The devil! What have we to do with Vermont?"

● In a Squire's court the man or woman being tried is personally known to the Squire. "Well, Jim—or Lizzy, what about it, eh? Do you agree to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?" Often several people are talking at once. Lizzy has had a fight with Martha Smith. On Sunday evening Martha went to church and got to flirting with Lizzy's husband. Lizzy saw her talking to him in the road. Then on the next day Lizzy and Martha met in the same road. There were words and a fight started. Lizzy got a black eye and Martha had her face scratched. It was Martha who took Lizzy with a warrant. "I wasn't doing a thing. I ain't that kind of a woman," Martha says.

She begins to testify, and in the midst of her testimony makes a statement that seems to Lizzy an untruth. "You lie," screams Lizzy from her place on the Squire's front porch. Both Lizzy and Martha have to be held back by their friends or they would go at it again, right in the Squire's court. The man about whom all this fuss is being made sits sheepishly under a tree. The other men are laughing at him. He is filled with resentment. His wife should have gone on home about her business. He and the woman Martha weren't up to anything. Now the men of the neighbourhood are whispering together and laughing. His wife has got him into a hell of a mess.

The Squire may not pass on a case involving a felony, where there is a prison term hanging over the accused. He may, however, ask questions, find out if there is enough evidence to justify the man's being sent to court or to the next meeting of the grand jury. Most of the liquor cases have become felonies now. These stiff penalties they are putting on for violations of the liquor laws, are cutting down the number of cases that properly belong in the Squire's court. It cuts his income too.

In the court of Squire McHugh, who is an old man of eighty-two, the case of Jim McGrew is being heard. Jim is a thin-lipped, smiling man of forty-five, who has a slight limp. His case has attracted wide attention, and neighbours have come to court from all the cornfields around.

● It is such an unusual case, that the sheriff, who took Jim and his two sons, Harold and Burt McGrew, has come over from the county seat, and the county Prosecuting Attorney has come.

It is obvious that these two men are bent on convicting Jim and his sons, who are accused of chicken stealing.

But Jim is slick, with a hard good-natured slickness difficult to get past.

There have been chickens missing from the neighbourhood for months. It isn't a question of a few chickens. Mrs. Sullivan, a widow, lost forty-two fine hens in one night, and John Williams, a prosperous farmer, lost thirty.

The hen-houses were safely locked at night and there was no noise, not a sound. On the night when Mrs. Sullivan's hens disappeared she was lying awake. She did not sleep a wink all that night. She remembers having locked the door to the hen-house. They were just gone. Not a sound from the hen-house.

In these days, when almost anyone can own a cheap car, a carload of chickens may be lifted in one neighbourhood at night and be a hundred miles away by daylight. A man who looks like a farmer, drives up to a dealer in poultry in some distant place. He sells the chickens, gets the money and leaves. The hens are shipped off to a distant market. How are you going to identify chickens after they get into the dealer's shipping crates?

The man named Jim McGrew lives in a little house on the side of a hill and has six children. They are all in court, with Jim's wife, and look like a brood of young foxes. All of them have *(Continued on page 128)*

a german satire of america

lion feuchtwanger here takes an ironical shot at the manners and customs of the good old u.s.a.

A ROTARIAN EN ROUTE TO A CONVENTION

EDITOR'S NOTE: For the past two or three years Germany has been mystified in regard to the authorship of some occasional verses which have appeared in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. The poems all bore the signature of one J. L. Wetcheek; their purpose was to satirize our contemporary American scene in general —our business magnates, Rotarians and Babbitts in particular. Not long ago the secret came out. J. L. Wetcheek was, in reality, none other than Lion Feuchtwanger, the gifted and distinguished author of *Power* and *The Ugly Duchess*. The result has been that Babbitt has at last been made lyrical. Feuchtwanger's verses have been admirably translated into English by Dorothy Thompson, the wife of the novelist Sinclair Lewis. A volume containing twenty-five is just being launched, in New York, by the Viking Press, with whose permission *Vanity Fair* is publishing this selection from them in its pages

● HUNGER AND LOVE

Professor Harry Mawkins made the following experiment:
He locked up in a cage adorned with charged electric plates
a half a dozen male rats, barred by this electric cerement,
on one side from their food, and on the other from their mates.

The rats were two and seventy hours checked by this electricity.
Then, after two and seventy hours of hunger and love's heat,
one of the males was maddened to meet death in his lubricity.
The others all defied the lightning too, but sprang —to eat!

And thereupon the good professor altered the experiment.
This time he tried six female rats—plates in the same position!
And, after two and seventy hours, *five* galloped to love's merriment—
One toward nutrition!

B. W. Smith read of this great experiment excitedly.
The data seemed informative, significant, and true.
So he gave himself to the roofing trade with double zeal, delightedly.
The check he sent his mistress every week he cut in two.

● MONOGAMY

Smith, B. W.—Wallboard, Tiles, and Roofing—
once on a business trip to Akron sought
a cabaret which advertized its hoofing,
and, gazing on the *pictured* lady, thought:

"Biologically considered, or so far as I can figure it out, anyway, there is no ground
for virtue. Beasts are not monogamous.
The whale, mosquito, cat, the hare and hound take loving as it comes, without a fuss.

"Yet civic consciousness and sound religion,
these are my birthright, sinless, deep, eugenic.
I do not look on life like pig or pigeon.
Besides! Monogamy is hygienic!"

And thus B. W. comfortably padded
his faith that he was full of chaste morality.
And yet, a little footnote must be added—
that, *in* that cabaret's conviviality,

the ladies were not all like Winsome Winnie shown on the billboard's blah.
Each of them was, in fact, a painted, skinny, grandmamma.

● ART

Five thousand Yankee soldiers and five thousand Yankee tars
formed with their living bodies a great shield in the park.
The white duck formed the Indian head, and made the scattered stars,
the khaki made the background, dark.

Then H. L. Pumphrey, the cracker king, who hitherto would brag
that Shakespeare, Poe, and Raphael were none of 'em real smart,
first recognized there, as he saw that living, moving flag—Art.

● RUSSIA

B. W. Smith met a Russian lady at Nice.
(The doc advised Nice. Smith's nerves were beginning to balk.
Too much roofing.) Smith thought her a darned pretty piece
and called up a waiter to help him talk.

He told her his income, turnover, and annual sales.
He spoke—through the waiter—of markets and sport.
He told her his yearly consumption of tar-paper bales,
so she'd know who was paying her court.

She on the other hand talked of art.
Matisse and Picasso, Kokoschka, Expressionism.
Humph, thought Smith, it's better that we should part.
She's tainted with Bolshevism.

● AN OLD MAN IN A FORD CAR SPEAKS

I admit I like to ride along in my Ford
but I can't see the sense of racing.
I find it fun to read the ads on each billboard—
and, what is one chasing?

Lots of folks, I observe, cannot bear going slow.
Speeding seems to give them a great kick.
It doesn't seem to matter to them where they go,
but if passed, they feel sick.

Albert Einstein, the noted German professor proved the relativity of speed.
Odd that folks still let horsepower be their assessor,
when there's really no need.

What's certain is, if you drive the speediest car, *that* will not accelerate your breath.
Race as you may, you're no further from any star—
and no further from death!

● THE STAR DORADUS

Doradus is a hundred thousand light years from our nation.
Hot dog!
But Europe is still further from Americanization.
Baby!
The quota law keeps out the undesirables effectively.
Oh, Boy!
The Nordic Strain is organized, and sells ideals collectively.
Sweet Mama!
Our luxury production is, to Europe, most surprising.
Three Cheers!
The export trade of Germany and England is not rising.
Hot damn!
Progress and social order God sees we do not lack.
Zowie!
On bolshevistic Europe he turns His Holy Back.
Hallelujah!

● THE BALLAD OF LOUETTA FRINK

I, Louetta Frink, everything considered, am a lucky girl.
I live in Frink Mansion an ordered, elegant life.
I own three motors; am what the Sunday papers call "in the whirl,"
and it's not bad to be William Washington Frink's wife.
William W.'s income tax *(Continued on page 100)*

LADY PHILANTHROPISTS ON THEIR WAY TO SANTE FÉ TO REFORM THE INDIANS

WASH-ROOM HOG TRYING TO HOLD DOWN THREE WASH BASINS AT ONCE

A FILM ACTRESS WHO STUTTERS, OPTIMISTICALLY HEADING FOR THE TALKIES

FILM AUTHOR AT WORK ON A SCENARIO PROMISED SIX WEEKS AGO

impressions by our artist of some of the more distressing types of travellers one encounters on the transcontinental expresses

west-coast bound—by covarrubias

round robin

BY MARGARET CASE MORGAN

a thoughtful tale, in which a little too much of the feminine world loves a lover

● Twilight came into the room like water flowing, a blue dusk, brittle with the noises of Paris but tapering, here, to silence, touching with fingers of wistful light the quiet face of the woman who waited by the telephone, her clear profile lifted against the blue air.

Waiting, she watched the liquid light thicken along the over-tapestried walls, obscuring the customary misfortunes in scarlet and gilt of a French hotel sitting-room. Only the telephone glittered, ebony and satiric and alone, in those soft scents and drifting shadows; but soon, Eugenia knew, it would ring and, miraculously, Robin would be there. Dear Robin, lonely in New York while she was so desperately far from him, in Paris. . . . Her gown, the colour of gardenias, shone delicately, reflected in a mirror on the wall, and the pretty thought occurred to her that she was like a figure carved in cool ivory upon the dusk, for she was a woman who liked to think in pastels. Contented, now, she closed her eyes to select the lovely words with which she would talk, presently, to Robin—words that, shaped and coloured in tenderness, would speed along the intervening wires in a pattern of delight as she told him of this twilight, of the young moon at her window.

● Then, the background skilfully suggested, she would draw in a faint, enchanting portrait of herself. "My perfume is jasmine to-night," she would say, or, "I am wearing a dress as white as the moon"—definitely projecting, in a contralto current of charm, the picture, exquisite and unattainable, of her loveliness. And at the end, perhaps, there would be a final word, a last, perfect phrase spun vividly into space and according her hearer a little share in the enchantment born of herself. "My heart is lonely without you. . . ." or even, quite simply, "I love you. . . ." then a pause, the tragic click of the receiver, and silence. Eugenia, on such occasions, was irresistible.

Would Robin like her to be gay to-night, she wondered? Or whimsical, or perhaps a little sad? Dear, sensitive Robin. How brief their companionship had been—as brief as a sonnet, and as perfect. She remembered the dinner-party where they had met—her first appearance as a young widow, it had been, in a period when there are so few widows, either young or old. In a room clouded with smoke and cocktails and sharp laughter she had sat, alone and lonely in the cool perfection of her thoughts, until Robin had come and sat beside her; Robin with his brown, gesturing hands and his thin face with one eyebrow always higher than the other, as though it were shaped to the curves of his own enchanting mind. . . . They had talked of beauty, of rainy days and warm winds, of mad things like the cherry at the top of a *cœur flottant*—dwelling, all that evening, in a safe, enchanted place of their own building, with their mutual charm like a lovely secret between them. And, in the short weeks that followed, each day had been a bright thread woven into the texture of their companionship, a thread rooted in her heart and his until, one day, the thread had jerked and pulled until the pain in their hearts, they told each other, was unbearable. And that was the day when she had sailed for Paris, to take her small daughter out of school. She had contrived, then, to look so wistful, so entirely lovely, that Robin had gone quite pale with love for her. "Beloved," he had said that night, holding her hand very tightly a little before he left the boat, "you have lighted a candle in my heart that will burn forever." She could have wept for the beauty of that phrase. "One week from to-night I will telephone you," he had said, "at just this time, by your watch in Paris. . . ." And now, in the blue-and-silver evening, she was waiting, her mind and heart shaped to enchantment, rich with the lovely words she would give him.

The telephone rang. Her eyelids were heavy with smooth, grey ribbons of dusk as she lifted them.

"New York is calling, Madame. . . . I will call you." The flat, staccato sentence did not touch the glamour of her thoughts as, again, she waited; and when the bell whirred a second time, she turned slowly toward it. An iris in a tall vase had broken, spilling its petals over the sleek, black metal, and she paused, held breathless for a moment by the charm of that picture . . . even the telephone was clothed in beauty for Robin, she thought, her hand held eagerly upon the receiver.

● "Hello! Eugenia?" said a voice quickly. "Robin. . . . Robin . . . is it really you. . . ."

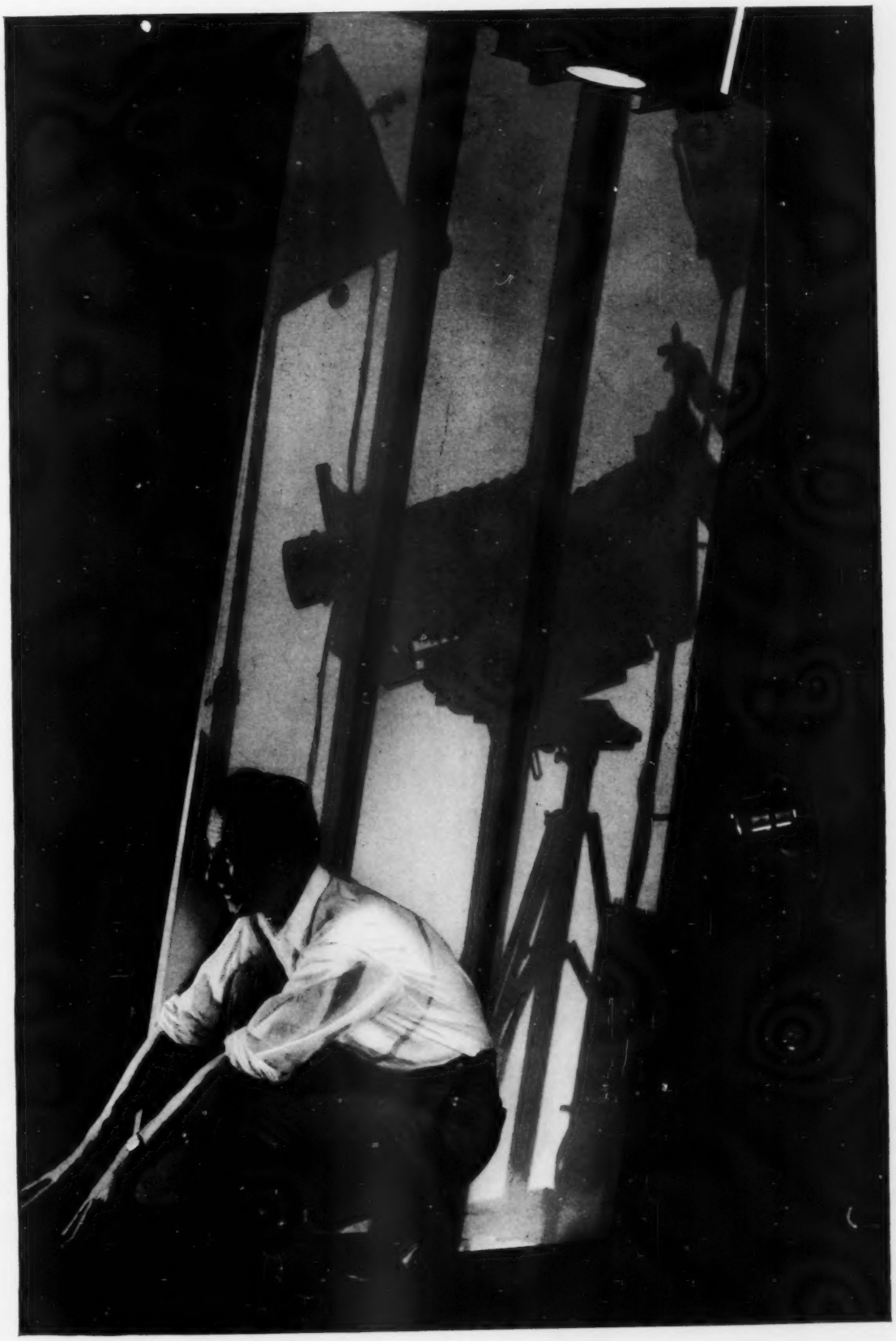
Five minutes later, she turned on the electric lights and the room leapt at her in a nightmare of red and gold. Her face was white, sharpened in distaste. How could he. How *could* Robin do a thing like that . . . to telephone from three thousand miles away, to telephone over swift waters and through the dark night to her whom he loved . . . and then to spend the whole time in asking her to go and see another woman. It was crude, it was incredible. He had, she reflected tragically, scarcely allowed her to speak at all. "Eugenia darling," his voice had danced briskly along the wires, "I adore you. Do you love me? Well, then, be an angel and look up Ethel Pickering, she's divine. She's arriving in Paris to-day—the Ritz—you'll love her. . . . I say, I haven't got much time left, but how are you?"

She had not answered that, however; she had been too wounded. But now, as she stood at the window and watched the pale splinter of moon above the *Tuileries*, she decided to see this Ethel Pickering. Ethel—what a name! Like an old piece of blue dimity with spots on it. But she would telephone this Ethel, and she would go to see her because it was the charming thing to do, and because it might be well for Ethel to see that the woman beloved of Robin was a little different from the Ethels of this dull world.

● Charm was like a bright mist all about her when, the next afternoon, she sat at tea with Ethel Pickering in the gardens of the Ritz. She was a little disappointed, perhaps, because Ethel had not quite come down to the standard she had set for her. She was a square young woman with beauty in her eyebrows, and in her nose which seemed, in straight, perfect lines of defiance, always to be lifted against the wind. But she looked, there was no denying it, square; and Eugenia, thinking of Robin profiled against the moon, of Robin saying mad, lovely things about a blade of grass, found it impossible to think of Robin and this Ethel together. Thoughtfully, she introduced a strawberry into the perfect arc of her lips, and tried to listen to what Ethel was saying. It appeared that Ethel was interested in dogs, was going on to Germany to look at some Schnauzers. To Eugenia, who had once, for a season, made her appearance in public dressed exclusively in black broadtail and accompanied by a white wolfhound, dogs were an accessory to chic and nothing more; and a (*Continued on page 122*)

edward steichen

The crouching figure at the right is that of a painter of note and the most distinguished of living photographers. Carl Sandburg's biography of him is about to appear in a limited edition with forty-eight of Steichen's master photographs included. Since the inception of *Vanity Fair* no contributor ever placed it under more lasting obligations



edward steichen—self-portrait

WEYHE GALLERY

Rockwell Kent

THE STRANGE HATE OF AH FOOK

BY THOMAS BURKE

an odd tale wherein one great human emotion is strangely but truly confounded with another

● This is one of the hundred tales of that old liar, Ho Ling, and, unlike most of his tales, its demeanor has the halting touch of truth. He told it to me in the back room of that little laundry of his in Limehouse Causeway—a room that was a salad of Kwang-Tung village and Cockney slum. It could have been told in five minutes, but it wasn't. Although its relation was in no way interrupted it took five hours of an evening, for the relation was itself only a sequence of interruptions to his large and opulent silences. It came out in odd strips, like cuttings from an unseen length of material. It came in phrases that were half-formed and that were only as related to English as the Scottish dialect is to the Scandinavian tongues.

So that I had to make jumping guesses at the course and points of it. I had always to take his stories like that, and if at any time he were to deny that he ever told me such-and-such a story, I would have no means of proving that he did. So far as I remember, it went something like this.

There were (he said) in Limehouse two men—one a poor scholar and teacher of English named Wing Moy; the other a rich gaming-house keeper named Ah Fook. Wing lived in one room in the Causeway, close to Ho Ling, and Ah lived in the ample circuit of a suite of rooms over his three shops in Pennyfields, which, as you know, is on the other side of West India Dock Road.

Now Ah Fook hated Wing Moy with a hate that bit with a hundred little white teeth, though if anybody had asked him just what cause he had to hate Wing Moy he would have found it difficult to name a cause that sounded like a cause. But by general circumstance, he was ripe for the business of hating this man. To begin with, they had once been friends. That almost goes without saying, for in no other way can true hate be born. Further, in many matters, Wing Moy was very much like himself. He came from the same province, and talked in the same way, and walked in the same gait, and had much the same gestures that he had, the same trick of turning up one corner of the mouth after speaking, the same slow and deliberate manner of eating. Similarities of this kind have borne many otherwise unaccountable hates: nothing is so exasperating as to see your own silly little ways in another, just as there are no sins of other people that arouse so fiercely our loathing and indignation as those that are our own secret sins. So that they were well set for trouble, and when Ah Fook became rich and Wing Moy remained poor, it came.

● Ah Fook began in a small way with a gaming-house, and went on in a large way as a money-lender. Both lines prospered exceedingly, and in two years he had so much money that two years before he wouldn't have believed that there was as much in the world. With success he changed, as people before him have been known to do. He wore success like the trappings of a British Field Marshal. It worked itself into his eyes, his mouth, his voice, his walk, and the whole detail of his life. Its motif was repeated so monotonously, and he was so benignly arrogant towards poor creatures who were not successful, that Wing Moy soon found his manners unbearable, and daintily told him so. To which he replied, not so daintily, because his mouth was full of success, that he for his part was conscious of no marked desire to be seen about with the shabby and the obscure. Thus were the beans spilt.

And in their spilling two things happened. Not only was the friendship ended, but Ah Fook's hate was begun. For, though he no longer desired the friendship of Wing Moy, he did desire his attention. He had always, in their meetings, felt unpleasantly inferior to the suave-mannered and clear-minded scholar, and success made him take the foolish attitude of "You thought me good for nothing. Look at me now!" He wanted Wing Moy's recognition in any form—approval or jealousy or hate. And he got none of them. All he got was indifference. Wing Moy noted his success and then turned his eyes to more important things. Not with any intention of slight, but simply because material success was a matter that meant nothing to him. Ah Fook tried to tell himself that Wing Moy was a fool, not worth bothering about, but his reason wouldn't have it. Wing Moy wasn't a fool; if he were, Ah Fook wouldn't be hating him. It was because he wasn't a fool, but in many ways was like Ah Fook, and in other ways was the kind of man that Ah Fook would like to be, that Ah Fook wanted his respect above all other. But Wing Moy remained indifferent to demonstrated power and glory, and although Ah Fook stretched his ears for a word of jealousy or hate, all that he ever received were a few words that had been delivered, as it were, over the shoulder during an English lesson—something about the distressing spectacle afforded by wealth in the hands of those whose culture was not adequate to its fit use.

The hate grew quickly, and it spread from hate of him for his indifference to Ah Fook, to hate of him for his indifference to being hated. Of any two men fighting in the street one is always a reluctant fighter. So here. Wing Moy had been told that Ah Fook hated him, but after a few seconds of wondering why, had forgotten it. He didn't in the least mind being hated, and he went his bland and simple way in poverty without rancour to any or resentment of others' rancour.

● And now every day that Wing Moy lived was an addition to the sum of Ah Fook's hate of him. So high did this hate grow, that although Ah Fook detested the sight of the placid scholar, detested his clothes, his face, and all those mannerisms that were so like his own, he could not keep away from him. The perversity of the human heart compelled him to gnaw upon his aching tooth. He felt that no matter what fine things he might achieve, this man would never applaud or envy him; and the thought of that made the applause of others flat and without salt; and the thought that he was allowing this man to spoil that applause increased his hate by ten. Knowing that he would gain only increased irritation, he would walk in his finest clothes the streets that Wing Moy used, trying vainly to sneer at poverty. And he would come back hot and disordered, for Wing Moy's self-sufficient poverty was itself a silent sneer at success. He would wake up in the night and hold long arguments with Wing Moy on the virtue of success, and would confute him as he could never hope to confute him. In the middle of a meal he would think of him, and his gusto for food would be gone, and his head and stomach would become a jungle. No matter how strongly his reason urged him to shake the man out of his life, his heart would not let him *(Continued on page 108)*

ROCKWELL KENT
a recent lithograph by him called—"bringing home the christmas tree"

HOYNINGEN-HUENÉ

a flower of spain—conchita montenegro

this colorful actress from europe has made a success in pierre louÿs' "la femme et le pantin," a french film

need for fortune-tellers

BY LOUIS GOLDING

a defense of a much-maligned profession by one of its more enthusiastic clients

■ Fortune-tellers are among the greatest benefactors of mankind, and it seems to me in the highest degree lamentable that the law should compel them to lead so precarious and furtive an existence. The law tolerates the unpaid fortune-teller, it is true; but the professional fortune-teller is a criminal, hardly more or less. That in itself is evidently a vicious fallacy; for it is evident that in so subtle an art and so exact a science as soothsaying, the dangers of amateurism are more formidable than the dangers of amateur surgery. Surgery is a science limited in its application. So far as our present state of knowledge goes, it only matters to us in this life whether the surgeon amputates one leg, or in a sudden fit of enthusiasm amputates both. But it is quite clear that when Madame Sophonisba, consulting either her magic crystal or the mere tea-leaves in our tea-cup, bids us beware of a tall stout woman with red hair, her warning relates both to our material well-being in this world and our spiritual in the next.

It has never been suggested that the surgeon who receives payment for his services should become a social outcast, nor that the clergy of the various churches should only be permitted to act as amateurs. I believe that fortune-tellers as a class would be embarrassed to receive for their services such golden emoluments as those others. The most I should claim for them (for they themselves are a mournful and inarticulate race) is the generous connivance, if not collaboration, of the law; perhaps also a guaranteed annual income from the state, so that they be permitted to continue their beneficent ministrations without economic anxiety. In that case, some system of compulsory divination might be introduced into the Statute Book, like the compulsory Insurance associated in England with the name of the Honourable David Lloyd George. Every citizen would be compelled to have his fortune told at least twice a year, in the way that every Esthonian is requested to consult an osteopath and psychiatrist regularly. (Or is it every Latvian?)

It has not always been so, of course. There was a time when the soothsayers were the most honoured and influential members of society. It is probably this consciousness of their decline from their ancient state which makes the contemporary generation of fortune-tellers a more woebegone race than undertakers or vacuum-cleaner salesmen. The pronouncement of the classical fortune-teller was the very pith and essence of poetry. It was brief and extremely expensive. A whole cart-load of *drachmas* had sometimes to be supplemented by any number of roan stallions and spotless white heifers, before the oracle would get going; whereas the modern client expects as much eloquence as the combined works of Livy for a dollar or two. The divinations were not only the subject for serious debate in the agora or forum for days and weeks; but you could not shew yourself at a chic dinner-party if you hadn't got some really smart interpretation to offer. It was no less a writer than Cicero himself who wrote the classical treatise on the subject, the *De Divinatione;* I do not suppose there is a cub reporter on any small town paper in Nebraska who would turn in a paragraph on the subject today. But it was in the supreme crises of ancient history that the soothsayers came most magnificently into their own—when the state marched forth to war. Then what a consulting of the flight of birds there was, and of the entrails of beasts there was!

And which way did old Mother Melpomene throw the slops and what's the colour of the single kitten that the old brindled he-cat spared out of his wife's litter this morning?

But did the newspapers ever report an exaggerated interest on the part of General Hindenburg or General Pershing regarding the state of the liver served up by his orderly for breakfast? Did either of them interrupt himself to study the way the rooks were flying or the owls calling? I believe not. I believe that one of the sides in the Great War might have won it, if its generals had had the same reverence for the art of soothsaying as their antique predecessors did. For those others perceived that soothsaying was the better part of valour, and though they would have stood their ground against an army that outnumbered them by ten to one, a suspicious patch of yellow on a cow's spleen would have made them run for miles. And quite right too.

■ Different painters are attracted by different types of models. Jean Crotti, one of the most promising of the French school of modernists, seems infallibly to be attracted by the gypsy, Sibylline type of model—the seeress, the veiled and utterly inscrutable order of women.

■ I confess that there was a time when I, too, shared the prevalent modern scepticism I so deplore. But I seem to remember that even when my disbelief in all manner of divination was at its stoutest, I was as prompt a victim to all diviners. (Except that I should call myself a "client" now and not a "victim".) My conversion is due mainly to three diviners, than whom no three human beings could be more unlike one another. The first of these was a London lady called "Fatima". (I don't suppose either of us would make any bones about the fact that her real name was Minnie.) The second was named Ali el Wazani and he looked exactly like the hook-nosed bald-headed St. Jerome fondling a skull whom Ribera painted. (I think the picture hangs in the Brera in Milan.) The third was a Pennsylvania Dutchwoman, from the city of York in that state. (But she was really an Irishwoman and her name was Mrs. Gallagher. Yet who will blame either Mrs. Gallagher or Minnie for assuming such names as would carry most conviction among their respective clientèles? As I have already indicated, the path of the professional soothsayer is already difficult enough.)

Now each of these three divined my future for me, Minnie some years ago, Ali a year ago and Mrs. Gallagher not more than a month or two ago. And some of their divinations have already come to pass. Indeed it would have been dif- (*Continued on page 116*)

a new game for poets

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

showing why the progress of free verse happens to be progressing backwards

● Everybody knows that the comic upstart in Molière was surprised and delighted to discover that he had spoken Prose all his life. The cultivated modern man will doubtless be equally surprised and delighted to discover that he has spoken Free Verse all his life. When he gives directions to a waiter or asks questions of a policeman, he invariably does it in the staccato style of the new poets. His manner of speech merits all the special praises accorded to the new poets by the new critics. It is wholly emancipated from the standards of stilted versification. It is comparatively seldom that his order to the waiter is marred by the monotonous jingle of rhyme. It is yet more rarely that his conversation with the policeman recalls the cold and classical construction of the sonnet. Any ordinary sentence that he might write in a letter, such as: "It is still raining: and a dog barking next door does not improve my temper," has obviously only to be rearranged on the page, in curt and carefully truncated lines, as:

I have
A headache: and a dog
Barking

and so on, to be admitted and admired in any magazine whose wealthy proprietors feel the deep pulse of the progress of the arts. It is true that the poet might put into the poem one or two lines which the letter-writer would probably not pause to put in the letter. There might be some such bright additions as "The water is grey and greasy," or "The blotting paper has black spots, sporadically," with "sporadically" in a line by itself. A man may not, perhaps, invariably be so careful to mention all these details when he is writing a letter; but that is only the last trace of an old-world tradition, to the effect that a man writing what another man is to have the trouble of reading should, so far as it is reasonably possible, write about something interesting. The black blots and the greasy water are, I admit, additions to the old form. They are peculiar to the new poets when they write poetry. They are too prosaic for prose.

● For the phrase free verse is misleading, even as to the meaning which it is meant to convey. These people mean by free verse something that is freer than verse. From their own standpoint, they mean something that is too free to be verse. And taken in this sense, there is at least some sort of sense in it. The words mean something, at least by the superficial meaning of words. It is obviously true in one sense that rhyme and rhythm are a restraint, if only because they are generally a labour. It would be more trouble to talk to the policeman and make the second sentence rhyme with the first, or to rearrange the menu in metrical form for the benefit of the waiter. And in this sense, even if we deny that free verse is verse, we may still admit that free verse is free. But even upon this superficial plane of verbal discussion, we shall still say that the two words, taken together, are a total falsehood.

Free verse is like free love; it is a contradiction in terms. Using the word "free" in the sense in which such people use it, it is utterly incompatible with what they are talking about. If it means detachment and a sort of indifferent universality, it is as intrinsically impossible to the artist as it obviously is to the lover. We talk about the bonds of matrimony; but it is obvious that love is as much of a bond as marriage; and we talk equally freely, for that matter, about a bond of friendship. There is a modern trick of talking about husband and wife as if they were chained together like two Greek galley-slaves. But any ordinary phrase for spontaneous affection is really much stronger; such as the phrase "I am very much attached to Tommy." That suggests not so much Greek galley-slaves as Siamese twins. That degree of dependence and limitation is involved in the intrinsic nature of the sentiment itself; and cannot be loosened by any legal emancipations. And in the same way the necessities of material and of labour are involved in the intrinsic nature of the art itself; and cannot be abolished without abolishing the art. If these revolutionaries really knew what they were doing, and were clear-headed enough to defend what they were doing, they would say they were in favour of abolishing the art of verse. They would justify it, as more logical revolutionaries justified abolishing the art of heraldry. They did not throw about splashes of any colour on shields of any shape, and call the compromise Free Heraldry.

● The actual truth is that the *only* free verse is formal verse. It is only in a vulgar verbal fashion that we can talk of free verse when we mean formless verse. For the object of art is to give the sensation of enfranchisement to the spirit; and this is only done by art when it really is art. It is not that which takes liberties with poetical forms; but that which gives liberty to poetical feelings. It is an act of deliverance. For every ordinary man has a poet inside him; a poet who is a prisoner. Great poetry releases the poet; that is, it gives words to our passion which are like wings to our soul. And this is always done best by words that have regularity and recurrence, like a rhyme. A clerk walking down a country road on a holiday will often feel very much like Shakespeare or Keats; his only limitation is that he cannot say what he feels—except with the assistance of Shakespeare or Keats. He cannot find any talk tall enough for his soaring spirits, unless he remembers some such line as that turn or swing in the middle of the great sonnet: "But thine eternal summer shall not fade." Then he will really feel that somewhere high above his head great gates have opened with a noise of trumpets. Or if he remembers the simple and sweeping opening of another verse, "Thou wast not made for death, immortal bird," he will feel, when he has said it, as if a bird had really gone forth from his mouth.

● Now a real poem does this because it is something like a spell or a charm. And the essence of a spell was exactitude; it had to be a precise and particular form of words. It is useless to argue about it; as useless as for a burglar to complain of the arbitrary and artificial arrangement of letters which alone will open the safe. If you think you can produce that liberation of the soul by another arrangement, you have only to try. You are quite at liberty not to say "Thou wast not made for death, immortal bird," but to say, instead, "You were not made to die, indestructible fowl." There is no compulsion on you to say "But thine eternal summer shall not fade;" and in that sense you are quite free when you say "But your endless August will not disappear." But you are not free in the sense of having freed your spirit, with something like the wings of a bird or the flight of an arrow. That can only be done by the magic words; and the magic words are nearly always metrical words. They are, if you like, arbitrary words, in the sense that they are not in their nature subject to argument. If you stand in front of the closed cavern of Ali Baba saying anything that comes into your head (which is the meaning of most modern emancipation and realism) the rock will no more be rent for you than for the man who insisted on saying "Open barley" instead of "Open sesame." Barley is a very valuable thing in its place; indeed it is rather too solid and traditional to appeal to the reformers in question. They are more likely to tell the cavern to open in the name of mildew or toadstools or stinging-nettles or (as a yet more appropriate diet) thistles. In any case, if the liberation involved is the real liberation of the opening of caverns, the opening of prisons, the opening of minds and the opening of hearts, then certainly the old formal poets could do the trick. If it means the liberation of the poet from *(Continued on page 134)*

a bronze by despiau

a portrait—by the distinguished french sculptor—now in an american collection

The author of "Jeanès", the work reproduced here, is an astonishing instance, in this clamorous age (where talent seeks to translate itself into profits almost before it is talent), of a greatness so quiet as to have remained at first invisible to ordinary eyes. If this great and now famous Frenchman has been aware of the competitive scramble that constitutes nine-tenths of our contemporary sculptural "art", he must have been bewildered to know what objectives his peers were after. The complement to the purity and sensibility of his temperament is apparent in his striking lack of "push" and in his supreme indifference to popularity or to financial reward

THE GHOST IN ROPE STREET

BY RICHARD HUGHES

a murder takes place in london, and the police sergeants meet with a most mysterious spirit

● He killed me quite easily by crashing my head on the cobbles. *Bang!* Lord, what a fool I was! All my hate went out with that first bang: a fool to have kicked up that fuss just because I had found him with another woman. And now he was doing this to me—*bang!* That was the second one, and with it *everything* went out.

My sleek young soul must have glistened somewhat in the moonlight, for I saw him look up from the body in a fixed sort of way. That gave me an idea: I would haunt him. All my life I had been scared of ghosts: now I was one myself, I would get a bit of my own back. *He* never was: he said there weren't such things as ghosts. Oh, weren't there! I'd soon teach him. John stood up, still staring in front of him: I could see him plainly: gradually all my hate came back. I thrust my face close up against his, but he didn't seem to see it, he just stared. Then he began to walk forward, as if to walk through me, and I was afeard. Silly, for me—a spirit—to be afeard of his solid flesh: but there you are, fear doesn't act as you would expect, ever, and I gave back before him, then slipped aside to let him pass. Almost he was lost in the street-shadows before I recovered myself and followed him.

And yet I don't think he could have given me the slip: there was still something between us that drew me to him—willy-nilly, you might say, I followed him up to High Street, and down Lily Lane.

● Lily Lane was all shadows, but yet I could still see him as clear as if it was daylight. Then my courage came back to me: I quickened my pace till I was ahead of him—turned round, flapping my hands and making a moaning sort of noise like the ghosts did I'd read of. He began to smile a little, in a sort of satisfied way, but he didn't seem properly to see me. Could it be that his hard disbelief in ghosts made him so that he *couldn't* see me? *"Hoo!"* I whistled through my small teeth. *"Hoo! Murderer! Murderer!"* Someone flung up a top window. "Who's that?" she called. "What's the matter?"—So other people could hear, at any rate. But I kept silent; I wouldn't give him away—not yet. And all the time he walked straight forward, smiling to himself. He never had any conscience, I said to myself: here he is with new murder on his mind, smiling as easy as if it was nothing. But there was a sort of hard look about him, *all* the same.

It was odd, my being a ghost so suddenly, when ten minutes ago I was a living woman: and now, walking on air, with the wind clear and wet between my shoulder-blades. Ha-ha! I gave a regular shriek and a screech of laughter, it all felt so funny . . . surely John must have heard *that:* but no, he just turned the corner into Pole Street.

All along Pole Street the plane-trees were shedding their leaves: and then I knew what I would do. I made those dead leaves rise up on their thin edges, as if the wind was doing it. All along Pole Street they followed him, pattering on the roadway with their five dry fingers. But John just stirred among them with his feet, and went on: and I followed him, for as I said, there was still some tie between us that drew me.

Once only he turned and seemed to see me: there was a sort of recognition in his face, but no fear, only triumph. "You're glad you've killed me," thought I, "but I'll make you sorry!"

And then all at once the fit left me. A nice sort of Christian, I, scarcely fifteen minutes dead and still thinking of revenge, instead of preparing to meet my Lord! Some sort of voice in me seemed to say: "Leave him, Millie, leave him alone *before it is too late!*" Too late? Surely I could leave him when I wanted to? Ghosts haunt as they like, don't they? I'd make just one more attempt at terrifying him, then I'd give it up and think about going to Heaven.

● He stopped, and turned, and faced me full. I pointed at him with both my hands.

"John!" I cried. "John! It's all very well for you to stand there, and smile, and stare with your great fish-eyes and think you've won: but you haven't! I'll do you. I'll *finish* you! I'll—"

I stopped, and laughed a little. Windows shot up. "Who's that? What's the row?"—and so on. They had all heard: but he only turned and walked on.

"Leave him, Millie, before it is too late," the voice said.

So that's what the voice meant: leave him before I betray his secret, and have the crime of revenge on my soul. Very well, I would: I'd leave him. I'd go straight to Heaven before any accident happened. So I stretched up my two arms, and tried to float into the air: but at once some force seized me like a great gust, and I was swept away after him down the street. There was something stirring in me that still bound me to him.

Strange, that I should be so real to all those people that they thought me still a living woman: but he—who had *(Continued on page 132)*

these brush and ink sketches are by kolbe who is admittedly today leader of the german sculptors

drawings by georg kolbe

ruth draper

the false note

BY HENRI DUVERNOIS

a story of the theatre, in which old age proves victorious in its battle with youth and romance

It was a stage marriage but not a marriage of the stage. Luc Bierville was famous in his way, but he was the type of actor that retains middle-class principles in spite of success. Betty Decambre was eighteen when she married him, which is equivalent to saying that he was about twenty years her senior. An austere mother took a delight in standing sentinel over her.

The night of the première of *Cliquette* the engagement took place. While the notes of the violins were dying away amid the complaining murmurs of the harp and the poetic serenity of an (artificial) moonlight night, Luc had to clasp Betty tenderly to his heart and appear to imprint on her forehead a chaste kiss. His back was to the audience, and Bierville's embrace was a very real one. Until that moment he had seemed indifferent, even cold, to her; and despite the pre-occupations of a first night, she was overcome with emotion as she realized what he had done. To save the situation, he pulled her roughly to him.

"You don't like it, my little friend?" he improvised. "That only proves your bad taste!"

This impromptu remark eventually became a part of the text of the play and in obscure parts of the country, companies playing *Cliquette* repeat it to this day, without suspecting the idyllic circumstances which gave rise to it.

The mother of the young actress who had watched these proceedings from the wings, appeared before Bierville bristling with indignation. She followed him into his dressing-room.

"This kind of thing won't do. I would rather take my daughter away from the stage altogether and let her starve to death, than see her make my mistake. *M.* Bierville, mark my words, Betty shall not disgrace me."

Luc undressed himself with serene impudence. As the mother was about to continue, he stopped her with a majestic wave of his bare arm:

"I am going to marry her," he announced.

A quarter of an hour afterwards the news became official and *champagne* flowed freely. It was agreed generally that they were a charming pair: she was so fair, so slender, with a little retroussé nose and pouting lips; he was so tall, so stalwart, so well set up, with a face such as one sees on Roman coins and a certain type of coachman.

The honeymoon was glorious! They lived a romantic dream, as if the loving couple of *Cliquette* had become a reality. He loved her with airy confidence (as is often the case with a newly married man).

She was dreadfully jealous of her celebrated husband. When they returned home, it was no longer Betty Decambre, the little opera singer, but *Mme.* Bierville, who attended to the housekeeping and her husband, and only studied her parts or visited her dressmaker when her household duties had been fulfilled, the account-books were in order, and the meals planned. Her infatuation blinded her to everything else, and gave her the cruelty to say to her mother:

"Don't come to the house any more. You make a bad impression on him. . . . He will imagine that in the end I shall look like you."

He accepted this unceasing devotion as a matter of course. Men who are sure they are being worshipped grow fat and dull-witted. That happened to Luc.

Thus it was that he arrived at the age of forty-eight without any misgivings. Betty was then twenty-seven. Luc still played juvenile leads; he had retained his commanding stage presence and his powerful voice, but his friends noticed that he was always in a hurry to get back to his slippers and his supper of tripe or steak. Oh, the eternal love scenes on the stage with the eternal Betty! As her husband had been well-known on the stage for thirty years, it was generally inferred that she herself must be at least forty. The public got tired of them. Not that she did not look young. She had the unfailing freshness peculiar to brunettes who are made up as blondes, and her doll-like face had changed scarcely at all.

They had to go on tour, and their experience embittered them. There were many nights when the manager announced meagre receipts, and bankruptcy continually threatened the company. They were reduced to playing comedy parts, but their operetta voices failed to please, when spoken lines were necessary.

The final blow came when, during one of their sojourns in Paris, Betty was offered an engagement by another management.

"And I?" asked Bierville of the manager. "What about me?"

"How do I know? You had better rest for a time. . . . You will be all the better for having had a good quiet rest. . . ."

"Oh, I'm in no need of a rest. I'll apply elsewhere."

He was politely bowed to the door of every office he visited. Betty's engagement being a good one, he had to accept the situation. He attended his wife's rehearsals, which he watched (he believed) with an expert eye, in ironic silence. His enforced idleness weighed heavily on him. And then someone stepped into his shoes: Charvel, one of those tenors of the new school who always give one the impression of being effeminate, over-amiable, with hair too carefully parted, complexion too ruddy, slimness too willowy, gracefulness carried to an extreme. He had the throaty voice so dear to the patrons of the Montmartre night places.

At first Luc found him merely ridiculous, and used to imitate him with gestures for the entertainment of his wife. Then he noticed that Betty suddenly ceased to appreciate these pleasantries, and that she was often thoughtful and dreamy. The scales fell from his eyes. Yes, she was still considerate, still attentive to her duties; but merely from habit, without the keen pleasure, the enthusiasm of other days. Idiot that he was! She always called him "my dearest" as if she were saying "my dear". She no longer kissed him except on the forehead; she was no longer jealous.

It was he who was jealous now; so desperately jealous, indeed, that he did not know whether to box this Charvel's ears or to choke him. What was he to do? Betty's behaviour was apparently correct in every way; Charvel treated her with great respect and called him, Bierville, *Maestro*. . . .

And yet hour by hour Betty seemed to be slipping from him. She said one day when he was present: "Charvel, that red-haired woman still writes to you, doesn't she?" and in her eyes was the look of anguish and jealousy of which he was so often the cause in bygone days. And so it became the banal, yet very terrible tragedy—a wife ceasing to love her husband, who was getting old. People were lightly humourous about it, but having played so long in operettas, Bierville took it all very seriously indeed. It is an old saying that actors remain children to the last. Bierville showed no fight, he took it lying down and in tears. And Betty, who was known in theatrical circles for her constant smile, though it had now become stereotyped, found on coming home a broken-spirited, querulous man, with swollen eyes and a red nose . . .

One evening, full of real pity, she kissed him: "Go and see Reybourg tomorrow morning; he has some *(Continued on page 110)*

why always the muscovite?

BY DEEMS TAYLOR

an appreciation of the ballets russe—with a plea for the patronage of home industries

■ A new Russian ballet is coming to America this Autumn, barring some cataclysm at this writing unforeseen. The last news I had of it, the sponsors had not yet decided whether it would be called *The All-Russian Ballet, The Official Ballet Russe,* or yet some other title. Whatever its ultimate name, it is an organization famous throughout Russia, and its American visit, the first outside its native borders, will be made by special permission of two governments. According to those who have seen it, the company offers marvels in the way of repertoire, pantomimic technique, and stage *décor,* and challenges comparison with Diaghileff's history-making *Ballet Russe.*

That, of course, remains to be seen. In any case, I doubt whether the new company will efface the impression left by the Diaghileff organization when, headed by the incomparable Nijinsky, it invaded these shores a dozen years ago. For Diaghileff's people were not only artists; they were pioneers. To thousands of Americans they came as a revelation of what the word "ballet" might imply. In place of the conventional steps and pirouettings of the classic ballet, or the abstract attitudes and levitations of Isadora Duncan they used a technique of dramatic, half-barbaric leapings and gallopings, movements of arms and bodies and legs that were beatless yet rhythmic, savagely energetic, yet controlled, and always significant, dramatic, and exciting. They brought narrative, plot, dramatic action, in place of the meaningless patterns and groupings of the opera house. And above all they brought music, real music —Debussy, Rimsky-Korsakoff, Stravinsky, Richard Strauss—music that had energy and vitality enough of its own to be the source and directing force of what the dancers did, instead of trotting prettily and docilely after them in the manner of Ponchielli and Delibes. They brought with them the stage settings and costumes of a great master—Bakst; and they were hospitable to real talent when they found it here (our own Robert Edmund Jones painted the settings for the Diaghileff *Til Eulenspiegel*).

■ They were not actual pioneers, of course, in the sense that they brought something hitherto absolutely unknown to us. The art of pantomime existed, even in America, long before Diaghileff; and Anna Pavlova, Isadora Duncan, and Ruth St. Denis had long since proved that Americans could be induced to sit through a theatrical performance devoted exclusively to various aspects of terpsichorean art. But the *Ballet Russe* focussed our attention for the first time, jolted us into the realization that something we had always thought of as simple entertainment could be, and was, an independent art-form. Diaghileff's greatest contribution was, not that he invented the ballet, but that he made the ballet *grand chic,* the thing that one really must go to see.

The newcomers, when they arrive, will have an easier time of it than Diaghileff had. Thanks to him, and to the Denishawns, and Winthrop Ames, and the Neighborhood Playhouse, we shall know what they are about. If they are good, they will be artistically successful, and—what is more than Diaghileff was—financially so as well.

So sure am I that any first-class company of the *Ballet Russe* type will find a welcome in America today that I wonder we do not found and support one of our own. We have all the ingredients—the public, the artists, and the material. All we need is to lose one more of the inferiority complexes that have so long kept us timid about competing with Europe in matters artistic.

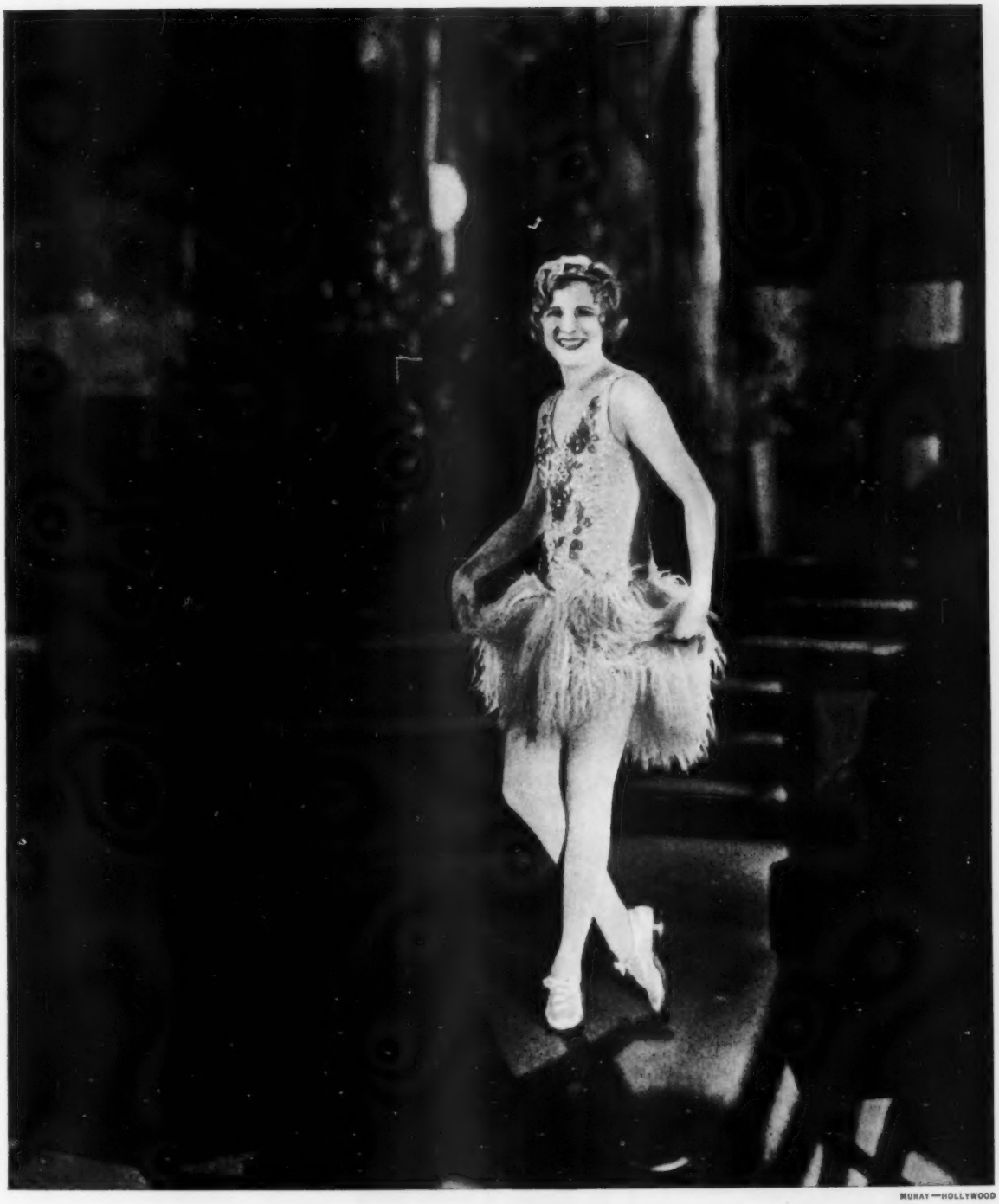
■ In the first place, our years of passionate film-going have made us a discriminating and eager audience for any and all kinds of pantomime. When Stravinsky's *Les Noces* was done in New York by the League of Composers last Spring the most frequent criticism of it that I heard was, not that it was too subtle and esoteric, but that it was too naïve. The preliminary explanations of the score had convinced us that it would be a hard nut to crack, and we rather expected the pantomime to be the same. When it turned out to be just another romp in the style of the *Chauve Souris* we were, most of us, just a mite disappointed. As a dance audience we are both catholic and sophisticated. Some index of our present powers of absorption may be gathered from the fact that last year's music season in New York produced upwards of thirty-seven dance recitals by different artists, no two of them exactly alike, and almost all of them well attended.

So far as the artists are concerned, we have an array, both native-born and adopted, that have nothing to fear from anything that Europe has produced in the past ten years. In her own field of the classic ballet Pavlova still stands unrivalled, perhaps. But, the great Russian aside, where in Europe will you find an artist of the versatility and skill of Ruth St. Denis—a woman who can dance Nautch dances before an East Indian audience so well that the Indian government suggests that she stay and found a school, who can emerge triumphant from the ordeal of dancing ancient ritualistic Japanese dances before an audience of Japanese actors and dancers? She uses her hands more beautifully than anyone. Certainly I remember no woman member of the original Diaghileff company who was her better, or even her peer.

She possesses in rich measure two traits that seem to distinguish American dancers particularly—a sense of character and a sense of humour. Everything she does is not only a dance, but a portrait of a dancer, a small, clean-bitten etching in which not an essential is missing and not a detail is overstressed. The unconscious humour that mars so much "art" dancing is entirely absent from Miss St. Denis' work. If there is any laughing to be done, you may be sure she has done it first. Hardly second as an artist is her husband, Ted Shawn, who has in addition an extraordinary gift for devising effective scenarios and handling groups of dancers. To find his equal as a *metteur en scène* one would have again to hark back to the days of Diaghileff, Fokine, and Nijinsky.

Besides the Denishawns, there is a host of younger dancers of amazing talent—Agnes De Mille, whose power of creating genre pictures and filling a stage with her own personality is second only to that of Miss St. Denis herself; Doris Humphries; Doris Niles; the Marmeins; Charles Weidman, a pupil of Ted Shawn and a young man with an eerie gift for translating abstract concepts into equally abstract yet significant motion. And there are the foreign-born, Americans by choice and temperament—Adolph Bolm, the creator of *Petrushka* at the Metropolitan, Anna Duncan, who expounds so precisely and beautifully the traditions of her illustrious adopted name-sake; and Michio Ito, another dancer who is an equally fine stage director.

■ We have even the beginnings of a native repertoire ballet. Henry F. Gilbert was probably the pioneer in this field in America, with his *The Dance in the Place Congo* which was done several years ago by the Metropolitan and ought to be seen—and heard—again. John Alden Carpenter can supply two distinguished works; his *The Birthday of the Infanta,* danced for two seasons by the ballet of the Chicago Opera Company, and the later *Skyscrapers,* which is still on the active repertoire of the Metropolitan. There are plenty of other American musicians who either have actually had ballets performed or else possess the technical flexibility and stage sense necessary for the production of good ones. To name a few at random: Charles Wakefield Cadman, Eastwood Lane, Arthur Nevin, Emerson Whithorne, George Gershwin, Aaron Copland, Roger Sessions, and Leo Ornstein. Of Americans no longer living, Charles T. Griffes and Edward MacDowell *(Continued on page 110)*



MURAY—HOLLYWOOD

marilyn miller

this popular actress resumes the rôle she created, in the all-talking screen version of sally

POLICE PROTECTION

ARTIST, AT EASE

A HIGH-HAT PLACE

"SIXTY-EIGHT DOLLARS!"

a celebrated artist makes the rounds of a few of new york's 32000 liquor parlors

speakeasy scenes by george luks

the president's

● Some while ago, as one of the first gestures of office, President Hoover addressed a company of newspapermen on the increasing crime lawlessness of the American people and made public note of the fact that a government rests finally and solely on the will of the governed to be governed.

Mr. Hoover's remarks were those of a responsible administrator. But, every now and then, the average respectable citizen of a state is assailed by the naive and terrible query: Why does he abide by the laws?

For years this average citizen trots with docility in the ordained ways of society: he puts his nickel in the subway turnstile; he returns the borrowed and found property of other people; he does not walk on the grass; he takes his hat off in elevators. It is not so much that he obeys laws as that he unthinkingly conforms to the action-and-thought-patterns supplied by the millions of other law-obeying citizens of the state. And then one day he suddenly asks himself why he does it, why they all do it, what is to stop him or anyone else from not doing it. Why not jump over the subway turnstile without dropping in the nickel? Why not walk on the grass? Why not buy a gun and request passers-by on quiet streets to lend one their watches and wallets? As a rule, however, the thought passes quickly. The average respectable citizen has the nickel; it would be an idle prank to jump over the turnstile and it would make him conspicuous. He doesn't know exactly what would happen, but there would probably be a fuss of some kind. He has never done it before, he has never seen it done. And it requires some far stronger impulse than mere curiosity to bring him to the point of ceasing to conform, as ordained.

● A thought to give one pause is: What would happen if the billions of quiet men and women throughout the world should pass, a very little way, over the border-line of madness and, one day, stop conforming? The governments, the laws, the vast enterprises and interlocking webs of society that have their only being in the mere phenomenon that those billions *do* elect to conform, would in that moment vanish. And a week, a month later, civilization would be obliged to start all over again, finding itself suddenly back at the dawn of history.

Such an event, however, would have nothing to do with crime.

Where there is no society that is willing to be "organized", there can be no crime against society. It is the one man, the one citizen who, suddenly and without respect to the actions of the other millions, ceases to conform, who commits a crime.

Why, for all practical purposes, does that one man continue to obey the laws? The New York newspapers printed a story a little while ago that seems to suggest the beginning of that Why. A reputable and hard-working Italian-

unkind words on crime

BY DAVID CORT

being a few footnotes to mr. hoover's recent remarks on the friends and enemies of society

American, with a family, was nabbed by two subway detectives as he passed through a turnstile, and charged with having inserted a slug instead of the conventional nickel in the machine. He protested, a crowd gathered; it is claimed that he was struck several times by the detectives. Now, police detectives are the aristocracy of that profession in which railroad detectives are the underworld and subway detectives, as a generality, the outcasts. It is reasonable to assume that one would not ask a subway detective to dinner, and the two in question probably gave the Italian as symbolic a representation as was possible of callous and domineering power in the right. As he was taken to jail, he began to realize what had happened to him. He felt himself innocent (it was later asserted that the charge was false) but that feeling merely added to his anger and the sense of his own impotence and aggravated the overpowering shame that engulfed him. He was now a criminal, his finger-prints would be taken and registered.

● The subway detectives had served as a symbol of law and justice, and he probably conceived of the trial and the magistrate in terms of them. Undoubtedly he would be convicted; he was doomed. His protestations, his innocence, had already been shown to be futile, mere sound and fury. They would continue to be so. His whole life, the structure of the esteem of his neighbours and his employer, the respect of his family, his status as a free and respectable citizen, had been smashed up and distributed to the four winds by two subway detectives he had never seen before in his life.

What half-realized conceptions of American government and the police and the wages of crime floated through his brain and distorted his sanity into nightmare shapes, we cannot know now. At any rate, when they came to his cell the next morning to take him before the magistrate on the charge of having attempted to swindle society of five cents, they found that he had used his belt to hang himself by the neck until dead.

The poor devil was of course temporarily what we are pleased to call insane, that is, assuming his premises to be correct (and it does not resurrect him to say that they were not) he proceeded with naive direction to their indicated conclusion. But he serves as a symbol for all those qualities and ambitions and conceptions that make the average respectable citizen proud of being law-abiding (and, by the same token, fearful of being law-breaking) and that, in effect, maintain the state. That man, for what he represented, was absolutely priceless to these United States of America.

It is an incalculably lucky thing for bodies politic that such men as this are what they are and that they breed children in their own image. It is also an incalculably lucky thing for the police forces of the world that the most intelligent and able men of a race (birth and breeding counting for something) are bred in the ways of society and shown by suggestion what crime costs, and what its profits (as compared with the profits of any other eligible occupation) amounts to. Certain it is that the criminal occupations do not get the best talent.

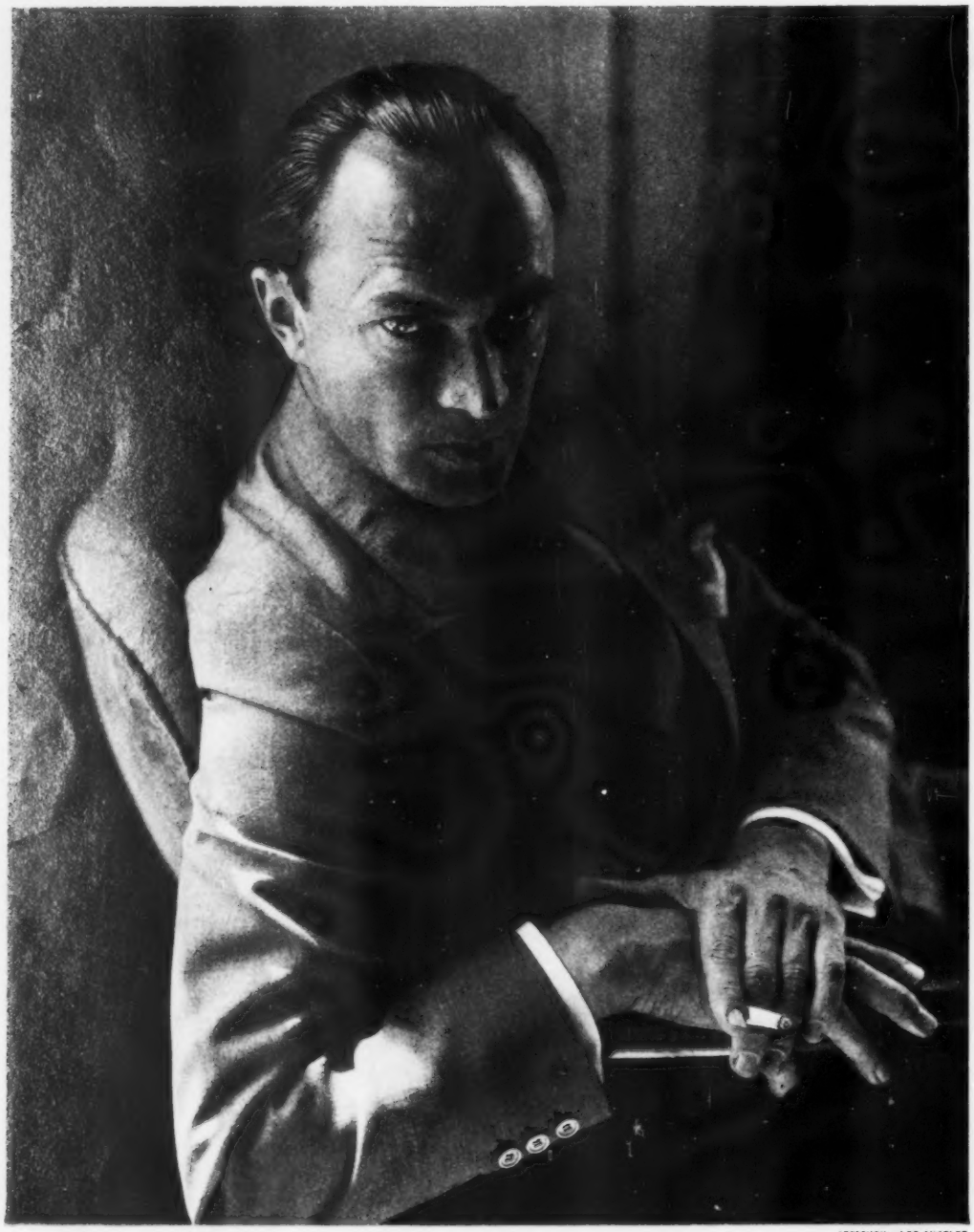
It is appalling to think what would happen if they did, if the highest intelligence and ingenuity and courage chose to prey on society. (And, doubtless, if the time ever comes when that course can be shown to pay in real money without cancelling any of the delights and comforts of social intercourse, the highest ingenuity and courage *will* choose to prey on society.) But as things are now, crime is carried on by a very dull and brutish part of the population. Rarely does a crime show imagination and efficiency of the first order. Many a genuine intellect has been caught by the idea of what could really be done with crime by an artist. De Quincey pointed to the murder without a motive, the murder as pure art, as the climax of aestheticized crime. But really the untraceable murder *with* a motive is a far more delicate and difficult thing. It is not a question of art-for-art's-sake carried into crime; it is rather one of doing the job well, with genuine business invention and technic. The fact that there are so few marks of first-rate imagination in our current crimes is evidence enough that men of talent have not yet been attracted to the profession.

● Doubtless there are a few men who do well and don't get caught at the business. There are also some who really dodge the issue by making their living by disreputable ways of keeping just within the statutes. And the great bootlegger chieftains, such as Al Capone of Chicago, fail except by the largeness and stupidity of their operations to stimulate the imagination. Such men survive not by wit, not by the effectiveness of their methods as directly matched against a hostile police, but by armed protection and bribery of the police. Even there, in Chicago, Capone is a very lucky exception to the rule that men in his position rarely live over a year—and death does not pay. Capone as well, with his confrères and competitors, has made the very serious mistake of arousing the large masses of respectable citizens. Since much of Capone's immunity depends on his control of the political structure, this will probably prove to be a ruinous error. Capone has functioned really as a business-man in an industry where a primitive force and shrewdness and the virtue of having been on the spot at the right time are the important requisites, but he has not been exactly a business-man *with vision.*

He may, however, be taken as representative of the criminal classes as opposed to those other classes represented by that other Italian-American in the turnstile story. In Capone's world, men see an *(Continued on page 130)*

WATER-FRONT WAITER

CONFIRMED DRUNKARD



STEICHEN—LOS ANGELES

the pantomime of this german screen actor is one of the formidable arguments against talking pictures

conrad veidt

There is a special, macabre quality in the work of Conrad Veidt on the screen, as everyone remembers who first saw him as the hypnotized murderer, moving with a haunted and dreadful precision through the mazes of *The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.* His successive rôles in *The Student of Prague, The Man Who Laughs* and *Variety* have secured for him a unique position in moving pictures. Established it seemed, forever in Hollywood, Mr. Veidt was among that band of foreign players who, rich in talent but poor in English, beheld the advent of talking movies as the handwriting on the wall and, a little plaintively, went home

semi-professional

BY W. O. McGEEHAN

● Intercollegiate football, said to be the only sport where amateurism is not questioned, rapidly is becoming only half amateur. From some points of view it is on the way to becoming less than half of one percent amateur.

One of the chief arguments in favour of the maintenance of this sport is that it instills initiative into the players and trains them to quick thinking in emergency. It should, but the initiative in football is being taken away from the players by the coaches.

At Carnegie Tech and at several of the western colleges the players are not even permitted to elect their own captains. The field leaders of the football teams are appointed by the coaches. This is another indication of the seriousness with which the colleges are taking the game.

There have been times when militia regiments have been mustered into the service in time of emergency with officers elected by the enlisted men. The War Department found it necessary to replace the elected officers by men from the regular army. No doubt it was necessary, but are intercollegiate football games wars? It begins to look as though some of the colleges had begun to regard them as seriously, if not more seriously, than wars.

● Of course the coaches, who have insisted on appointing captains of their own choice for their football teams will supply all sorts of arguments to show that it is logical and necessary. For instance there have been occasions when a player elected captain of the football team did not have the qualifications to make the team in the opinion of the coach and it is quite evident that the opinion of the coach is final. The coach started as a drill master. Today he is the commander-in-chief of football for whatever college employs him.

In the primitive days of intercollegiate football the captain of the football team would say to the coach, "This is our football team. Coach it." Now the football coach says to the chairman of the football committee and some of the more influential alumni, "Is this the best material you could get? Oh well, I will do the best that I can with it."

The football coach can defend this position. As long as a football coach can produce winning football teams he has steady employment. When he cannot, because of poor material, or because he has become somewhat *passé*, then the old grads start clamouring for his job and when the old grads clamour for a coach's job, they get it.

Therefore the coach demands more and more power. He says, in effect, "You want winning football teams? Then you must let me take full charge if you want me to take the full responsibility." And this seems to sound reasonable enough from the point of view of the coach and of the old grads.

If you are going to hold a man responsible for the success or failure of a business it is only fair that he be allowed to select his subordinate officers or officer. And more and more intercollegiate football seems to become a business.

In some of the colleges the receipts from football would run the institution. Also football affects to a certain extent the prestige of the college. Colleges need publicity and the widest publicity seems to come through a successful football team.

A decade or so ago the University of Notre Dame hardly was heard of and until Mr. Edward F. ("Chick") Meehan became football coach of New York University the rest of the country did not know that there was such an institution. At the current writing they are well aware of it, especially during the football season.

Intercollegiate football has become a big business and a serious business. The annual returns from a number of the colleges indicate that the proceeds from football support all of the other sports in the colleges. Few colleges have athletic funds. They must get them out of gate receipts and football is the only sport that produces certain profits. That is, of course, if the football teams are of the first order.

I recall that a few years ago the University of Dubuque decided to abandon the football team. The president described all of the evils attributed to the game, spoke of over-emphasis and of the exalting of the gladiatorial spirit and all of that sort of thing. He concluded his statement by observing, "And also the football team showed a deficit." The last reason was sufficient. The rest did not matter.

● The financial returns of the University of California for the football season last year indicate just how big the intercollegiate football business has become. The University of California, having one of the largest stadia in the country drew more spectators for football games than any other college in the country. This team played ten games. The average professional baseball club plays 154 games in a season. The report of the University of California shows that their football team drew bigger gate receipts in a ten game season than many of the big league baseball teams in a season of 154 games.

Of course to do this the University of California had to have a strong football team, a well coached football team and a successful team. They had all of this. If they had not, there would not be that amount in gate receipts. They love their coach because he produced a good football team and enhanced the prestige of the University of California. Probably they would not demur if he indicated that it would be best for him to appoint the football captains.

why intercollegiate football should no longer be considered as an amateur sport

Intercollegiate football became what might be called semi-professional years ago. It is known that the professional coaches with their staffs direct the movements of their football teams on the field just as a general in his field headquarters directs the movements of his troops in action.

● Or to get away from the serious simile one might say that they direct their teams as John J. McGraw and Wilbert Robinson direct their baseball teams from the bench. The football coaches direct amateur players while the baseball managers direct professional players. That is why I would call intercollegiate football a semi-professional game. The brawn, the spirit and the speed may be amateur but the strategy, the brains and the initiative are thoroughly professional.

Some football coaches have a series of signals fashioned after the signals used in professional baseball by the managers. Others are content with watching and sensing a weakness in the defense or poor judgment on the offense. Then a man is drawn from the front line and a substitute is sent in with orders from the General Headquarters.

They made a gesture to stop this sort of thing by ruling that a substitute should hold no conversation with the rest of his team until one play had been run off. But substitutes frequently are rushed in for purposes other than replacing an injured player.

There was that incident in the last Army-Notre Dame game. An O'Brien was sent in to replace one of the Notre Dame ends. This O'Brien had one talent. He could catch a forward pass at top speed. Naturally when Knute Rockne sent in O'Brien at this point in the conflict, the Notre Dame quarterback, unless he happened to be very dumb indeed, could catch the hint. And no Notre Dame quarterbacks are dumb. Mr. Rockne does not tolerate dumbness.

On the next play O'Brien dashed forward and crossed to the corner of the field near the Army line. *(Continued on page 114)*

PLAYS, YES; BUT NO CLASSICS

BY PERCY HAMMOND

a critic's explanation of why the broadway producers seem all to be saturated in gloom

In the words of a poem by Miss Amy Lowell:

The cat and I,
Together in the autumn night,
Waited.
He greatly desired a mouse,
I an idea.
Neither ambition was gratified.

■ Until, that is, Mr. Wallace Irwin the novelist telephoned to say that the English-speaking Drama, most prolific of the art-forms, was disappointing him by its failure to breed a renewable "classic". Mr. Irwin complained that in the swarms of theatrical entertainment creeping and buzzing around about us none is of the stalwart or endurable type. Mere ephemerae, said he, they spread their evanescent wings and vanish, leaving few traces of their existence. While Music, Lit'rature, Painting, Sculpture, and the Dance produce masterpieces not only for an age but for all time, the Drama is as transient as urban architecture, content to have its tall stories razed periodically and replaced with structures equally impermanent.

Defining a "classic" another Lowell has said, I am told, that it must be "neither ancient or modern; always new and incapable of growing old". It must be as attractive in May as in December—paraphrasing a notable troubadour-statesman—as vigorously eternal as the decalogue, *La Gioconda*, the Meditation in *Thaïs*, the songs of Edgar A. Guest. It must persist, like Sex, in its appeal, abashing Kronos with its indifference to Time's vicissitudes, as fresh and pleasing to one generation as to another. Gifted with the immortality of the human soul it should be able to migrate to and fro, and to be as welcome in 1929 as in 1928. With the Brook, as quoted by Lord Tennyson, a "classic" can boast without fear of successful contradiction that

Man may come and man may go,
But I go on forever.

I have no data at my finger tips to tell me how long it has been since the Drama gave birth to a deathless offspring. Such an opus as *Abie's Irish Rose*, of course, promises to be incessant, and it may be that play-goers of a hundred years from now will attend its revivals with enthusiasm. More probably it will be as cadaverous as *Comus*, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* or *Œdipus Rex*, and will be performed occasionally. So far as my research goes the only play since Goldsmith and Sheridan that hints of the evergreen is Mr. Barrie's *Peter Pan*. That classic of the cosmic nursery seems to abide as a lonely example of the perennial Drama. It lasts, a satisfying wonderwork of the Drama—and the Drama is assuredly the moron of the muses—; and it had stamina enough to overcome, not long ago, a performance by Miss Marilyn Miller, a shrewd, pretty, and graceful Broadway toe-dancer.

Recently we drama-lovers were all afire with admiration of *Journey's End*, *Street Scene*, *Strange Interlude*, *Holiday*, and *Let Us Be Gay*. They were the immediate successors of *Broadway*, *Coquette*, *Rain*, *The Front Page* and *Paris Bound*. A season or two before we were in a ferment about *The Show Off*, *Craig's Wife*, *Aren't We All*, *The Constant Wife*, *Enter Madame*, *Miss Lulu Bett*, and *Diamond Lil*. It is but an aeon or two since we celebrated *The Henrietta* as a picture of life in a great city; *Arizona* as a duplicate of the romance and intrigue of a frontier army post; George Ade's *The Country Chairman* as a reliable account of rural politics; and *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* as a warning to women with pasts. When I was in swaddling clothes Oscar Wilde's *Lady Windermere's Fan* was a "hit", and Belasco and DeMille were appetizing the populace with sweetened slices of existence. You do not remember *Raffles*, the first of the crime dramas with the handsome, bow-legged Kyrle Bellew as the heroic cutpurse; or *Trilby*, with Wilton Lackaye as the false-whiskered hypnotist. Neither does any one else. But in their fleeting day they were as important as *The Bachelor Father* and *Congai* were a season or more agone.

■ Where, one may aptly inquire, are the plays of yesterday? Have they been blown away, like Villon's girls by the wintry winds of change? Where are *In Mizzouri*, *Hell-Bent fer Heaven*, *Desire Under the Elms*, *The White Slave*, *Dynamo*, *Alias Jimmy Valentine*, and *The Hairy Ape?* All of them were full of edification and amusement, sometimes happy, sometimes blue, and they were good fellows when they had it. They may be found, I fear, in the Potters Field, pigeon-holed so securely that posterity will never be able to enjoy them unless it dances upon their graves. The best they can hope for is to be exhumed in 1940 or thereabouts and made the butt of such jocular ghouls as *(Continued on page 106)*

oliver messel and his masks

HOYNINGEN-HUENÉ

HOYNINGEN-HUENÉ

■ New York is soon to see another of those small, perfect revues with which Charles B. Cochran has been identified since the first Charlot Revue of six seasons ago. *Wake Up and Dream*, an importation of Mr. Arch Selwyn's, includes in its cast Tilly Losch, Jack Buchanan and Tini Meller, sister of Raquel, with lyrics and music by that too infrequent contributor to our folk-song, Cole Porter. A flavour of weird beauty is added to the revue in the exquisite masks designed for it by Oliver Messel (page left) who appeared in the original London production

tilly losch, dancer and artist in décor, appears in many scenes of her own design in the new revue

two principals of the impending "wake up and dream"

where women make a mistake

BY HAROLD NICOLSON

an attempt by an english author to account for the growing dislike of women the civilized world over

● I have frequently been puzzled to account for the almost universal dislike with which women are regarded. There are moments, of course, in the life-story of any man when his justifiable aversion from this section of the human race has given way to phases of sympathy, phases almost of attraction, phases of what, I believe, is called "being in love". Such moments are not of long duration.

They are his weaker moments; they do not last; his stronger and durable mood is one of aversion, sublimated by all the ruses of which the human temperament is capable. No man, unless it were Caligula, has ever wanted to be a woman. Many excellent women—I need only cite such names as George Sand and Messalina—have desired ardently to be men. This striking inferiority complex on the part of women is not due to even a sub-conscious realization that they are inferior to man in either virtue, attainments or physique. It is due only to a sub-conscious feeling that they are heartily disliked. Why should this be so? Allow me to write a few kindly but not misplaced words on the causes of this unpopularity.

The essential cause is that women mistake their position. Nature, by an error of judgment, which has caused great misery to the human race, ordained that, physiologically speaking, woman should be in the position of the giver and man in that of the receiver. It is man who asks and woman who, after much egoistic fumbling, consents. It is man who pursues and woman who is at least supposed to retreat. From man is expected a great subsequent glow of gratitude, tenderness and love; woman, cuddling into her own self-complacency, is allowed to burst with arrogance at the generosity of her own surrender. From this basic blunder on the part of nature proceed a number of conventions which have given women the impression that they are continuously being pursued; and that the fact that they do not as continuously consent to be captured is a sign, on their part, of great nobility of character.

This, I may observe in passing, is one of the many hypocrisies with which women seek to cover up the unenviable distaste which they arouse. For whereas they think it a virtue not to surrender themselves except to the most handsome and eligible of men, yet should a man display equal reluctance to join in the sex-game, he will not find that he is called true and noble, he will find only that he is called, if the lady is French, an *espèce d'andouille*, or, if she be English, a "Fanny". Let me trace in some detail the symptoms and consequences of the fallacy which has led women to imagine that they are so universally and continuously desired.

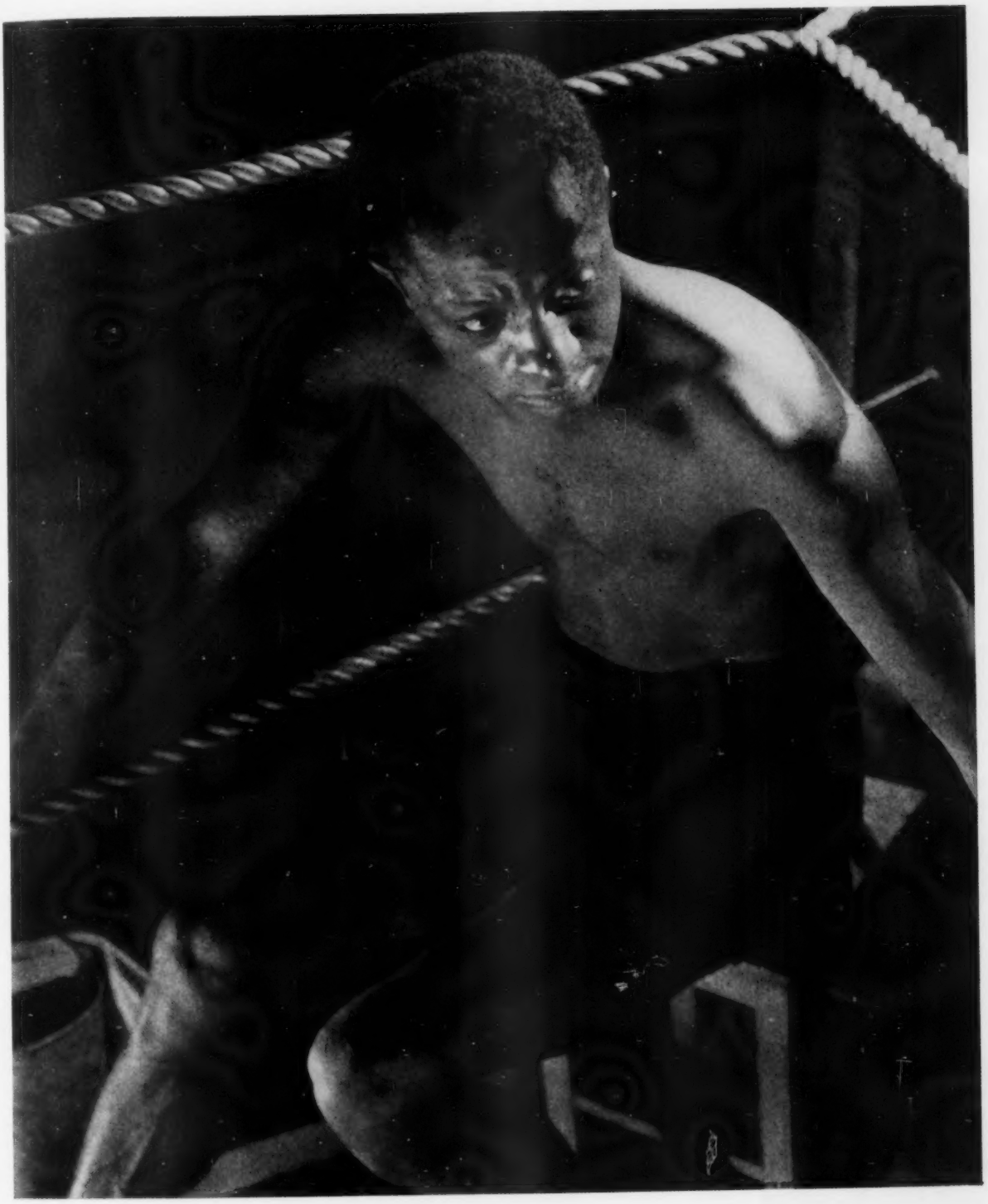
In the first place there is the question of physique. The older convention whereby woman was supposed to be aesthetically more alluring than man has now, I am glad to say, been completely exploded. It is now realized that women, though they possess certain advantages of skin and colouring, are, as regards shape, in a bad way indeed. I will not enter into details, since it is well, in speaking of women, to preserve that chivalry which they have been taught to expect. I should not wish in any manner to offend such of my readers as may belong, poor victims, to the fairer sex. Let us take it for granted, therefore, that women are ungainly creatures, lollopping in shapes and postures which are the reverse of graceful. Man, on the contrary, walks, as Homer noticed, in the semblance of a god.

● Were women to recognize and admit their own physical disabilities we, on our part, would be prepared to slur over the matter in sympathetic silence. It is merely because woman pretends to be wholly unaware of her own ugliness that it is necessary for us, from time to time, to protest. It is not, for instance, any awareness of her shapelessness which tempts woman to spend such hours and such money upon the adornment of her flesh. Confident in the sheen of her own desirability, she prinks herself in a manner which she would never permit in man. I have known women of over forty to whom it appears quite natural to increase their desirability by the apposition of creams and colours while these same women would be much disconcerted if similar embellishments were attempted by their husbands. There is no logical reason why a man of forty-two should not dye and plaster with as good a conscience as a woman of the same age. There are a great many other reasons; but there is no *logical* reason. Yet woman, being a conventional sheep, is confident of her right. She claims both beauty and the exclusive right to beautify. As education increases this double claim will be resented by man; and the great sex-revolution will be brought a step nearer.

I trust that I have not, by the above line of argument, led myself into any advocacy of cosmetics for the male. My point was merely that woman's irritating conviction of her own desirability leads her to resort to artificial means of increasing such desirability which, with her usual lack of logic, she denies to men. It is possible, of course, that there enters into this dog-in-the-manger attitude a certain element of self protection. Indubitably if man were to spend as much time upon his person as woman spends, then the physical inferiority of woman would be even more apparent. I doubt however whether many women object to male *maquillage* from this stand-point. It is merely that their whole life-system is based on an assumption of their own desirability, and that any behaviour which conflicts with this assumption is considered either ridiculous or wrong.

● The desirability of women! Surely modern civilization should be intelligent enough to dispose of this fallacy. Look at them,—consider them, for instance, when they troop ungainlily (that ungainly motion, for instance, of the small of the back) from a theatre. Already they have bored their male companions by having lost their little bags and by wanting thereafter to be helped into their violet-scented coats. After that they walk slowly from their seats, indicating that all this research-work on the part of the men has been a favour conferred, that it is nice for the men to have to loiter behind them, admiring the wobbles of their backs. So soon as they realize that the men behind them are becoming impatient at having so slowly to emerge from the theatre, they walk very quickly indeed. They make a dash for the nearest exit, and, having reached it, they pause. There are few things more irritating in life than the female pause in a door-way. Few and far between are the women who can resist the egoism of blocking traffic. Fewer still are the women who will refrain, on reaching an exit or an entrance, from pausing under the narrowing arch, putting those who pass by them either in or out into false positions. I have never met a woman who can resist the temptation, when she gets to the door, of becoming languorous. They pause and look, with a sweet but lazy expression, behind them. There is nothing behind them at which they wish to look: they know perfectly well that their gloves, vanity cases and bags have already been retrieved; they know perfectly well that the rest of the party, with hatred in their hearts, are following behind: all they wish to do is to pause, and obstruct the traffic; all they wish to do is to make themselves conspicuous. And if one says to them, politely, "Can't you see that you are blocking the gangway?"—then they raise plucked eyelids at one, indicating that one has been ungentlemanlike and gross.

Now all this unpleasantness on the part of women could, with a little intelligence on their part, be modified. It should be possible for some of *(Continued on page 102)*



gunboat johnson in his corner

the corey ford murder case

BY COREY FORD

the author solves the motive for one of the most logical assassinations in crime annals

● This detective story gets off to a very exciting start, because in the opening chapter I am discovered shot, poisoned, drowned, strangled, asphyxiated, punctured with a quaint Oriental dagger, drawn and quartered, torch-murdered, dynamited, beheaded, and bitten by a snake—dead.

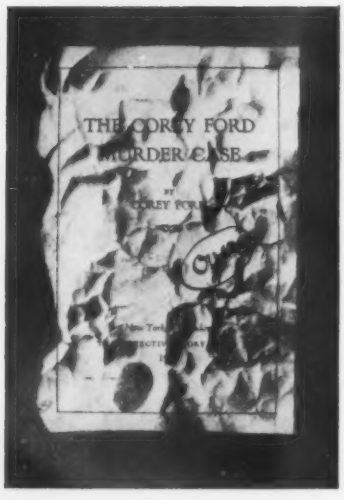
On the other hand, there are one or two rather serious disadvantages to this lightning start. In the first place, the fact that I am killed at the outset of my own novel may be original, but it makes it the least bit difficult for me to go on writing it any further. It is one of the few remaining conventions of detective story writing that dead men tell no tales. I have read thousands and thousands (and thousands) of detective stories in the past few months—not one-tenth of the general output, at that—and although the ingenious authors have been known to resort to visions, walking ghosts, flashbacks, discoveries that Uncle Abner was only playing 'possum in order to test young Frederic's sincerity, discoveries that the supposed body of Uncle Abner was really nothing but a stuffed dummy or the corpse of an obliging friend, discoveries that there never *was* an Uncle Abner, all these devices nevertheless have adhered in general to the ancient and honourable maxim. And so if I have allowed myself to be so indubitably butchered in the opening chapter, any further writing I may attempt after that would scarcely be cricket.

Then there is another difficulty: I want to be one of the detectives. Every author of a detective story wants to be the detective. He may be a harmless old spinster, or Sherlock Holmes, or the wealthy young bachelor who just dabbles in crime for the sport of the thing, or Mr. Wu, or a sleuth from Scotland Yard (comic), or a newspaper reporter, or a faithful pony, or one of Mr. Milne's young couples in love; but whatever type of detective he is, that is where he has his fun. That is where he can tiptoe around to his heart's content, and make mysterious notes on the inside of a paper match-safe, and expound some unique theory of his own that all crime is directly traceable to the angle of the eyebrows, women, or a taste for broccoli. The only advantage in being the corpse is that you can wipe your make-up off and be home and in bed before eleven o'clock.

There is a third disadvantage. If I am so enthusiastically done away with at the very beginning of my own book, I admit I am a little curious to know the reason why. After all, there must have been *some* motive. To be sure, this is the first detective story I've ever attempted; but I've read all of Mr. Wallace's, and Mr. Biggers', and Mrs. Frances Noyes Hart's, and Mr. Willard Huntington Wright's, and *they* all had motives. (Some of them were a bit obscure; but still they were there, you felt.) Under the present arrangement I should never know who killed me, let alone why.

● So I think the only thing to do under the circumstances (if Mr. Wright doesn't mind) is to change my name, and appear in my story as Philo Vance. I'll be Philo Vance; and Corey Ford will be the elderly author of this detective story, who was found in a silk dressing gown, at the very outset of his novel, in a peculiarly messy condition.

Now to go on with the story.



Chapter Two

The telephone tinkled in a smart Park Avenue apartment, and an immaculate young man (you'd never recognize me with my hair all slicked down) strode quickly across the room and lifted the receiver from the hook.

"Hello?"

"Is this Philo Vance?"

"Speaking."

"Look, old chap, this is Dick Dashit—you remember me; we roomed together at Twig; reporter on the London *Times*, you know, in love with the daughter of the Managing Editor—well, listen, Philo, there's been an ugly business up at Corey Ford's. Murdered, and killed, and slain, and chopped up no end. Whole town's excited. I got the assignment—want to make a scoop, win the girl; you know how it is. Wondering if you had any idea who did it."

"Have they got any clews?" asked Vance slowly.

"Oh, nothing much. The usual thing. Gripes, the butler, was discovered beside the body with a smoking revolver in his hand. And the housekeeper, Mrs. Phipps, had a bottle in her room half-filled with the same poison they found in his port. Oh, and I believe that his dissolute nephew was discovered with blood-stains all down his vest. And then of course there was the usual run of Indian snake-charmers under the bed, and a file of Chinese in the grandfather's clock, and whatnot. Nothing you could lay your hands on."

"Is anyone covering the case?"

"Oh, sure, all of us. Grimshaw of Scotland Yard and Inspector Burns of New York are more or less taking charge; but old Dr. Brett, the eccentric scientist, is on the job again, and timid Aunt Mary who is forever stumbling into things—couldn't do without her, you know—and Sherlock Holmes happened in, and old Ford's attractive young daughter Phyllis and her fiancé, and no end of clever young men-about-town in evening jackets. All the sleuths you ever heard of. You see, old Ford was about to write a detective story of his own—"

"Ah?"

● "We're all dropping around to view the corpse at tea," rushed Dashit, not heeding the glint of comprehension in the other's tone, "and I wondered if you would care to join us for a snack. Sort of a coroner's inquest, as it were."

"I should love it."

"Good. See you in an hour. I say, Philo," eagerly, "you can't let a chap have just a bit of a hint who did it?"

"We shall see what we shall see," smiled Philo Vance enigmatically.

Chapter Three

The library in which the corpse was situated was a typical millionaire's study, with thick draperies, a low ceiling, and expensive rugs scattered with a studied carelessness across the polished floor. At one end of the room was a huge stone fireplace; at the other a bay window looked out upon a narrow, dark court. The body of the victim lay slumped across a mahogany desk, facing the door; part of a glass of port still stood on a tray before him, and a crumpled piece of paper was clutched in his lifeless hand.

"Not a bad layout," commented Dashit to Vance, noticing that the suave young man was surveying the details of the room minutely. "Understand old Ford bought it furnished

MURAY—SANTA MONICA

mr and mrs douglas fairbanks, jr

from Edgar Wallace. It was the scene of a couple of his most dastardly crimes."

"I thought I recognized it," replied Philo Vance, with the trace of a smile at the corners of his lips.

"Of course, it was nice of you chaps to drop up and all that," interrupted the rough voice of Inspector Grimshaw of Scotland Yard, "but I hardly think there's any mystery who did it. This tell-tale dagger," and he pointed to a knife which quivered between the shoulder-blades of the deceased, the initials "W. D." plainly visible on its handle, "points rather conclusively to his nephew, Willie Drounce."

● "On the other hand,"said Holmes, "the angle at which the bullet entered the body would indicate that the criminal is left-handed, as well as careless in his personal appearance, fond of Swinburne, speaks with a lisp, and is madly infatuated with a dark woman known only as Isabel."

"But the fingerprints on his throat," cried Dr. Brett in a high voice, "are clearly those of his valet, Jenks."

"I suppose it's none of my business," murmured Aunt Mary, glancing up from her knitting timidly, "but have any of you noted these parallel grooves in the waxed floor? They could only have been done by a pair of roller skates."

"It's all very well for you to make your horrid accusations," retorted young Phyllis, choking back her tears, "but how do you explain this name upside down on his blotter? Who is Andrew L. Vunt anyway?"

"Just *one* moment!" Inspector Burns held up his hand triumphantly. "While you've all been talking, I've been developing the negative in this automatic camera rigged up here on the mantelpiece. Clever old Ford had it fixed so that the murderer in attacking him would tread upon the bulb and set off the shutter. And the photograph is—" He paused impressively.

"Before we tell who is in the picture, Inspector," suggested Philo Vance quietly, "why not ask in all the suspects and confront them with the evidence?" And with a catlike gesture he reached behind him and flung open the door.

Chapter Four

● As Philo Vance threw open the library door, a motley assembly filed sheepishly into the already crowded room. Gripes, the butler, led the way, his smoking revolver still clutched in his hand. Next came Mrs. Phipps, the housekeeper, with her phial of poison, followed by the valet, Jenks, concealing his fingertips guiltily in a pair of ill-fitting furnace gloves. Willie Drounce was next, wiping his blood-stained hands nervously on his trousers; and behind him the suave figure of Lu Wu, the Japanese chauffeur, glided impassively on roller-skates. These were followed by an ever-increasing line of suspicious characters: an Indian snake-charmer, one or two Master Criminals, a gorilla, a former business associate with a grudge, an exotic foreign countess with jet ear-rings, a mild-mannered curate, several relatives who had been invited to come at midnight to hear the reading of the will, and a leering dwarf with parchment-like skin who was known only as The Spider. Into the library they crowded in a seemingly endless array, more and yet more, each starting guiltily at the sight of the corpse and then attempting to bluster it off with a faint laugh as he caught the steel-grey eye of Philo Vance upon him.

● For a moment the group of detectives faced the file of culprits in silence. Grimshaw of Scotland Yard was the first to speak.

"Willie Drounce," he announced triumphantly, "was the cold-blooded criminal."

The other detectives glanced at each other in surprise.

"Impossible," began Holmes impatiently. "The murderer was left-handed!" And he glanced significantly at the former business associate, who instantly transferred his briefcase to his right hand.

"The fingerprints are Jenks'," insisted Dr. Brett.

"How about those roller-skate tracks?" reminded Aunt Mary, edging away nervously from the impassive Japanese chauffeur.

"Oh, you fools, you fools," sobbed Phyllis hysterically. "Can't you see that Andrew L. Vunt is slipping through your very fingers?"

Philo Vance allowed a mocking smile to play for a moment about the corners of his mouth.

"May I inquire," he said in a cool voice, "which one of you *(Continued on page 114)*

an open letter to will rogers

BY JOHN RIDDELL

containing some honest and homespun advice, for america's drug store cowboy, in his own most amiable manner

DEAR WILL,

● Well, all I know is just what you write in the papers.

For instance, I been watching how you write all these Open letters to people in the newspapers and in the *Saturday Evening Post* and other places, telling em just what is wrong with them and what are their Faults and what they ought to do about it. I seen a lot of letters where you been explaining how to run the Goverment, or telling what you would do if you was Al Smith or Coolidge, and I know it must keep you pretty busy taking care of everybody elses Business for them. Well, so I kinder figgered, if Will can write these open letters to people telling them where to get off, why then I dont see why somebody cant write an open letter to Will.

Poor Will, probly he gets pretty lonely writing all these Open Letters and nobody ever answers him, why I should think he would be darned glad to have somebody write back fer a change. Sometimes a feller gets a curious idear of himself, sometimes he begins to get Notions he is Mark Twain, or Mr. Dooley, and that he is a famous humorist who is sort of the Spokesman of the common people, and I kinder figgered it might be quite a relief for a feller like that to find out that this aint the case at all, and nobody would ever confuse him for a minute with Mark Twain or Mr. Dooley, and as for the common people, most of them I ever talked to think he is really pretty much of a Snob.

● So that is why I am writing to you, Will, of course I dont want you to think this aint just a friendly little letter, I am being just as Friendly and good-natured and loveable as you was to Al Smith, or to the Prince of Wales before you met him. I only thought it would be mighty nice for you to hear some familiar home talk for a change.

Course I may not always remember to spell my words wrong, but that shouldent mean I aint being just as quaint and homespun as you are. Just because my grammar is sometimes right, or I forget to put an e in shouldent, dont you think my Heart aint in the right place or I aint only kidding you just in fun, like you kid everybody else.

Well, I was glad to see the other day that you was all dressed up in a Cowboy outfit again and endorsing Beechnut gum. I never got around to tell you before, but I think that cowboy outfit was a swell idear. People know that a feller from the great Open spaces he wouldent do anything petty or mean, and so when you write a piece about how Cal is stingy or Mr. Edison is deaf or how Al Smith has a funny accent, why people just put it down to how Cowboys act.

Because you see, Will, we know about Cowboys in the East here, too. In the East we got a kind of a local cowboy, he don't exactly swing a rope like you, but otherwise he is just the same. This Cowboy we got here is usually found standing in front of a drug store, or on the corner, and when the girls walk by he whistles There She Goes, There She Goes, All Dressed Up in Her Sunday Clothes, and everybody laughs. This Drug Store Cowboy usually has got quite a reputation as a wit, in fact, because whenever anybody walks by him he always makes some wisecrack about them out loud, and all the crowd hanging around him laugh so he wont make no crack about Them after they have gone.

Only there is just one Difference. This kind of Cowboy has got sense enough not to write down what he says for it to ever be read. He knows that cracks about people walking by sound funny when you make them out loud, but when you write them down they aint quite so funny, in fact they are kind of Sad, and he wouldent want people to find out that he was maybe just a boor who got his laughs by being Rude.

Now Will, I dont want you to think you aint funny, sometimes you are as funny as this other Cowboy. Course you know what you are doing, you been advising Presidents and Kings and Congress and Mussolini so long that you should ought to be able to advise yourself, but if I was you, Will, if I was you I'd do like that other Cowboy. I'd realize that these cracks you make about people aint really literature, they are just cracks, and I'd stick to the Stage. As a comic writer you are a good vaudeville Actor.

● Now I don't want you to get sore at what I am saying to you. Will, I mean it for your own good, I am trying to Help you like you have helped Al Smith and Coolidge at one time another. Now I know it has worried you how critics aint been nicer about what you Write, it is because we are very fond of you and we kinder hate to see you wasting your time with Literature when you might still be known as a funny feller with a Rope, like when you first started on the Stage. I can remember when you first started, Will, you was being natural then, that was before you begun to write and get took up by Society.

Not that we aint very proud of you Will. We like to see you getting ahead in Society so well. Besides it is very flattering when you keep on pretending you are just one of us Common People, and go around Europe chewing gum and acting like Just Folks, when all the time you are hobnobbing with Kings and Princes and people that Matter. We are mighty glad you got so many nice friends, every time we read one of your articles we realize how many Important people you know, I guess nobody practically gets onto the Front page that you don't know him in a day or two, usually by his first name.

We like to see you get ahead like that, Will, and if it helps you to pretend that you are just a Regular feller like the rest of us, so you can call Alice Longworth Alice or play polo with the Prince, why that's fine. We are always glad to read in the *Times* that you just been to dinner with Henry Ford, or flew in a plane with Lindy, or done a little favor for the Hoovers, that's real nice to see you stepping out so well in Society. We know what a big Kick you get out of it, it dont fool us none when you say you are Democratic, but that only makes it all the funnier. I told you I dident want you to think you aint funny, because you are.

Only I just wish you wouldent try to be funny in print. I wish for example you wouldent write a book like Ether and Me, although I got to admit the title of that book is a pretty good suggestion how to read it.

There now, you see, Will, thats the kind of a nasty crack I was talking about, thats the kind of a crack where it wouldent have hurt if I'd made it out loud, but when I come to write it down just now it sounded pretty mean. Shucks, Will, you ain't mean.

Well I got to run along, its been real nice to have this friendly little chat and let you know how a lot of us here in America feel about you. You got a lot of friends here that like to see you get up on a Stage and do rope tricks and make wisecracks out loud. But when it comes to writing, if I was you I'd stick to chewing-gum endorsements and let any other Literature alone.

Yours,

JOHN RIDDELL

BALANCING THE BOOKS

Random Reviews of Recent Volumes

● This is written at that dead moment in mid-August, when the Fall Lists topple menacingly and threaten to descend at any moment like a great sea and swamp this department entirely. With one eye on this impending deluge, we can only make a distracted summary of the past season, acknowledge a few debts of gratitude for pleasant books, and then turn to face a *(Continued on page 126)*

STEICHEN

helen morgan

the celebrated singer of ballads is appearing in "sweet adeline" an operetta with music by kern

we nominate for the hall of fame

AUBES

PAUL VALERY

STONE

CARL HOFER

JOSE ITURBI

CONRADO MASSAGUER

because:

■ PAUL VALERY was already a recognized poet and essayist in the 1890's; because he is still one of the most significant of French writers; because he was chosen to fill the place in the French Academy left vacant by the death of Anatole France, and finally because he is now delivering a series of lectures before the learned bodies of five European countries

■ CARL HOFER is unquestionably the outstanding figure in German painting, just as Kolbe is in sculpture; because he has created landscapes, still-lifes, figures, and satirical drawings, and his work in each field is original and fine; and finally because on his recent fiftieth birthday the German press greeted him with a chorus of tributes to his art

■ JOSE ITURBI has aroused the enthusiasms of audiences in every city of Europe, from London to Constantinople and from Moscow to Alexandria; because he is Spain's greatest pianist, and finally because he is making his American début with the Philadelphia Orchestra and will also appear with the Chicago and Cincinnati Symphony Orchestras

■ CONRADO MASSAGUER is the editor and publisher of Cuba's most noted magazine of high life, *El Social*, and the founder of *Havana*, a periodical printed in English for the especial benefit of Americans in Cuba; because he is author, editor, artist, cartoonist, and successful publisher, and finally because he drew his own caricature for *Vanity Fair*

contract psychology and yarboroughs

BY SIDNEY S. LENZ

hearken, o ye bridge players: exalt not the haughty ace, nor scorn the lowly deuce

● It is not at all surprising that Bridge has so far outstripped all other card games. The modern mind refuses to be satisfied with diversions that require a little luck and a little skill. Like Oliver Twist—it wants more. Luck is fine! Skill is dandy! But what we most dearly love is to out-think the other fellow. Luck in holding the high cards is quite acceptable, whether the game is Bridge, Poker or Pinochle. Skilful playing is an essential that must be mastered. But the psychological feature of a game, the reading of the players rather than the cards, is something that many players never really acquire, possibly because they have convinced themselves that there "ain't no such animal".

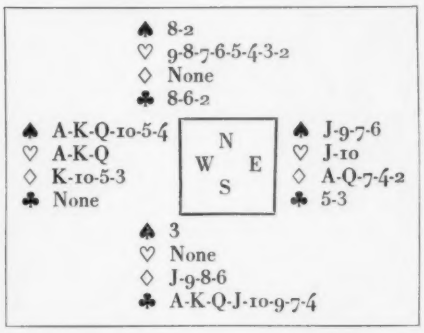
We all know the player who is prepared to admit that he plays a fine game of Bridge, but unfortunately never holds any cards.

For a session of play, or a dozen sessions, this might easily be true, but in the long run I firmly believe the cards will average close to normal. If a player, with statistical trend of mind, engaged a secretary to write down every card he held for, say, 2,000 rubbers, he would probably discover that his holdings were within three per cent of the average, or an Ace, King, Queen, Jack, ten per hand. Of course, when a player holds four Aces in one hand, followed by three Aces on the next deal, he should be resigned to receiving five Aceless hands, to keep within his quota. Players who continually complain about their luck usually have something intrinsically wrong with their game. It may be that their bidding is improper, their play unsound or—their psychology wrong.

An editor, who disclaims all pretensions of being an expert, wins at Contract four times out of five! His friends are sure he is the world's greatest holder. He isn't! But he is a keen student of human nature and his psychology is excellent.

Another player, of acknowledged ability, is a consistent loser. He cannot understand why he invariably holds poor cards. I wonder if psychology would not improve his cards?

When a player overbids and is set for two or three tricks, it does not necessarily follow that he has bid badly. Saving a slam, or even a game, may be ample justification for the loss. But, being set for a single trick, may be inexcusable, when the adversaries can be set three if they had been permitted to play out their contract—doubled! Another thought: a Yarborough hand is not the sort of a hand that many players care to boast of. Holding no card above the nine should entitle a player to emit a few growls of discontent. Recently I saw two such hands where the apparently worthless cards were employed to such use that thousands of points were saved.



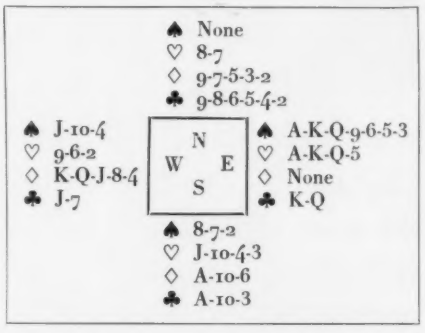
The Contract devotee need not be told that this deal is one of "them things"—a typical Goulash.

● West dealt and bid two Spades, North passed, East assisted to three Spades and South jumped to five Clubs. West now went to a Little Slam in Spades and North bid a Grand Slam in Clubs, which West ventured to double. North, not vulnerable, was prepared to take a penalty to save a rubber that seemed assuredly lost. The opening lead was the Ace of Hearts, South trumping with the nine and putting Dummy in with a trump to lead a Heart. This was trumped with an honour and another low trump lead took out the opposing trumps and put Dummy in to lead the third round of Hearts. Declarant trumped and Dummy still had left the two of trumps to ruff a Diamond and the established Hearts afforded discards for the balance of South's losers and the doubled Grand Slam was home. While it is true that if West had opened a Spade instead of a Heart, the Contract would have been defeated: the Heart lead was the logical one to make.

It seemed a far better chance to make a trick in the three card suit than in the long suit that partner had supported. If West had bid for a Grand Slam in Spades in preference to doubling the enemy, the contract would have been made unless North had been inspired to lead a Heart. However, the Yarborough hand did its share in saving this rubber, although South played very well. And North's psychology was predicated on the knowledge that South could and would play the hand for the maximum.

It might be argued that in the actual play of a worthless hand little can be done to save a difficult situation. In the following deal, the Yarborough hand was the pivotal one, and must be given the major portion of the credit for saving a little more than 2,000 points.

This deal was not a Goulash and, after a pass by North, East bid five Spades. South



passed, West assisted to six Spades, but East did not venture to bid the Grand Slam.

When, however, South doubled, East did not hesitate for a moment in redoubling.

South opened the trump, which West won and led the Club. This was taken by South and another trump led. East now played out all the trumps and the high Club, having in mind a nice pseudo-squeeze. South was down to four Hearts and the Ace of Diamonds, when the ninth trick was led and—well, what would you have discarded if you had been in South's position and had only seen the dummy hand and your own?

As a matter of fact, South did give up the Ace of Diamonds and took a Heart trick at the end, to defeat the contract one trick. But it must be admitted that, without North's able assistance, South would probably have discarded a Heart and lost the game.

The bidding on this deal tended to show that East could not have more than one losing card left. If East held the Ace of Diamonds, either singly or guarded, the game was irrevocably lost, as the dummy assuredly could get in with a trump.

● If East was void of Diamonds, then South must be given that vital information, so North discarded his five Diamonds in a row, and it was only a simple matter of counting thirteen for South to save game. Of course, if South hadn't thought of starting counting until he was down to five cards, North's strategy would have been wasted, but—something has already been said anent South's ability as a player. It is true that the Declarant could have elected to play the hand differently and have won the game. As the cards lie, the fourth round of Hearts can be *(Continued on page 126)*

a few thoughts on iron play

BY ROBERT T. JONES, JR.

THE OPEN CHAMPION'S HANDS AT THE TOP OF AN IRON SWING

why the iron shot to the green is the most telling factor in golf and how to execute it

● What department of the game of golf carries the greatest offensive threat? What is the greatest scoring weapon in the hands of an expert player? That is a question upon which it is hard to find general agreement. Some say that good putting wins more holes and saves more strokes; others prefer good iron play, while others vote for long and accurate driving.

When we try to appraise the respective values of different departments of play, we must assume that the player possesses ordinary skill in *all* departments of the game, for the co-relation of each is so close that if one were actually bad in one department the value of all the others would count for little. Good putting amounts to little if a shot has been wasted in reaching the green, and, similarly, a surpassing skill with the irons avails little if the tee shots have not left the ball on the fairway.

A veteran of many campaigns once expressed the opinion that iron play is really the *offensive* department of golf. I confess that I had never had the same opinion, but the more I think of it the more certain I now am that I agree with him. There are many holes in a round which are decided by the drive, and others that are won by a long putt after a mediocre iron shot; but these instances are comparatively few. In the end the greatest weapon of all is the fine iron shot finishing close to the hole and putting the player in a really offensive position—where he may hope to hole the putt for a win.

Fine driving throughout a match has a great effect, to be sure, but it is more or less a cumulative effect. Consistency in this department bears down upon the opponent with a pressure which is steady and relentless. If continued for long, and if *backed up by sound play in other departments*, this pressure may result in a rout. But, in the play of a hole which is innocent of freakish design, it is seldom that a commanding advantage is secured from off the tee. As long as both balls rest on the fairway, a difference of ten yards or so in length is easily offset by a good iron shot.

And that is where the *real* offensive is started. Both balls, let us say, are lying on the fairway after the drives, and both are a respectable distance from the tee, one twenty yards farther than the other. One man plays a moderately good shot on to the green, but thirty feet or more from the hole; the other (the shorter driver of the two) plays an excellent shot stopping ten feet from it. Twenty yards may not be a killing advantage off the tee, but twenty feet means much *on the green*. The man thirty feet away cannot expect to hole his putt. He must even concern himself lest he take *three* putts. His opponent, ten feet away, is certain of finishing in two putts with an almost even chance of finishing in one.

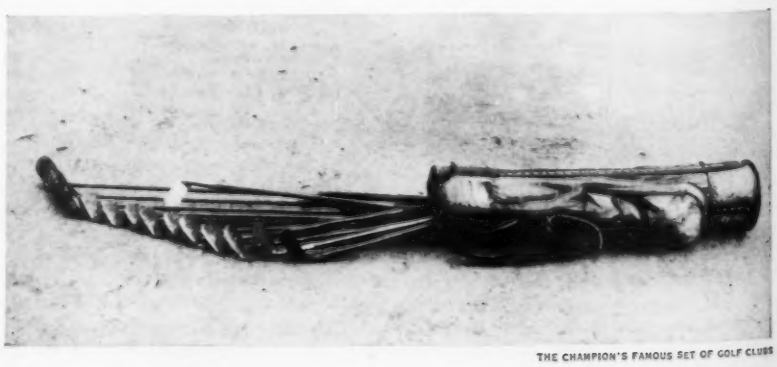
It is true that, over a long route of thirty-six holes, against an opponent who is not quite sure of himself or who may be upset by continued pressure, a long straight drive, a conservative iron to the green, and an unambitious two-putt green, will lead to ultimate victory. But when the heights must be taken by storm, and there is no time for a deliberate siege, it is the iron shot close to the hole which supplies the punch and wins the hole.

Here it may be interesting to wonder just what sort of iron play usually places the ball close to the hole. There is always, in every golfer's mind, this problem: is it better to use this club and hit hard, or that one and spare the shot? Throughout a full round of golf, do the forced shots or the spared shots finish closer to the hole on the average?

The old Scotch caddies at St. Andrews do not look with favour upon the golfing kit of the Americans for whom they must carry. Usually the bags contain (among other clubs) a full set of numbered irons, designed to cover the whole range of iron play, reducing the gap between the clubs to the least possible number of yards. Even with this apparently comprehensive set of irons, it is seldom that an exactly full shot, with *any* club, is required to place the ball beside the hole. To stop the ball in what I call an offensive position—where there may be reason to expect to hole out in one putt—the distance cannot be off more than a few feet. To expect an exact graduation of range in the club itself is of course an impossibility. The player must himself control the length of his shot, just as an outfielder must control the length of his throw to the home plate.

● The control of a spared shot is often considered beyond the reach of the average player. (He is thought to be on much safer ground when he is blazing away at each shot with every ounce of power in his body.) But it is not necessary that a man should be able to play a mashie shot with a mid-iron. All that he needs to do is to bridge the fairly small gap between each of his many clubs so that he may have control throughout every foot of the differences between his various clubs—from his driver to his putter. Every stroke which utilizes less than the full power of the club may be called a spared shot, and I think the spared shot, within certain limits, is more effective in the long run than that which forces a club to the utmost.

I am of course speaking about getting close to the hole, and it is well to remember that to do that it is not enough to hit the ball on the line. I have heard many players tell of hitting a shot directly at the flagstick only to add that the ball *(Continued on page 118)*



THE CHAMPION'S FAMOUS SET OF GOLF CLUBS

the first fur coats of the season

the well-dressed woman attends the dog-show arrayed in sleek and fashionable fall furs

The dog-show may be primarily an affair at which one exhibits one's dogs but that does not mean that cats and their prettily concealed scratching are wholly excluded. Nancy, the prize cat at the left, (her sporting appearance belies the workings of her mind) hides gossip and scandal behind the head of her ridiculous little Peke, Tekin Princess, who nestles against the broad fur collar of her reversible beige lapin and rose angora coat; from Saks-Fifth Avenue.

Brash, the pert Wire-Haired Terrier, is almost as interested in Tekin Princess as his mistress is in Nancy's tales. Nancy's interest in dogs is surpassed only by the confidence in her chic, for she wears a sleek brown American broadtail coat with slightly muff-shaped sleeves and a debonair scarf of chocolate-coloured *crêpe de Chine* bordered with the fur; from H. Jaeckel & Sons.

The object of their conversation, Jill, in the background, fully deserves to be the centre of attention, as she is looking particularly dashing in a nutria coat with full, flaring lines, lined and scarfed with a Rodier woollen; from H. Jaeckel & Sons.

for the well-dressed man

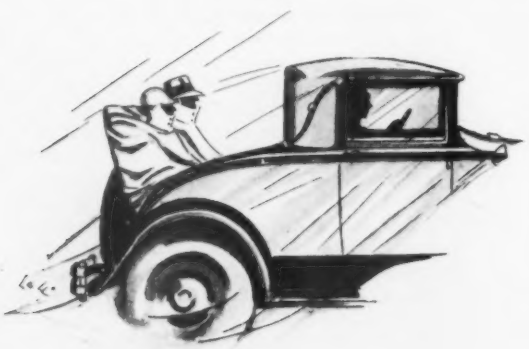
smart, warm things to wear at football matches and clothes and accessories for the autumn motorist

● A voluminous fleece Ulster with a broad collar that can be turned up about one's ears and a long, generously cut skirt to wrap about one's legs when riding in an open car or when sitting in a stadium on coldly efficient seats is the practical as well as smart type of coat to wear to football matches. In semi-sport clothes of this sort practicality rules, as well as in clothes more particularly designed for special sports. After all, one is not smartly turned out when inappropriately dressed, and a man who has mastered the art of clothing himself, achieves smartness as much by dressing himself appropriately as by his ability to choose the things that are suited to his person and his taste in selecting colour combinations and patterns that are pleasing and unobtrusive.

In the wide shoulders, long full skirt, half-belted back, large pockets, and general careless appearance of a coat of this sort, lies its sportsman-like smartness, and it should be tan, light-brown, or light grey, rather than the more sombre colours of town clothes. With it is worn a dark brown snap-brim felt hat, brown tweed suit, dark brown shoes, striped tie and shirt, and a sweater for very cold days instead of a waistcoat. These accessories are in keeping and make the outfit completely appropriate.

A shirt of fine flannel is an excellent choice. A plain-coloured cashmere or vicuna reefer, brown capeskin gloves with chamois lining and heavy woolen socks are correct and warm. And to make the outfit really complete, wear a silk-and-wool undershirt with oxford shorts. Underwear of this sort in plain yellow or blue looks very well, and the materials are well-suited to the season.

A fur-lined coat with a shawl collar is also an excellent one for wear at football matches.



Travelling to the stadium or bowl by train, especially when one comes from a city, calls for town clothes, which are quite correct at a football game, providing they are sensibly cut and made for warmth. The overcoat, made of a dark material, of course, since it is a town coat, should be less fitted and less formal than the usual town coat. It should be longer and, of course, should be of the warmest type. Naturally, a double-breasted coat has advantages over the single-breasted one since the former has a double overlap and wider skirt which can be drawn about the knees when seated.

● Its shoulders are natural, but wide; the waist slightly fitted; skirt full; and the material is chinchilla or some other closely woven fabric in dark blue, grey or blue-grey. Lapels are a trifle wider than last season's and the outer edge of the lapel shows a distinct curve, rather than the straight line which was considered smart last autumn.

The other clothes and accessories to wear with a heavy town coat of this type should be whatever else is worn in town, with a few exceptions where greater warmth is needed than one usually demands in town clothes. Socks, for example, must be made of heavier wool. Heavier underwear is advisable, and a French flannel shirt is often welcome. A yellow cashmere reefer looks very well with a dark coat and black bowler, brightening an otherwise sombre outfit.

The unbending and chilling seats of a football stadium can be *(Continued on page 116)*

● the figure at the right in the illustration above wears a smart black bowler, dark blue double-breasted overcoat, dark blue-grey suit, and black semi-brogued shoes. Gloves are chamois and muffler yellow

● the heavy coat on the next figure is made of brown fleece. With it is worn a dark brown hat, tan cashmere muffler, brown tweed suit and dark mahogany brown shoes with a smart wing-tip design

● in the corner opposite is shown a poncho specially designed as protection for those in the rumble seat of a car. It is a one-piece affair, with two caps, made of rubberized silk, and ties down with straps

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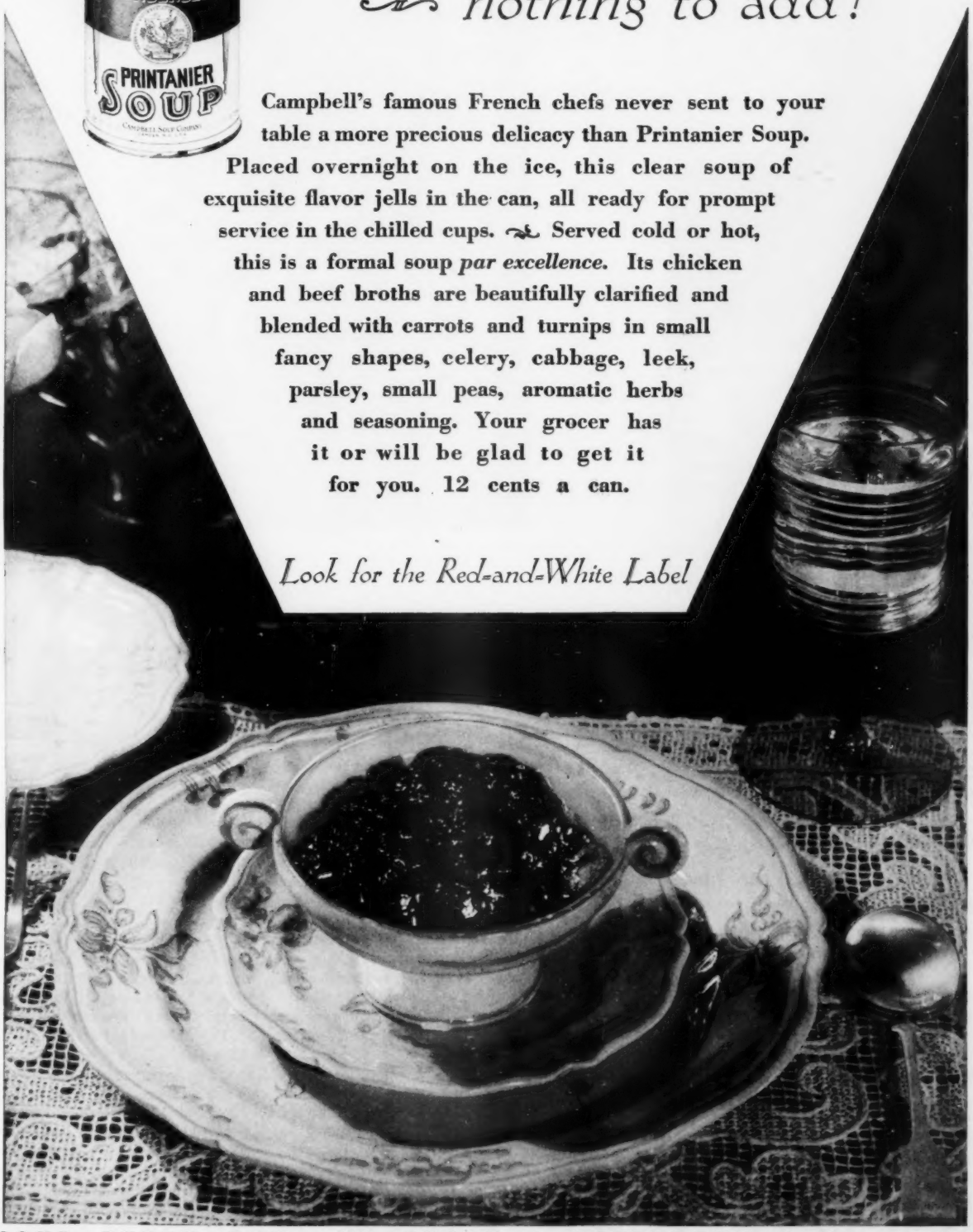


EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

our london letter

notes on the correct clothes for shooting, fishing and golf in scotland and england

● the illustration at the right above presents a typical hunting scene in Scotland. For shooting on the moors the men wear these practical knickerbocker suits of rough homespun, stout walking shoes, woollen stockings, and soft crush felt hats with narrow silk bands, or caps ● for wading the streams when fishing, the men wear waist-high rubber boots with rough country jackets made of Harris tweed or Irish homespun. Fashions in clothes of this type vary little from year to year and are governed entirely by their practicality and usefulness

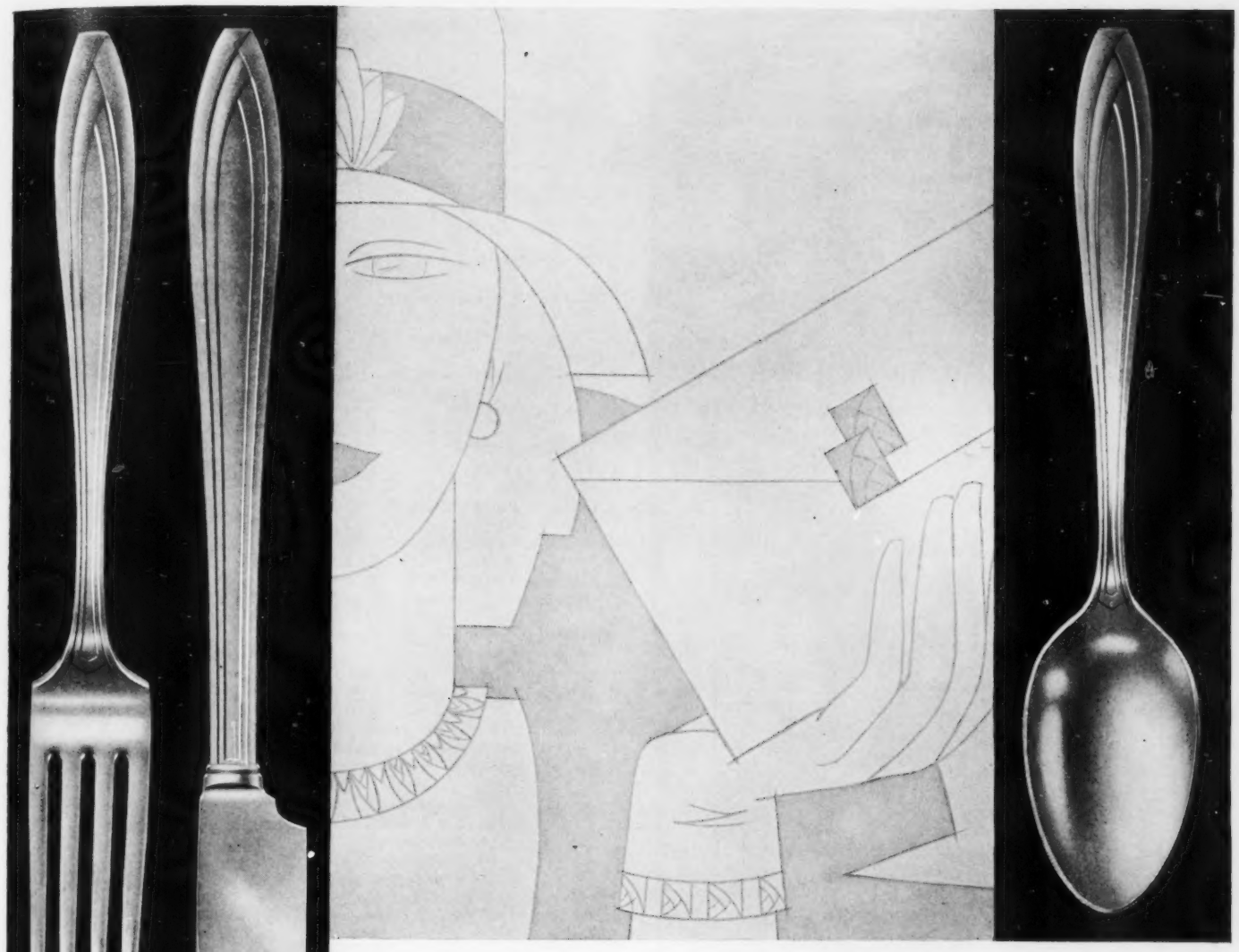
● The fashion in sports clothes for the shooting in Scotland and fishing there and in Wales is confined to the practical. It does not change from year to year and there is not much individuality in the kit men wear, except where one thing appeals to a man as more practical than another. However, there is a certain type of clothes worn by everybody—and they are illustrated in this article.

Formerly, knickerbockers were associated in our minds with golf as much as with shooting. But the golfer has now left knickerbockers to the hunter and fisherman who have always worn them. The man on the Scotch moors wears a suit of rough homespun made with a single-breasted jacket, usually with two buttons, notched lapels and, often, leather instead of bone buttons. He wears knickerbockers, woollen stockings, heavy-weight low shoes, and a cap or soft felt hat. When he wears a cap, it is often made of the same homespun as the suit, and the soft felt hat is a rather shapeless affair with a flat crown and a very narrow band of ribbon instead of the usual wide one that is worn in town.

Also, sometimes, a stitched soft hat of a rough woollen material is worn.

A shirt of light-weight flannel or Oxford in some colour that is harmonious with the material of the suit is the proper thing, and, though a waistcoat to match the suit is very often worn, the pull-over sweater without sleeves is the most popular and is usually chosen in the same colouring and pattern as the stockings. There are two popular types of heavy low shoes—the Scotch sandal, which has no tongue, and the Scotch brogue which has a fringed tongue that falls over the laces. Both of these shoes have leather soles.

The light-weight waterproof mackintosh is an essential part of every man's shooting kit, and few men venture on the moors in uncertain weather without it. Though it is commonly supposed that homespun suits for shooting in Scotland are made of a heather mixture to harmonize with the autumn landscape, this is not by any means the rule, for any homespun suited to country wear the year round will serve for Scotland. Naturally, unusually bright colours such *(Continued on page 102)*



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Clothes for the Business Man

Send for our NEW *Illustrated*
GENERAL CATALOGUE

BOSTON
NEWBURY CORNER OF BERKELEY STREET
NEWPORT PALM BEACH

A German Satire of America

(Continued from page 64)

is a hundred thousand dollars.
I've had two babies, and my figure didn't suffer.
It is true William W. wears number seventeen collars,
but he's a good provider, and not such a duffer.
He took me to see Coolidge and Queen Marie of Roumania.
I'm on sixteen boards and nearly every committee.
William W. doesn't drink much; golf is his only mania—
I guess there's not a busier woman in our city.
I go to meetings, kiss my babies, dress, shop, play at games—
why is it, then, that always my secret heart complains:
Etta, Etta, Etta!
You have a temperament,
take time for sentiment,
just once be free, Etta!
Only to see, Etta,
what life is really for.
Etta, Etta, Etta!
Confess it's now a bore!
Once on a trip to Europe in a picturesque Balkan city
I had a tire puncture, and I met an *avocat;* he was very badly dressed indeed; it really was a pity that he's never gone in for law, nor known what was what.
He was a revolutionist; practised law but incidentally.
He said that I was beautiful, though full of poses.
(Think of *me,* Louetta Frink!) But his strange eyes looked intently, and the air in that crazy place was full of roses.
I don't know what possessed me; he almost persuaded me to stay.
It's just as well I didn't, for afterward I read they'd hanged him—just imagine—I laughed when I thought what Bill would say—
Just the same I often wish that once I'd lost my head.
Etta, Etta, Etta!
Why not some sentiment?
Why not just once relent?
Just once be free, Etta,
Just once be free, Etta,
only to see, Etta,
a life that's less a bore.
Etta, Etta, Etta!
What's all your living for?
Now the season begins again; I shall give a big reception,
shall go to the White House, give seven small dinners;
my guests will be everyone important, without an exception
—all the biggest senators, and artists, and sinners.
I must see to it that my daughter, who is growing up, marry someone who has a certain position.
And my son must not be just a business man like every Tom, Dick, and Harry—
in Rome I met a diplomat; I'd like him to be one.
Yet—in the end—what's left for me except to sweat on my last bed,
powder my nose for the last time; even, perhaps, pray?
Not that I think that religion will help you much when you are dead—
and so, perhaps, instead of prayer, I'll just softly say:
Etta, Etta, Etta!
At last some sentiment!
Don't bother to repent!
You'll soon be free, Etta!
Perhaps you'll see, Etta,
to *die* is not a bore!
Etta, Etta, Etta!
To *die*
Is not a bore!

The Gentleman with the Monocle

(Continued from page 57)

they made her feel what she had missed by not being one of them, except because of her marriage; but in response to this hostility, she only turned her small, quiet face and her great black eyes silently upon them—which made them feel all the more that she was definitely not one of their kind. She *looked* foreign; and that was enough to establish public opinion against her, and to pronounce her unattractive.

She and her cousin James walked slowly along, exchanging an occasional word. They were not smiling now, and their gravity impressed me. A few feet from me, they stopped. He bent his head a little toward her, and a flake of sunlight trembled for an instant upon his cheek, trembled and dissolved in a tiny burst of gold upon the smooth brown of his sideburn. (How vividly I see it, even now!) His face was romantic, thoughtful and faintly sad. And I began to feel, I don't know why, a little uncomfortable.

He turned and looked behind him, then to the side; his eyes passed over the thicket behind which I lay hidden. I wanted to run; but fear and curiosity held me motionless. I saw him put his arm around his companion's waist and draw her gently to him. She resisted for a moment, then lifted her face to his. . . . . How long did they remain embraced? Only a few seconds, probably, but it seemed to me that it would never end. Breathlessly, guiltily, I watched them. . . . .

At last they separated and resumed their walk. When they were out of sight I ran home, treasuring within me the lovely memory of a charming lady in the arms of a gentleman with sideburns.

For the first time I had looked upon love—love as expressed and interpreted by people of my own world. Was my reaction to it coloured, perhaps, by the fact that it was the superb and mysterious James whom I had seen as a lover? Was it because the attitudes of romance became him more surely than they would a less graceful wooer? I didn't know . . . . I only knew that I had looked upon love, and found it full of mystery and splendour. A new world opened to my imagination, a world that, for me, was to be forever after peopled by exquisite ladies and gentlemen who, when they loved, loved divinely.

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Some men are so delighted with the freshening effect of Listerine on the face that they employ it before important engagements at which they must look their best. Try it yourself sometime. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

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Tailored for us by Hickey-Freeman in a manner which fully sustains their reputation as the leading makers of gentlemen's clothes ready-for-wearing

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MADISON AVENUE AT 46TH STREET

New York

Where Women Make a Mistake

(Continued from page 86)

the more enlightened among them to have pockets. The Victorian young lady managed to put men in the wrong by fainting when she got the worst of it. Off and down she went, and then followed the acrid smell of burning feathers, the shoving of salts under her deceptive little nose, the whole business by which the man was put in the wrong. Today, this object is attained by the bag or reticule. Today, the woman who has been insufferable and is being reproved finds it easier just to drop her bag. The Victorians flumped downwards with their whole bodies saying "Oh My! Mr. Haseltine!" Today they drop their bags. "Archie," they say, "I have dropped my bag." This means that Archie must bend and grope, losing thereby the dignity which he had accumulated in order to rebuke. Then he is "rewarded with a smile". It is at that moment that any decent and progressive man should box the woman's ears.

And then they interrupt. Confident in their desirability, they interfere with a man's arrangements, his friendships, and his work. They telephone. They expect one to be pleased when they telephone. They expect that one's response should not be patient merely, or even courteous, but overjoyed. They are rapidly producing conditions in which, to my own infinite pleasure, will be possible the great sex-revolution of 1937. One of the most pleasant items in this revolution will be that all but the plainest women will be smacked.

I do not, myself, believe that in our own lifetime this admirable revolution will really occur. Women have every fault, but they have one common virtue. The gift of deception. They will feel, for they possess a rudimentary form of instinct, that things can no longer proceed exactly on the same plane. They will realise just before the revolution occurs that this autocracy must cease. They will abandon their little bags and go in for fraternity, equality, and even liberty. They will wear large hip-pockets in which they will keep the cigarettes, the lip-sticks, the bijou radio-sets, which they have acquired from their male friends. They will say—"Want a match, Archie?"—and Archie, poor reactionary, will feel how sweet and advanced it is of them to give him a match. They will offer the man a lift in the car which he has purchased for them, and will be comradely to him as they drive through the chill dawn of Fifth Avenue or Piccadilly. They will not say "Ring me up tomorrow." They will say "Don't bother to ring me up tomorrow as I know you are so busy." They will take it for granted that he wishes them to drop him at the club.

And yet there is no real reason why women should for ever be less companionable than men. It is merely this little fussy bit about their being desirable which renders them so exacting and so tiresome. If only they could realize that they are at best uncomely creatures, marred by egoism, self-consciousness and paint. In England today this fact is slowly being borne in upon them, and they are adjusting themselves to it with that adaptability which is the main symptom of their peculiar and secondary form of intelligence. But in France and America the old desirability-theory flourishes unchecked. They remain in the harem of their self-indulgence, in the anteroom of their selfishness, in the purdah of their self-conceit. Let them emerge from these isolations. Let them realize and recognize that men are infinitely more desirable than themselves. I do not feel this myself, except in a purely physical sense, but I like to say it. I shall say it again. Let them realize and recognize that men are infinitely more desirable than themselves.

I should wish to say now (for I am coming to the end of this article) that I do not mean to annoy the little creatures in the least. I am in fact a feminist who regrets that women are so terribly abandoned by woman.

If women would only replace desire by desirability they would cease to be the more ineffectual portion of the human race. They would also cease to be such bores. I advise all progressive women, or those reactionaries among them who wish to maintain their ascendance, to abandon all hope of being desirable. With the modern man it only produces irritation and a desire for escape. It is symbolized for them by the dropped reticule or bag. Let them try to be desirous. And desirous of what? Desirous, let us say, of being less silly than they have been up to this 10th of July, 1929.

Our London Letter

(Continued from page 98)

as vivid greens, or materials that have too much red in them, are too conspicuous.

For fishing, the clothes are more or less the same sort as for shooting. For the man who fishes along the banks of a stream, knickerbockers and stockings will serve, but where the stream must be waded, boots are necessary—either the hip boots, waders, or the short boot which comes to the top of the stocking. It all depends on the stream. But for both of these sports, the jacket of homespun should have voluminous pockets with flaps, partly a protection against rain and a guard against losing the various kinds of tackle that the sportsman must carry about with him.

There are many things offered to the present day golfer in the way of odd jackets, which are a compromise between the jacket of the lounge suit and the cardigan, but for fair weather, the golfer wears flannel slacks and a pull-over sweater with sleeves, because in this kit he is most comfortable. In cold weather, he may use a "windbreaker"—the loose leather type of jacket—or in wet weather, a short raincoat, but as a rule, he does not like anything more binding to play in than a sweater. The jacket of his golf suit is put on at the club house. Dark brown shoes are usually worn with slacks.

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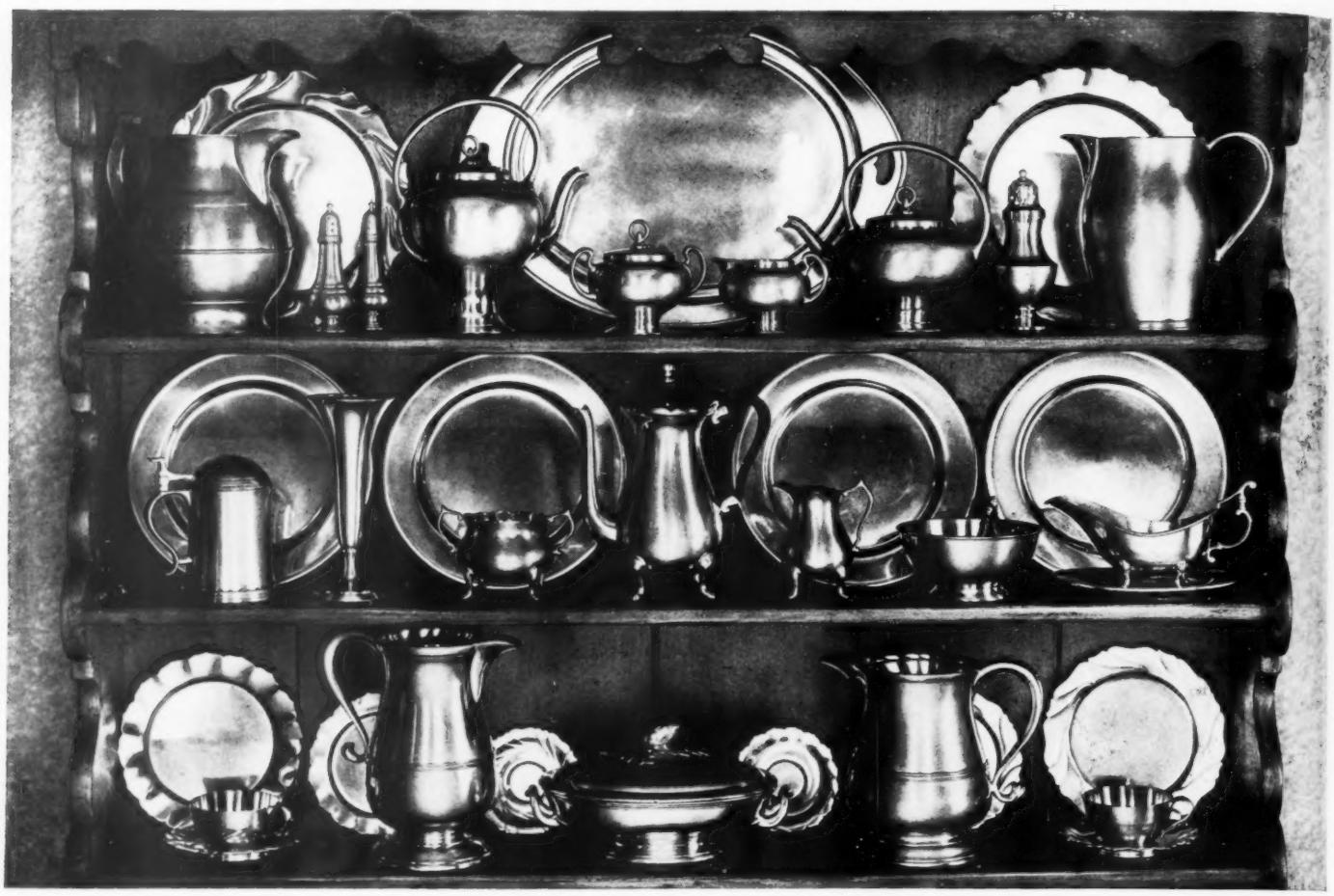

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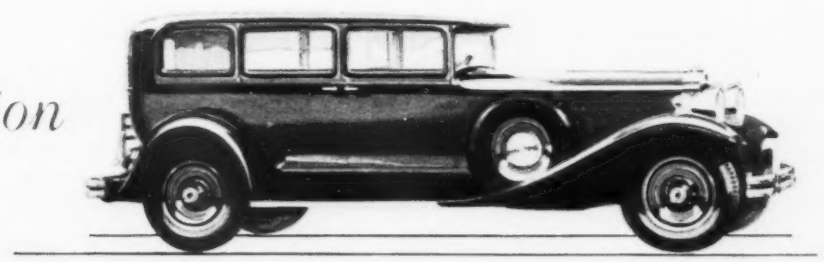

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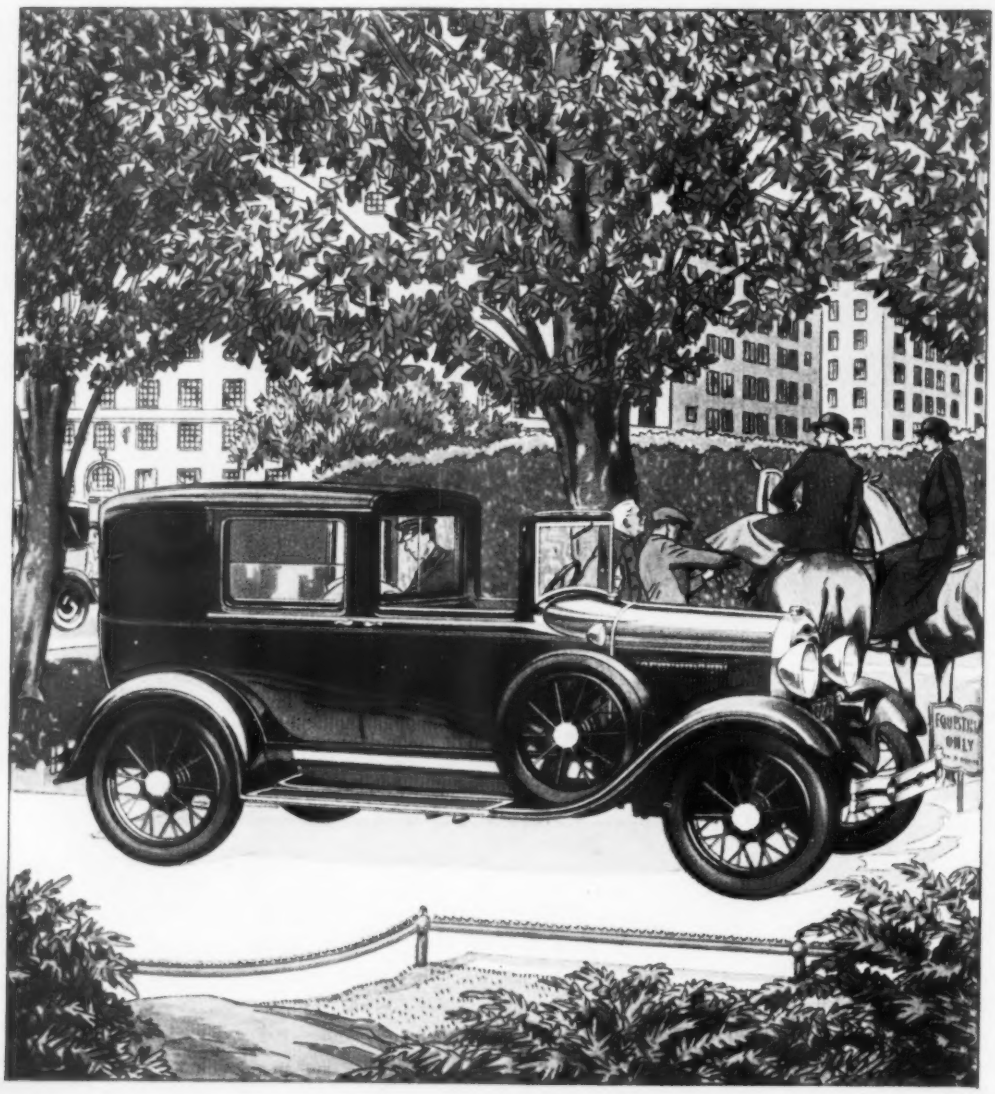

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Plays, Yes; But No Classics

(Continued from page 84)

Christopher Morley in his merry, macabre exhumations in Hoboken.

It saddens me, an addict of the Theatre, to think that my descendants will look upon *Journey's End* as their grand-dad now does upon *Shenandoah* or *Secret Service*—to know that its tragic, poetic and realistic photograph of Moloch in his most sentimental and hideous aspects will be to posterity as ridiculous as *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or *Ten Nights in a Bar Room*. I can hear them laugh at *Lieut. Osborne's* recitations from *Alice in Wonderland* and at *Capt. Stanhope's* tipsiness as he fortifies himself for battle with the milk of the war cows. How they will chortle at this record of the past.

Life moves with such rapidity that our fleetest playwrights find it difficult to remain in the race. Breathless they follow in a weary procession, stumbling through the foot-tracks and crying in the tag of *What Price Glory?*—"Wait for Baby!" Even *Street Scene*, though deified by the irreverent Pulitzer Prize Committee, will soon be as *passé* and faded as the plays of Pinero, Henry Arthur Jones, Bernard Shaw, Clyde Fitch and Bronson Howard. Every time I see a work by Samuel Shipman, Sidney Howard, Eugene O'Neill, George Kelly or Philip Barry my pleasure is mitigated for I know the Black Camel is at the stage door, prepared to transport it to oblivion.

Galsworthy, Maugham, Noel Coward, Pirandello, Ring Lardner, Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur, Belasco and Max Marcin are for the moment only. All of them, of course, are ambitious to do another *Peter Pan*. Not for the money, but for the kudos. Now that the Drama is hand-in-hand with Wall Street banks of an esthetic disposition we may hope that it will cease to dilly-dally and lay something aside for what Broadway knows as a rainy day.

Producers of the Drama are noted for the ease with which they despair. Their calling, though bright-hued upon the surface, is joyless beneath; their life is replete with anxieties. There are few smiling men among them, and even the most prosperous impresario will wring his hands at the merest provocation. That sad fellow you see at Ziegfeld premières, his head bowed down with weight of woe, is Ziegfeld himself, a prince of recreation, bidding hope begone and welcoming sorrow. Mr. Brady is renowned as a breast-beater and Mr. Tyler heaves doleful sighs whenever he ponders the state of the Theatre. George White and Earl Carroll are known to their intimates as Hyssop and Wormwood. I have seen Morris Gest, on the eve of a triumph, inconsolably disconsolate, great tears coursing down his pallid cheeks in briny rivulets symbolic of dejection. So wise and potent a sovereign as Mr. Erlanger is sometimes subject to spells of morosity; and Messrs. Shubert, despite their prowess in the carnivals often suggest that behind their masks lurk faces anything but gay. Unlike these and other mourners is Mr. Belasco who is always cheerful; as are John Golden, Al Woods, and the Big Six of the Theatre Guild. But in Mr. Cohan's plastic physiognomy there are tragic lines, emblematic of a bitter pessimism; and having tea with Gilbert Miller is like having tea with Job.

It is not surprising that our impresarios are steeped in gloom. Harassed by many devils their lot is not an easy one. They must suffer the annoyances of ticket speculators, the artistic temperaments of actors, the rapacity of labour unions, the stupidity of authors and the ambiguous tastes of audiences. The Cinema barks at their heels and the Actors' Equity Association disturbs them with socialistic demands. Railroads refuse to transport their product from Broadway fields to suburban market-places, unless at rates verging upon the extortionate. Recently they have been howling about a new attack upon their unguarded preserves—the employment of their most competent artists by the talking cameras. The greedy movie-phones, they say, are gorging themselves with Broadway's ablest performers until the cupboard is almost bare. Unless something is done at once to stem the desertions there will be a famine of actors, leaving the Drama to starve for want of interpreters.

Mr. Greneker, a sagacious executive of the *Shubert Theatrical Corporation*, tells me that there are 10,000 actresses, to say nothing of actors, unemployed in the Times Square district. The figures seem fantastic, and I should doubt their accuracy if I did not suspect that they include hundreds of stage-stricken young women who are of the Theatre if not in it—talented vestals fired with an ambition to show themselves upon what the late Mr. "Swamp" Montgomery called the "dido counter". With that enormous reservoir of genius and personality to draw upon why should the producers worry? Here they have a chance to flux the clogged channels of dramatic expression with freshets of newcomers. The defection of many frayed celebrities who have tired us by their frequent appearances can easily be made up from the hosts of brilliant semi-pros and amateurs. I shall not be astounded if, among the tired little girls who beseech the managers for an opportunity to be exhibited upon the rostrums, another Jeanne Eagels, Leonore Ulric, Sophie Tucker, Katharine Cornell, Frances Starr, Madame Bernhardt, Ruth Chatterton or Ina Claire will be discovered. Included in the 10,000 petitioners there surely are several potential Marjorie Rambeaus, Lynn Fontannes, Mae Wests, Ethel Barrymores and Laurette Taylors. When John Barrymore and Lionel absconded to Hollywood and the lucrative lens-life the Drama lost its most adequate practitioners. But their places have been filled and we miss them little more than we do Thomas Meighan or Tully Marshall.

The producers should disregard forebodings and stop their ears to the melancholy owl-songs of catastrophe. Stars shine through the cypress trees, and no matter how grim the omens they have but to persevere. Always there will be enough actors and actresses, playwrights and plays. An obstinate art, the Drama will last as long as there is a public unwary enough to patronize it.

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Mrs. Walter J. Stauffer, the former Miss Elizabeth White of New Orleans, in her wedding gown of ivory satin and lace.

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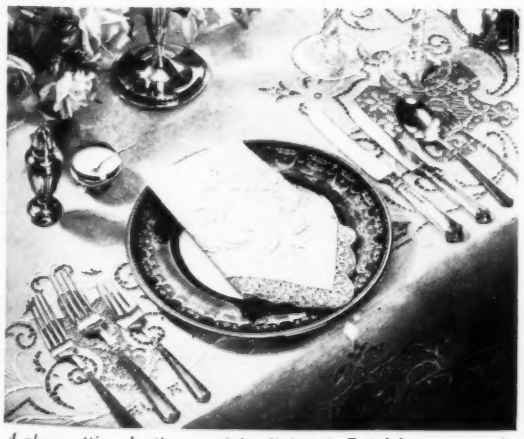

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The Strange Hate of Ah Fook

(Continued from page 69)

do it: he was bound to him by the firmest of all ties—the tie of antagonism.

His hate grew to be a necessary part of his daily life. Every morning, however his affairs might stand, however empty his interest in other things, there was always his interest in *this*. However dull the streets might be, they were certain to afford one bitter and burning thrill. He thought each morning of a thousand delicately excoriating insults, until his knowledge of Wing Moy showed him their emptiness. He tried to think of ways of humbling him, until he saw the impossibility of humbling the humble. He rehearsed the scene of the creature begging bread of him, of making the *kao-tao*, and of himself having him thrown to the gutter. He tried to perceive ways of ruining him, but there was no way by which a wealthy man could use his power upon a teacher of English who was already nine-tenths ruined. He thought of all manner of foolish ways of ridding the streets of him. The creature was a blot upon the agreeable landscape garden he had laid around himself, and he would know no full joy of his wealth until it was removed. But all he could do was to wish and to burn prayer-papers to his fathers for the swift obliteration of the blot; and to go on hating him.

This he did; and then, when he had given up all hope, and had come to see the hated thing as a lasting punishment that some unnoted misdeed had earned, his wishes were granted.

Upon a morning of summer, when the blue-misty furlongs of West India Dock Road had become a channel of dreaming gold, Wing Moy crept out of the mouth of Limehouse Causeway and, with the downcast head of studious abstraction, started to cross the road. At the same moment a motor-bus from the Isle of Dogs curved into the street and made a headlong acceleration, and the next moment saw Wing Moy and the motor-bus in an unhappy and unequal marriage. The motor-bus skidded for a few yards and pulled up on the pavement with its bonnet in a shop-window; Wing Moy lay on the spot where it had divorced him. The swiftest helpers saw at once that he was dead.

In this little quarter news has means of spreading that make Ariel and beam-radio look like an express delivery messenger. Almost in the moment that Wing Moy knew that he was dead Ah Fook knew it; and at the news the sun shone out from golden mist to yellow blaze, and the white clouds rose higher in the sky.

Such a feeling of freedom the news gave that he felt he must celebrate it, and he left his accounts and went out to the streets. He walked with airy feet and his face glowed upon all he met. Certain of these he invited to five o'clock dinner, naming a good stroke of business as the occasion; and the rest of the morning he spent in lordly discussion with his cook. It would be the Dinner of Limehouse; it should go into history.

At five o'clock twenty guests were assembled. Sharp on his call dinner was served, and twenty golden suns made homage around the supreme sun.

But how is this? Ah Fook could see no radiance in those suns; his mouth could perceive no bliss in those transcendent dishes; his mind could borrow no joy from the splendid profusion about him. Something—he could not tell what—was wrong.

Not before midnight could he rid himself of his guests. By that time his depression was so acute that he shrank from taking it to bed with him, and took it into the dark streets and tried to lose it there. But it wouldn't be lost. Life seemed all at once as empty of purpose as the streets. He had a queer sense of being alone in the world, and as he came to different corners where he was used to meet Wing Moy, and either freeze or burn, he was aware of a nakedness in their appearance, or a dryness, as though their essential virtue had gone out of them. The world of flesh had become a skeleton. The thing that had shadowed his happiness in life was haunting him in death.

It was haunting him so intimately that a little later he found himself, without intent, drifting towards Limehouse Causeway, and then he found himself in the Causeway, and then he found himself, still without intent, standing outside Wing Moy's lodging. And then he knocked at the door. He did this with intent—perhaps the actual sight of the hated one for ever silent and still would restore his morning mood.

The old man who kept the house bowed to his request, and admired the beautiful act of the rich man paying his respects to his old poor friend. He took him upstairs, and there showed him the body of Wing Moy, and Ah Fook bent over it and looked down at the face of indifference. He looked down for some seconds with an elegant and superior smile. Then the old man, with a swift movement, set down the lamp he was carrying and went towards him. It appeared that Ah Fook was going to be ill, for, though he was still smiling, the smile had changed its key, and his hands had gone to his breast, and he was standing rigid. It was not illness, though: it was only that his whole being in that moment was thrilled with a rush of feeling. And it wasn't triumph or satisfaction or relief; it was a feeling he had never known before: new, it was, and strangely sweet and sad, like a town-child's first sight of the sea. For, as he bent over that face, he learned something. He learned that the bond that had held him bound in hate to his indifferent friend had been the only bond that *can* bind people together, and he knew that his hate of Wing Moy had been, like all human hate, nothing but earth-corrupted love.

And you there—waiting!

When you see the Canadian geese coming out of the Fall sky like odd-shaped airplanes, and flying low to your decoys, then you feel the quickening of your pulses and the thrill of the anticipated shot.

That is the time when a good gun should be held in hands warm and steady. A shoulder, trembling with chill from cold feet, is a poor aid to marksmanship.

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Why Always the Muscovite?

(Continued from page 78)

have both left works whose pictorial and dramatic elements render them admirable ballet material.

Indeed, all we lack toward the establishment of a great national *Ballet Américain* is the courage to dare do it and the willingness to face the fact that it will cost money. No large permanent company devoted to producing ballet and pantomime can maintain the highest aesthetic standards and be self-supporting. The ballet, like the opera and the symphony orchestra, is essentially an aristocratic art-form; that is, it must be supported by the few for the enjoyment of the many. The new Russian ballet comes to America generously underwritten. Diaghileff, with all his genius, could never have wrought his wonders without the open purse of the Grand Duke Vladimir.

The reasons are fairly obvious. A ballet company, like an opera company, must maintain a large permanent organization—which means a large, year-round payroll. It must have a large orchestra, one of symphonic proportions. At present the weak spot in almost all American ballet performances is the orchestra.

The performances at the Stadium, by the way, exemplify perfectly the drawbacks under which any non-subsidized ballet company must work. Here, for once, was a good orchestra, the Philharmonic-Symphony (the Denishawns were not paying for it, by the way; nor could they have afforded to do so). On the other hand, the performances were taking place on a primitive stage—by rights an orchestra shell—with no adequate scenic or lighting equipment, in an amphitheatre that held 15,000 people. The fifteen thousand were there, and expenses were consequently being met; but at the sacrifice of all the subtleties of motion, gesture, and facial expression that are the essence of fine pantomime-ballet. Had the show been an outdoor motion picture, the projection machine would simply have been moved farther back from the screen; the figures would have been twelve feet tall, and all in proportion. But dancers can not so easily be magnified.

Such are the exigencies: a large company, a large orchestra, and not too large an auditorium. These must be faced before we can have a national ballet. And facing them means subsidy, just as facing the exigencies of the Chicago Opera Company or the Philadelphia Orchestra means subsidy. But that is all it means. I can show you the company complete. To head it I would elect the Denishawns, who are not only superlative artists but who, thanks to fifteen years of road touring, are practical executives and showmen to their finger-tips. The company itself would comprise the artists already named, with a score of others almost equally excellent. The orchestra would be easy to recruit. Leopold Stokowski would obviously be the man to conduct it; but if he is too busy, I have a dark-horse candidate: William Merrigan Daly. Mr. Daly is at present conducting *Show Girl* at the Ziegfeld Theatre in New York, as he has conducted most other George Gershwin shows. All of which does not keep Mr. Daly from being a gifted symphonic conductor who, given half a chance, will surprise you. For scenery, Jones, Reynolds, Throckmorton, Geddes, Urban, Simonson. For repertoire—see above.

There we have our *Ballet Américain*, capable, within two years, of opening Europe's eyes. All we need, now, is to find a couple of Grand Dukes.

The False Note

(Continued from page 77)

good news for you." She would not explain further.

Reybourg was the manager. He welcomed Bierville with a pleasant smile.

"Ah, here is the *Maestro*. Look here, my dear *Maestro*, we are going to revive *Cliquette* . . . under the original title."

Original title! The operetta seemed to Bierville a piece that was still quite new, a thing of yesterday. . . .

"As for the part of the young lovers—confound it, man, there's a little too much of you for that! I am giving *Beppo* to Charvel. You will play the old shepherd."

"Never!"

"Yes, yes, it is settled."

To surrender to a hated rival the part in which he had won his laurels! To don the smock and dirty white wig of the shepherd! To undertake the stage-business which in theatrical slang is known as clowning! Nevertheless, Bierville accepted the part for the sake of being in the company, of being with Betty. Besides, there was one really good scene which he could do something with. On the evening of the dress rehearsal, when he saw Charvel clasp Betty in his arms, he could have sobbed; but that was the moment of his cue. . . .

Charvel's success was phenomenal at the dress rehearsal, but the real test came the following night. It was time for the celebrated duet.

The young tenor failed in a way that no audience pardons. Not big enough for the part, there was a terrible break in his voice, one of those squeaks that set the gallery laughing and draw murmurs from the orchestra stalls. Charvel stood there faltering out the phrases and driving the musical director to distraction.

"Bierville, it's up to you."

Bierville felt that it was one of those moments when happiness is to be won. Looking noble in his shepherd's rags he took the stage, and sang in a voice so confident, so full, so compelling, that the whole house rose to him. . . .

When the veteran singer, intoxicated, half mad with joy, breathing triumph through every pore, got back to his dressing-room, he found Betty waiting for him, very pale and looking as if she had just awakened from a dream. And as the lingering volleys of applause died away she threw her arms around his neck, and whispered:

"My dear old hero, there's nobody like you in all the world!"

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DUESENBERG superiority starts with its foundation, the frame. Duesenberg strength and rigidity, its steady performance, exceptional endurance and hitherto unprocurable safety are largely the result of its expert design and abnormally strong frame. These great factors of safety and durability, are characteristic of the car's construction, throughout.... It is because Duesenberg DOES excel all other cars mechanically, that for the first time, a car of this character is marketed on a Dollar-for-Dollar value basis.

Chassis, $8,500

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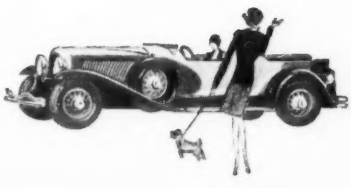

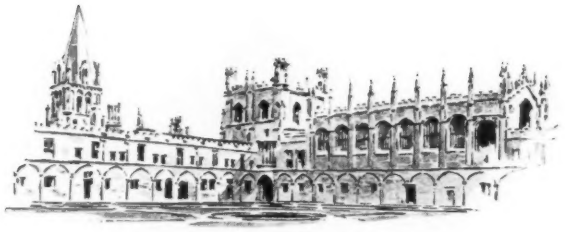

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The first is that *they look and act the part of their great reputation and social leadership more unmistakably than ever.*

The second is that this social and reputation value is expressed in a price value readily recognizable as far and away the most attractive offering in the three finest-car fields.

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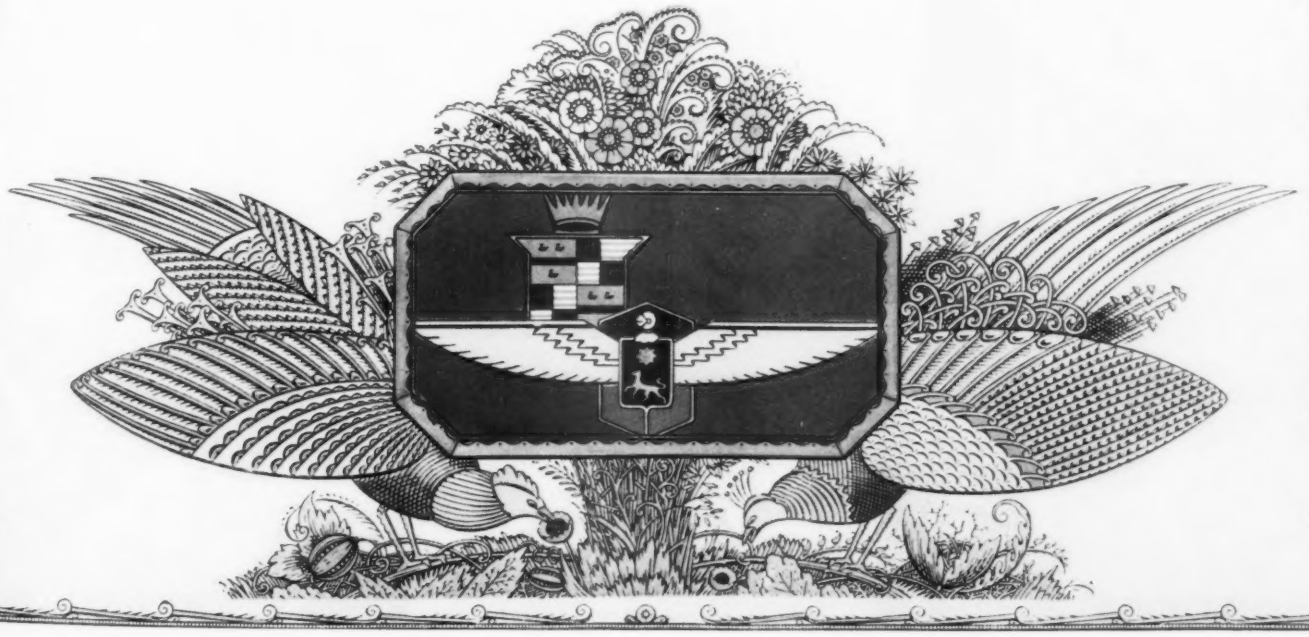
In these respects—quiet and dignified but sumptuous in appearance and equally sumptuous in riding ease—there is nothing with which to compare them.

Climaxing all this, these cars are offered at prices which render it unnecessary for Cadillac to say more of the cars than to extend a cordial invitation to the public to enjoy their inspection.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY — DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS



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This idea of providing variety in Atwater Kent Radio in cabinets came to us from many home owners who asked for cabinets a little different from their neighbors'. In carrying out the idea, a great many good furniture makers have translated into beautiful

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Wrought by Hand

is Pierce-Arrow Fineness!

Portraits of Garden Parties and Pierce-Arrows . . . yesterday's and today's. The one, painted fifteen years ago, resembles the 1929 version in every particular of fineness and distinction . . . in the unchanging quality that is Pierce-Arrow.

THE simplest work of art reminds us that the finest things of this world are wrought by hand—that machinery, however modernly miraculous, must ever lack the genius of the human touch.

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To repeat: *The finest things of this world are wrought by hand!*

Pierce-Arrow prices are appropriate: From $2775 to $8200, at Buffalo. In the purchase of a car from income, the average allowance usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

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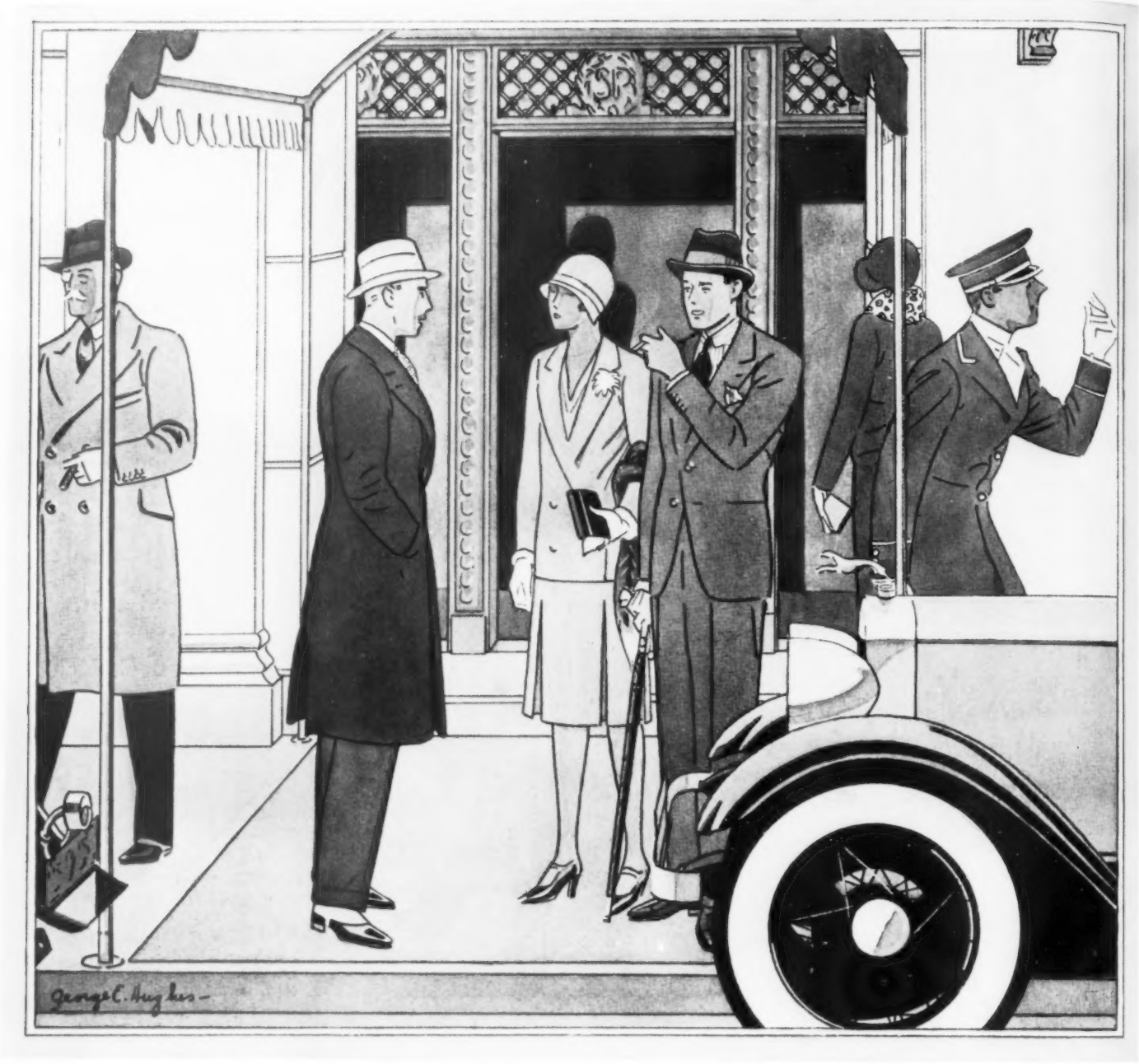
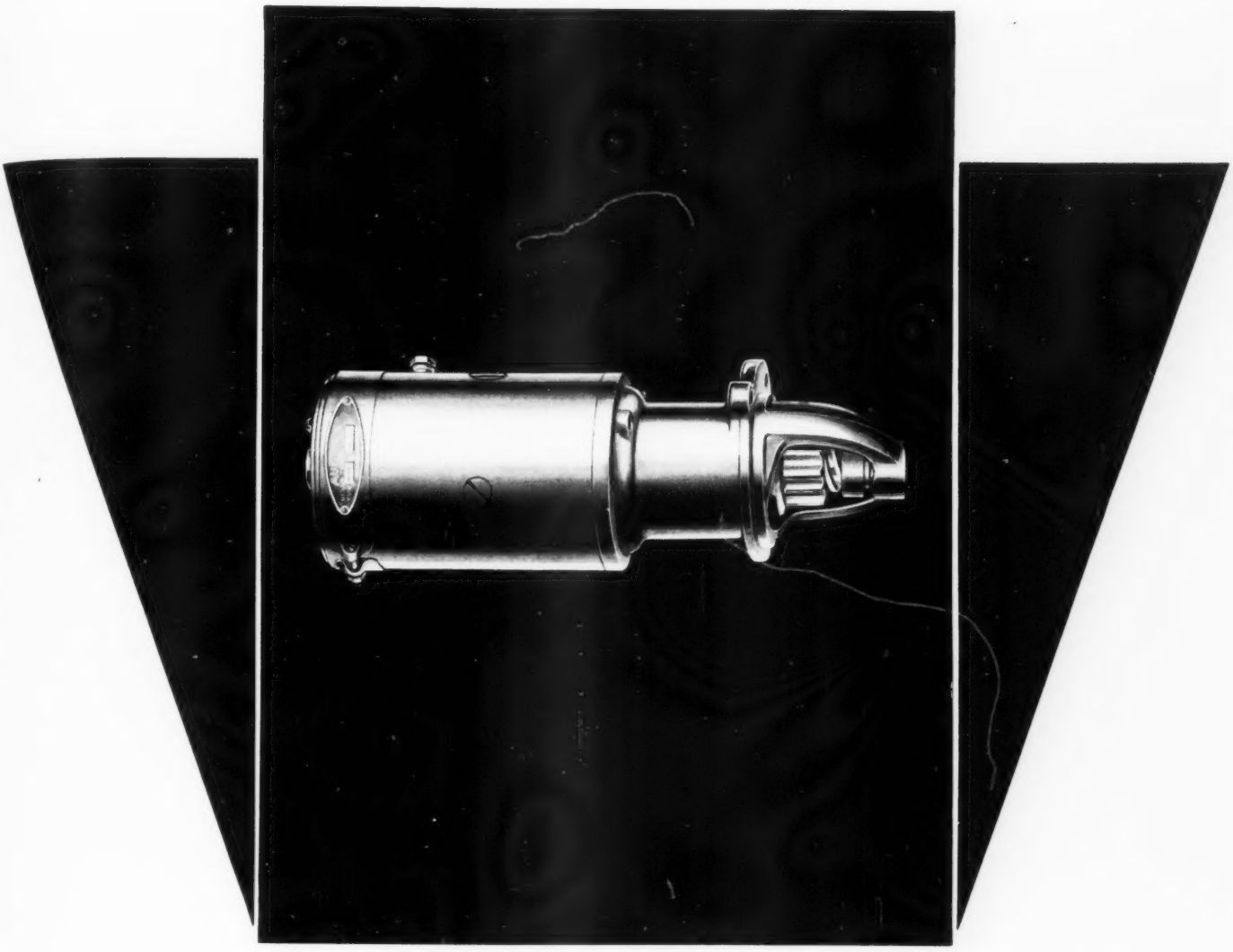


From the provinces of Austria comes the Muse to guide the hand of one of America's foremost hat geniuses in the creation of the *Gypsy Baron*, the new Flanul Felt Hat for Fall and Winter. It is an original creation, that will definitely influence the next headwear style cycle. It is a veritable paradox . . . gay as a Gypsy . . . dignified as a Baron. The crown is almost square. The brim is wider with a pronounced roll. The band is wide and is a shade lighter in color than the hat. The binding is thin and graceful and matches the band. *Gypsy Baron* is a sophisticated hat with a distinctive Continental flair that will grace smartly the head of any well dressed man. The hats run the gamut of colors for the season . . . nine shades in all . . . to complete correctly any sartorial ensemble. There is a distinctive shop in your city that will display *Gypsy Baron* on October 1st. Manufactured by one of America's leading hatters—Hodshon Berg, Inc., Fifth Avenue at Fifty-Seventh Street, New York. Factories—Norwalk and Danbury, Connecticut. Manufacturers of Flanul Felts, Finchley Hats, Hodshon Hats, Berg Hats.

The GYPSY BARON arrives October 1st

at stores of distinction throughout the country
and in New York City at B. Altman & Co.



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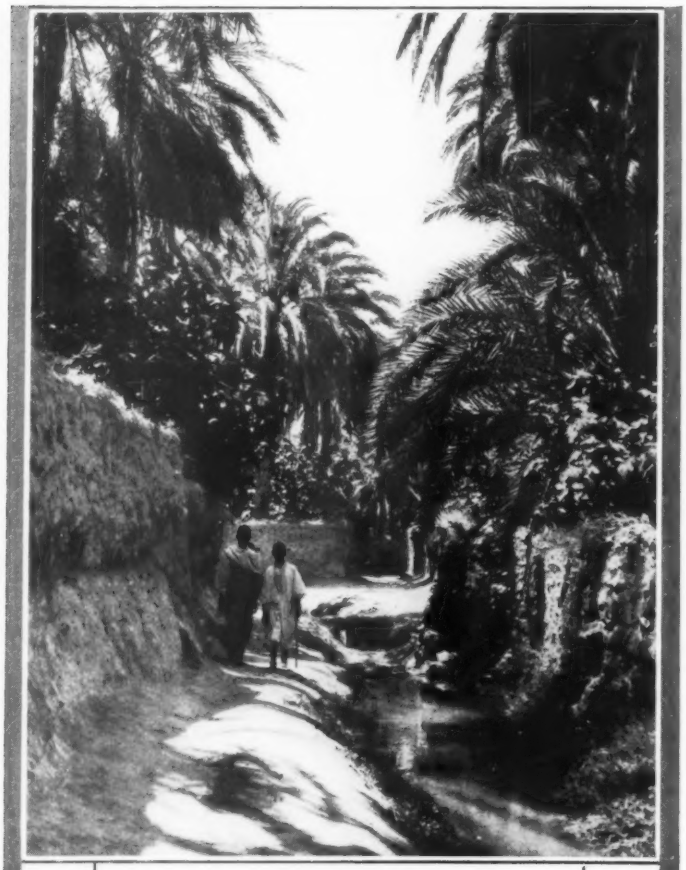

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Cross "the longest gangplank in the world" to the "*Ile de France*", the "*Paris*" or the "*France*" with people who take the only transatlantic French cuisine for granted, who know that chic and gayety are where they choose to be. ✱ FIVE days in France-at-sea, calling at Plymouth for London. ✱ Then . . . the covered pier at le Havre and the three-hour boat train for Paris. ✱ Overnight, Marseilles . . . twenty-four hours by a French Liner across the Mediterranean to Algiers and all North Africa.

French Line

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Semi-Professional

(Continued from page 83)

The Army was not paying much attention to him. A forward pass shot in his direction and O'Brien caught it on the run over his shoulder and shot across the line for a touchdown. That was his day's work. He was taken out.

It was that touchdown that won the game for Notre Dame. The strategy was all Rockne's, of course. In the game that is supposed to develop initiative, the coach has the initiative.

There have been sporadic efforts to prevent the direction of the team in the field by the professional coach.

I remember one meeting of the football coaches where T. A. D. Jones, former coach of Yale and now a sort of overlord of Yale football, rose to suggest the doing away with this quite well established practice.

"Let us agree to let the teams run themselves in the field," proposed Mr. Jones. "I for one am quite willing if the rest of you are."

There was an eloquent silence, indicating that Mr. Jones was quite alone in this matter.

Then up rose Gil Dobie of Cornell. He for one never would agree to such a proposal. If he did, he would be negligent in his duty to the university that employed him. Mr. Jones seemed to feel, he indicated, that football was a mere game.

The coaches have what seems like a sound argument for directing the matter of substitutions. A player might be hurt seriously and insist upon playing for the glory of the alma mater and thus become even more seriously injured. On that score the coach or somebody equally responsible should have charge of the matter of substitutions to that extent. But then how are you to prevent the substitute from becoming a courier from General Headquarters?

Somebody has suggested that the only way of preventing the coaches from running the teams would be to keep them out of the stadium. Yet I do not think that there is any demand from the colleges themselves or from the old grads that the football players be permitted to play their game and to develop initiative. Colleges with a fair percentage of victories are quite content with the present system.

Only this, it is a bit far-fetched to insist that intercollegiate football develops initiative when all of the initiative comes from the professional coach. The brain is professional, the brawn is amateur. Since it is insisted that the brain plays a major part in the game, then intercollegiate football would seem to be more professional than amateur.

Or let us be generous and say that intercollegiate football as it is conducted to-day is semi-professional.

The Corey Ford Murder Case

(Continued from page 89)

really is the murderer of Corey Ford?"

"I AM!" replied the roomful as one.

There was a moment of consternation; then Gripes the butler stepped forward apologetically.

"Hif it please you, sir," he began, "if you'd been in as many detective stories as we have, you'd understand. Over and over I've 'ad to discover the body of the deceased in a silk dressing gown. Always the same old library, sir, and the same old missing will, and the same old millionaire, and the same old daughter, begging your pardon, Miss Phyllis. And so when we seen that this 'ere Mr. Corey Ford was about to turn to and do another detective story, sir—" His voice broke.

"Pray go on," said Philo Vance quietly.

"Well, sir, I guess we just lost our 'eads and became as beasts. When I looked at that first paragraph, sir, and seen old Mr. Ford seated as usual in his library, with the thick draperies and the fireplace and all the rest—well, everything just went black before me heyes, sir. That's all I remember. Please send us to the gallows, deport us to Siberia,—anything, sir, except make us go through a detective story again—"

"There's no danger of that, my man," interrupted Inspector Burns in a commanding voice that instantly silenced the room and focused all eyes upon the speaker. "We have forgotten that in this camera I have one bit of evidence which has not yet been introduced."

He paused impressively and held up a single blurred negative to the tense and spell-bound audience.

"The real murderer of Corey Ford," he said slowly, "is Philo Vance."

Chapter Five:

As all eyes sought the calm face of the unperturbed young man whose name had just been uttered, Philo Vance allowed the ghost of a smile to play about his mouth.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I beg to call your attention to the single piece of paper which is even now clutched in the fingers of the victim's hand."

With catlike tread he crossed the room and smoothed out the crumpled document. As all crowded about him, they recognized the title-page of Corey Ford's book. Scrawled hastily in pencil in a hand that could have been none other than that of the deceased, was the single word: "Over."

"Turn it upside down," urged Inspector Burns hoarsely.

Philo Vance reversed the page with a faint twinkle in his eye.

"'It is too much,'" he read aloud in a calm voice. "'I cannot stand the disgrace. In all the weeks and months and years that I have read detective stories, I never dreamt the time should come when I too should find my name as the author. I shall seek the only way out. Corey Ford.'"

Vance laid the paper down gently on the blotter and a tiny smile twitched the corners of his lip.

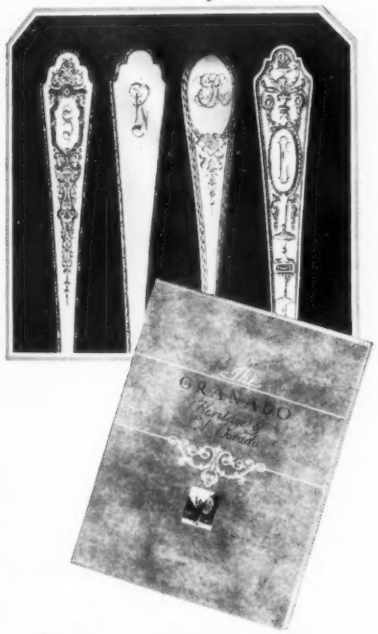
"Gentlemen, the truth is out at last," he said. "It was a plain case of suicide."

Chapter Six:

I must admit I enjoyed being Philo Vance, though. It's the only time I've ever been able to make my lips twitch.

"Granado" Five-piece Tea Set $450.00. With Tray $850.00.

Your Daughter's "FAMILY SILVER"



PERHAPS the nicest custom of modern times is the parental gift of Sterling tableware to the daughter about to become a bride. In the gleaming beauty of that imperishable remembrance lies a constant reflection of the love and hope of the dearest friends she has ever known.

Most worthy to carry so eloquent a message are the several patterns in "TREASURE" Solid Silver. Smartly designed in the best accepted decorative styles, exquisitely wrought by silversmiths who respect the traditions of an age-old art, each pattern is eminently qualified to serve as a constant reminder of your love and esteem . . . to become, in time, the "family silver" of future generations.

There is a jeweler nearby who will gladly show you "TREASURE" patterns and tell you about lovely "TREASURE" Sets ranging from $75 to $2,800. He will also explain how "TREASURE" Solid Silver may now be purchased out of income under the Sterling Silversmiths Guild Purchase Plan, enabling you to obtain the most complete set without undue financial strain.

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Set for 2 (12 pieces) $16.80
Set for 4 (24 pieces) 32.00
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¶ You may send for them direct—or get them from your dealer.

RUSSELL
GREEN RIVER
CUTLERY

JOHN RUSSELL CUTLERY COMPANY, Turners Falls, Massachusetts

Need for Fortune-Tellers

(Continued from page 71)

ficult, if not impossible, for *none* of their divinations to come to pass, because their total body was so enormous that for none of them to come to pass I should have had to be precipitated into a state of amnesia, anaesthesia and creeping paralysis. Moreover, so many of the divinations were so precisely opposite to each other that some of them were bound to come off by mere virtue of some others not coming off.

But there was one matter in which these three incalculably different diviners agreed absolutely, and it is because of this agreement that I am won over to them and their cause for ever. It is the matter of my taking-off. My death, to put it quite fearlessly, setting the chin. It is in the matter—I mean the manner—of my death that Minnie over in my chaste London suburb, and Ali el Wazani in the torrid noonday square of Meknes in Morocco, and Mrs. Gallagher in York, Pennsylvania, saw eye to eye with each other. I am going to die (I can't withhold it any longer) by being pushed off a precipice and all three soothsayers were quite firm about it being in the East. Ali banged the enormous dome of his forehead on the ground three times, facing the East. Minnie was full of symbols about Chinese dragons and the rising sun. Mrs. Gallagher said sure and it would be across the great water and the lesser water and the mountains beyond these.

It was astonishing enough for Minnie to foretell, in that particular environment, an end in itself so fantastic, and yet, seeing the sort of person I am and the things I do, so diabolically possible. We were in a "mystic" drawing-room in that chaste suburb in London. The room was padded with all the correct trappings, rugs and carpets and candelabra suspended mysteriously amid incense-burners. The lady (who eats nuts) wore beads. She turned a crystal globe between her hands and miaowed occasionally. I use that word not impertinently, but because it really was like that.

And she continued to turn the crystal over and to tell me I was going on a long sea-voyage. (I subsequently did.) And she told me I had to beware of one woman with red hair and another with black. (Both of them cropped up in my life later.) And so it went on rather dreamily for a long time. And then she stopped in full career, and tried hurriedly to change the subject. She looked scared. "What is it?" I bade sternly. "Nothing! Nothing!" she stammered. "What is it?" I repeated sternly (for I had not yet paid her her half-crown). She shuffled and gulped, turning the crystal about murkily in her hands. I got it from her at last—a very vivid picture of her client being pushed off a precipice by another gentleman. A sudden quarrel flared up between us about a lady we were both interested in, down in the valley somewhere. So he pushed me over. I mean, so he will push me over. She gave me quite a detailed portrait of the gentleman, his broad shoulders and bald head and side-whiskers. His name begins with a "d". (One of the friends with whom I often wander in precipitous eastern countries combines these attributes. His name begins with a "d". Our tastes are similar. We often quarrel about the same lady.)

It was a queer business. I did not feel in the least perturbed about the prospect. I postulate that the precipice be high enough, and it seems to be a pleasanter way of going hence than quite a number I could mention, from old age to diabetes. I postulate also that the date of the performance be remote enough; and in point of fact, to whomsoever it may concern, all three diviners didn't see it happening either tomorrow or the next day. I suppose it certainly concerns my partner in the prophecy. I think on the whole the situation is much more embarrassing for him than for me.

And then the old gentleman who looks like Ribera's Saint Jerome prophesied the same thing, over in Morocco. The implement this time was not a crystal but a basket-full of snakes. He was a very fanatical old Muslim dervish and the prospect of what was going to happen to the infidel, the *roumi*, didn't upset him.

And then Mrs. Gallagher in York, Pennsylvania, capped it. She wasn't wretched about it, like my friend London Minnie. She didn't go red at the gills with pleasure, like Ali el Wazani in Meknes. She was very much taken up with a custard-cake that she was baking in a spotless oven. I should be pushed off a precipice by the other gentleman, the one with the big shoulders and the bald head.

But I wonder if you perceive the advantage that I have. A great bliss is upon me born out of a great confidence. For I, who know the precise method of my taking-off, can go forth with an impunity most of my fellows cannot share.

For the Well-Dressed Man

(Continued from page 96)

made less uncomfortable if one takes a robe to sit on or to wrap about the feet. The Ulster-clad figure in the illustration is shown carrying an excellent type of robe made of a pile-fabric, plain in colour and light weight.

Among the other things which contribute to one's well-being and enjoyment of the game are refreshment cases that can be conveniently slung over the shoulder and a pair of high-powered binoculars.

Another useful bit of equipment is the poncho for use in a rumble seat. It is made of a rubberized fabric, light in weight, and folding compactly into an envelope. Cut from one piece, it has two apertures to slip on over the heads of two people and can be fastened securely at the neck. The corners are secured by straps. Two rubber sou'westers are part of the set. While it is designed primarily as a shelter for people in the rumble seat of a car, it should be equally effective in shielding two people in case of sudden rain.

To be Heard as well as Seen

Style — as fresh and new as the magazine you hold in your hands — meets your eye in all the new Bush & Lane Radio Models. Built side by side with concert grands, Bush & Lane cabinets possess a charm of exterior elegance — a depth and beauty of lustre that wins the instant admiration of discriminating persons.

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Bush & Lane Radio must be heard as well as seen. Till then you will never know all that is implied by the assertion: Built like a Fine Piano.

Bush & Lane Radio can be purchased only from specially appointed dealers who, through their enviable service, enjoy the confidence and patronage of those who buy with perfection in mind. You can identify your dealer by the Bush & Lane shield.

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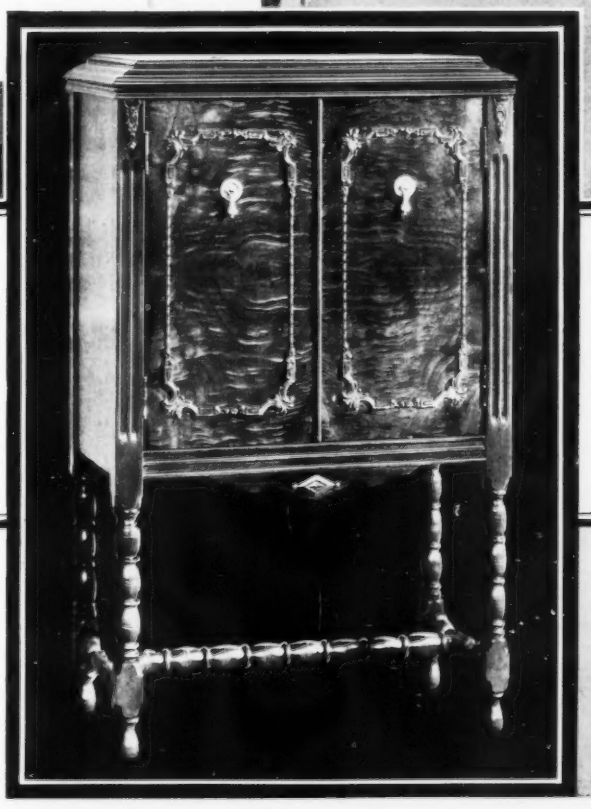

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A Few Thoughts on Iron Play

(Continued from page 94)

finished at the back, or the front, of the green, as though that were not their fault. They would likely consider the shot a bad one if its length were exact and its direction forty feet off. But range and direction are equally necessary. The subsequent putt is not made a bit easier by the fact that the previous shot was on line.

I have noticed that when I play an absolutely full shot with any iron club, I usually find myself many feet past the hole. There must be many places on a golf course where the distance is exactly right for a full shot but I never seem able to find them. I think, though, that the explanation of that may not be difficult after all. When the player has once determined that a full shot is required, he should hit the ball hard, concerning himself only with the direction. But in playing anything less than a full shot he must have both distance and direction constantly in mind.

It should be added that iron play differs, in one very important respect, from wooden play. In playing any iron the degree of accuracy required is much higher. The problem is not to get as much range as possible but to hit the ball as far as the hole and no farther. This feature makes it desirable, except in certain special instances, to hit a shot with backspin which will cause it to stop very quickly after striking the ground.

Here is another difficulty. I remember that one of my earliest troubles with the irons was a desire to hit the ball too much upward in the hope of gaining backspin. Apparently when one takes, let us say, a mashie in hand to play a neat pitch to the green over a yawning bunker, one's first impulse is to lob the ball high into the air. I have seen any number of players who attempt to obtain backspin in this way. They never stop to think that the lofted club is exactly designed to secure the necessary altitude without this necessity. In playing an iron, and by that I mean to include the pitching irons, it is imperative that the player "stay down to the shot".

It is important, in iron play, in order to accomplish the kind of stroke which I have described, that the left hand grip should be firm and the left arm straight at the impact. I also like to feel that I am pressing downward with the palm of my left hand.

Now, another matter. It is easy to talk about the necessity of preserving a straight left arm at the top of the swing. That feature of the swing has probably been more discussed than any other single phase of the stroke. But Varden proved that golf could be played exceedingly well even though the left elbow might be slightly hinged.

So much for the left. But what I have *not* seen satisfactorily demonstrated by anyone is the possibility of playing even moderately decent golf without a straight *right* arm at impact.

I have a little idea of my own that this straightening process is the source of a large percentage of the power of the stroke. At the instant when every bit of energy which the player possesses is being hurled at the ball the right arm is the means of transmitting power from the right side and shoulder. One trial is enough to show that it is impossible to exert great force if the right arm is allowed to bend.

And now a final word as to speed. Apparently, in golf, the amount of power depends a good deal on how much "winding up" can be done without complicating too greatly the unwinding process. Power is speed and speed increases with motion. So, power will be gained by moving the clubhead as rapidly as possible with, however, movements which are under control and *easily executed*.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This article, by Mr. Jones, is published here by permission of the Bell Syndicate, Incorporated.

Boul' Mich'—1929

(Continued from page 60)

the students from Picardy and the Limousine. Dante, Grasme, Lulle, Bacon, either studied or taught in the University.

It was in the Fifteenth Century, when Francis I made the use of French obligatory, to the detriment of Latin, that decadence set in, since foreign students were coming to Paris in search of a universal science rather than French.

The Latin Quarter of the Middle Ages was dead, and yet it was not until the Revolution of 1789 that it was completely wiped out.

There are today no reminders of the religious era except in the environs of *Saint-Sulpice*, south of the Luxembourg, quarters dating from Louis XIII and the Sixteenth Century. The complete transformation of the Latin Quarter into a modern district, lay and without individuality, dates from the Second Empire.

Below, behind *Saint-Germain des Prés*, the *Quartier de Buci*, former rendez-vous of vagabonds, of prostitutes, of thieves, which even I can remember as such, and the sinister atmosphere of which in pre-war days, Carco has so well described, has become a banal, broadened street, utterly without character. I saw them tearing down Thackeray's charming house there, and all that notorious quarter which was wiped out about 1905 by the creation of the *Rue Dante*.

When I was a student, Grand Dukes came there as sightseers, notably to the *Rue Galande*, where one may still see Fifteenth Century houses. There, in the *Rue de la Parcheminerie* were the public letter writers; I knew the last of them. Jean Giraudoux and I pretended that we didn't know how to write and made him write love letters for us, which he drew up conventionally, like the Chinese scribes of the markets, on lace-edged paper.

The *Place Maubert*, separated from the *Halles* by the Seine, has still, however, kept its character as a place of night workers. Villon lived there. Toward two o'clock in the morning, even in 1929, suburban trains, laden with vegetables, borrow the tram lines for the night, and market gardeners' carts

(Continued on page 130)

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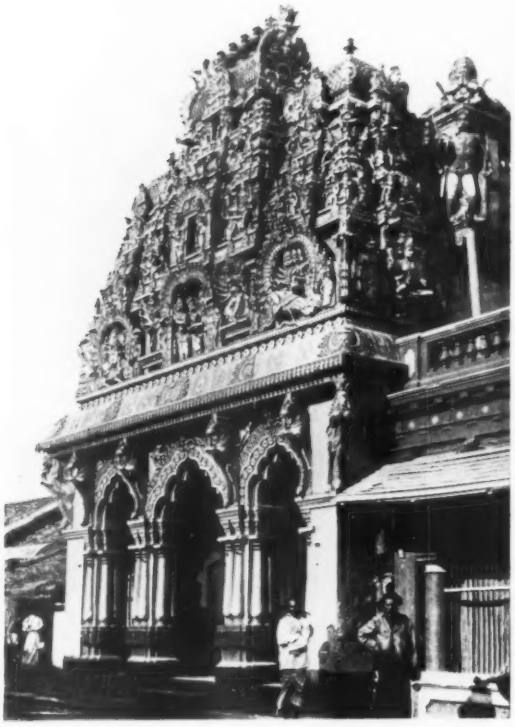

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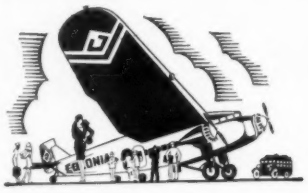

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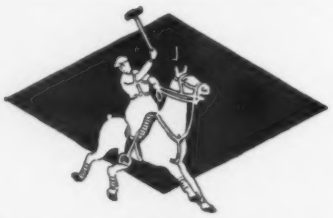

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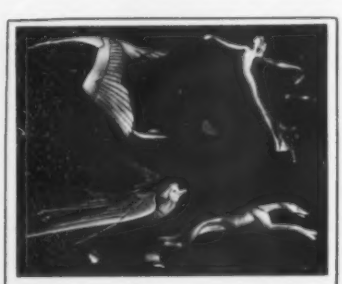

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Round Robin

(Continued from page 66)

little wearily, now, she contemplated a small cloud, silver and powder-blue in the western sky.

"Robin," Ethel was saying, "was a perfect lamb about keeping two of my Schnauzers for me until I get back." The word Schnauzer, thought Eugenia dispassionately, punctuated this woman's conversation like a large, recurrent sneeze. She said:

"Have you known Robin long?"

"I met him just after you'd sailed, at a dog-show." Ethel's deep voice brimmed into laughter, and Eugenia waited coldly. She had heard enough about dogs; and she was curiously offended by the thought of a dog-show as a background for Robin, who had dwelt, with her, in the high abodes of loveliness. Ethel went on. "Poor Robin, he made a most awful mess of things that day. He was showing a shepherd bitch for some friend of his, and when they got to the field trials—you know, where the dog is told to pursue a man who's supposed to be an escaped convict or something—well, Robin commanded his dog beautifully until she'd got her teeth nicely sunk in the man's shoulder. And then, my dear, what do you suppose the idiot did?"

Eugenia's eye again sought the thin, far cloud. "What idiot?" she inquired, without inflection.

"Robin! He forgot the command to stop. He just simply and starkly forgot the words for it. And there was the poor fugitive being mauled until he was black in the face, with nobody to call the dog off." She sat back in her chair and laughed again, her fine nose broadening a little with laughter. "Robin simply collapsed. But I happened to be near him, and as I've shown shepherds myself, I knew the command; so I gave it to him. And after the show, it turned out that I was with some people he knew, so we went to a speakeasy and drank beer and talked about dogs." Ethel's eyes became reminiscent. "I told him quite a lot he hadn't known about distemper."

Eugenia sat very still, stiff with distaste. It seemed to her a caricature of Robin that Ethel had drawn, a portrait of an incompetent buffoon in whose burlesque antics she recognized none of the charm, the delicacy of her Robin. She lit a cigarette, and, remote among blue threads of smoke, replied:

"I didn't know that Robin was so interested in dogs."

"It's quite possible," Ethel admitted, "that he didn't know it himself until he met me. That's Robin's great charm, don't you think? He's the most entirely adaptable man I've ever known; he's so perfectly capable of sharing one's enthusiasms."

"Yes," said Eugenia, slowly, "he seems to be extremely adaptable."

In a little silence they sat there, these two women to whom Robin had so successfully adapted himself, and each one, in that silence, was thinking: "But this woman doesn't know the real Robin—the real Robin is the man who loves me. . . ."

Ethel took a pink cake from the tray on the table, and looked at Eugenia thoughtfully, even appraisingly.

"In fact," she said, "I sometimes wonder if Robin isn't perhaps a little too adaptable to make a good husband. . . ."

Eugenia's shoulder curved very slightly. "I haven't thought much about that." Her voice was firm, and she told herself that she was speaking the truth. Anyway, she didn't want to discuss Robin with this Ethel, this too, too sturdy creature.

Ethel appeared to be surprised. "No, of course you haven't. . . . Robin has told me all about your friendship for each other, and what a lovely, ethereal thing it was." She smiled companionably, and put three lumps of sugar in her tea; and Eugenia, chilled, wondered desperately if this woman beside her were thinking of marrying Robin herself. Had he asked her to marry him? Had he, with the flame of Eugenia bright in his heart, asked Ethel to marry him? "You have lighted a candle in my heart. . . ." he had told her, told Eugenia; but had he, she reflected, asked her, Eugenia, to marry him? Had he,

(Continued on page 123)

The Shops of Vanity Fair

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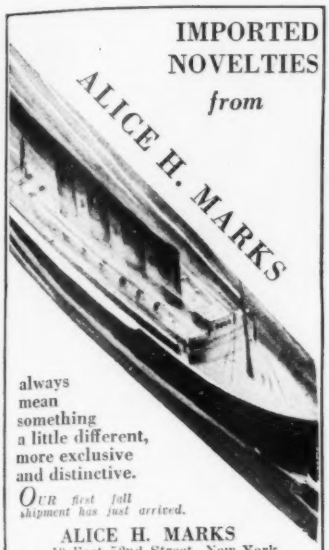

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Round Robin

(Continued from page 122)

in fact, asked anyone to marry him? Hadn't she, rather—and perhaps Ethel, too—hadn't they both, secure in the warmth of Robin's eloquence, concluded that this enchanting promise of eternal love could have but one ending? But which one did he love—Eugenia or Ethel? Eugenia looked at Ethel, and saw a square young woman; and at once her heart was lifted again among those small, drifting clouds whose silver plumes brushed the distant sky.

"Of course, with Robin's enthusiasm," Ethel was saying, "anyone could marry him. He is the perfect bridegroom, eager and unafraid. And he does make love divinely—with words, you know. . . . . He told me," said Ethel, brooding tenderly upon the past, "he told me that I had lighted a candle in his heart that would burn forever. . . ."

Dimly, then, Eugenia heard Ethel's deep voice raised in greeting, in presenting the Contessa Rossi. The Contessa leaned over the table, a woman done in long lines and thin upward curves like the drawings in the fashion magazines; a woman from whom conversation flowed without stopping in bright, ascending arcs of words and laughter.

"But, my sweet Ethel," she was saying, "when did you arrive in Paris? Yes, of course I will sit with you. . . . I just got here this morning. Yes, I've brought Pépi over once more to divorce him—isn't it *triste?* Poor Pépi, it happens every year. But he's done the same thing again—vanished like mist before the sun; I haven't set eyes on him since we got off the boat, although there *are* rumours that he's been seen in the Ritz bar. But who *hasn't* been seen in the Ritz bar?" A small sigh, scented with Chanel, escaped her. "It's too depressing; every time I want to divorce that man, he disappears. . . . *Martini sec.*" She looked briefly after the departing waiter, and resumed:

"It's rather too bad this time, be-

(Continued on page 124)

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The Shops of Vanity Fair

Round Robin

(Continued from page 123)

cause I had such plans. . . . I'm in love. Yes, I am in love; with a most enchanting young man whom someone presented to me a little before we sailed. . . . not quite good-looking but with one eyebrow higher than the other, which is so engaging, you know. One feels constantly that one would like to straighten them for him as a task of love. And such *charm* he had. Although," she added reflectively, "he himself confessed that it was a little dimmed on the evening we met by the fact that he was all over dog-bites from some foul animals that a foul woman had left in his charge. But anyway, he told me that I loved him, which is so refreshing in a man instead of saying that he loves you—don't you think so?"

"Delightful," agreed Ethel in a curious, flat voice; and Eugenia, looking at her, saw in Ethel's face the toneless reflection of her own. The Contessa sipped her cocktail.

"So I had the divine idea of asking him to come to Europe and go with Pépi and me on a walking tour from Saint Mâlo to Mont Saint Michel, or some such trip—to find out if I really loved him as much as he said I did. It's a lovely scheme. The perfect triangle moving with slow fatefulness through the fields of Britanny. . . . But, as I told you, Pépi has disappeared again, and since I can't find him to divorce him or to go walking with him either, I'm afraid the whole thing's off. . . ." She sighed briefly, in tribute to a lost romance. "And do you know what he told me?"—the Contessa's bright voice deepened a little—"he said that I had lighted. . . ."

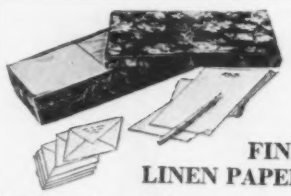
Eugenia rose, too swiftly. "I'm afraid I must go—I've some letters to write. . . ."

"So have I," said Ethel. "I've got to write to Germany," she added, unnecessarily, "about those Schnauzers. . . ."

Robin folded the three letters into a single envelope, and put them in his pocket. With the other hand, he arranged the motor-robe over the structurally perfect knees of the girl beside him.

"What a huge correspondence from Paris!" she observed. "Is that all one letter?"

Thoughtfully Robin turned the car up Fifth Avenue. "Fundamentally, yes," he said, "but the signatures are different. It's a sort of . . . round Robin." He smiled at her, his eyebrow curving in an accent of charm. "Where shall we go for tea?"



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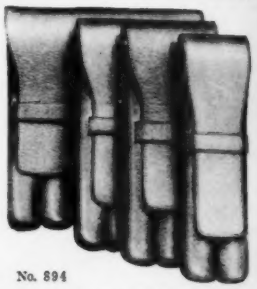

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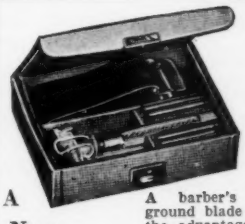

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THE *CORRECT* ANKLEWEAR

An Open Letter to Will Rogers

(Continued from page 90)

descending wave of titles which we can never hope to breast before next summer, at the very earliest.

Nothing else can happen this year, of course, like *All Quiet;* books like that are rare in a lifetime; but several other books of this past spring and summer do not deserve to be overshadowed entirely by this German epic. This is the year, also, that Ellen Glasgow produced the most deft and gracious ironic novel of her distinguished career, which is to say that *They Stooped to Folly* is one of the subtlest and one of the most delicately devastating comedies of indiscretion in this American generation. It is delicious reading.

Then, too, this is the year (I am writing for posterity, of course) when the astute mind of Mr. Harrison Smith joined with the astute mind of Mr. Jonathan Cape and formed a publishing house that has the unprecedented, and deserved, good fortune to find themselves the proud publishers of some five best sellers within a month after their inception. These five books moreover represent only the first few pages of their distinguished catalogue; Heaven knows where they will be when that bag of tricks is fully opened. Already *The Wave* has proved tidal in its sweep toward the hinterlands; a strange colossal compendium of Civil War pictures, with the patience of a Dreiser novel but without its plodding dullness. *See How They Run,* on the other hand, is merely a feminine Van Vechten (if that is possible); and *Ex-Wife* is merely sensational. *Adventures of an Outlaw,* their non-fiction runner-up, presents a sadistic picture of convict brutality a century ago, purports to be authentic, and is certainly an exciting and savage document. *The Unlit Lamp* is by the author of *The Well of Loneliness.*

There is a vague madness in the prose of *The Innocent Voyage* by Richard Hughes that grows on you, like a nightmare picture. On a second reading the whole book still has the unreal, heartless comedy of a nightmare; things are all out of proportion; fancies swell and distort beyond all reason, and facts like life and death shrink away and spread out squatly in the far shadows; events follow with the dream-like inconsequence of *Alice in Wonderland.* In fact I found myself thinking constantly of *Alice* as I read: perhaps because the mood is a curious blend of *Alice* and *Gulliver's Travels,* or perhaps because the book is so profoundly true a picture of the child mind. "Children are mad," says Richard Hughes blandly; and this observation furnishes the simple and terrible mechanism of his satire: the normal run of adult life seen suddenly from this insane, unreal, diabolic and utterly innocent viewpoint. I have read few books at once so bitterly savage and so ineffably sweet and haunting.

Katherine Brush's *Night Club* is a group of short stories which I enjoyed, upon rereading, fully as much as when I first followed them with breathless interest in the magazines. Miss Brush's technique is so faultless as to be deceiving; the reader, flung headlong the length of her swift prose and bringing up with a crash against the last sentence, wobbles suspiciously to his feet and feels his forehead, and wonders if it were all a trick. But the effect lingers; there is a third dimension in all her stories; it makes Miss Brush an important as well as an entertaining writer.

Which brings us up roughly to the middle of August, and marks the last time that this department will be caught up for many months to come.

Contract Psychology and Yarboroughs

(Continued from page 93)

trumped in dummy. If, however, South had been able to trump the second or third round of Hearts, it would not have been so pleasant. At any rate, as the deal was played, it needed perfect defense by a Yarborough hand, to find the straight and narrow path that led the partner out of a trying situation.

In many freak Goulash deals, a bit of psychology will often win many more games than Aces and Kings.

♠-7-3
♡-A-K-10-6-3-2
◇-A-K-7-5-4
♣-None

While this hand is nothing extraordinary for a Goulash deal, it sticks out like a sore thumb when the partner has dealt and started the bidding with six Spades. This happened in a duplicate tournament and some players almost gagged in getting the contract up to a Grand Slam. This bid was doubled—and redoubled—and set—and the partner was bawled out for not having had an honest-to-goodness opening bid of six. It does seem as if the original bidder must have erred, but if so, in what manner?

♠-K-Q-J-10-9-8-6-5-2
♡-None
◇-None
♣-A-K-Q-J

With this superlative aggregation, it certainly seems that there should be little difficulty in taking in twelve tricks with Spades as trumps.

The trouble lies in stopping partner from bidding the Grand Slam, if he holds a trick or two. With two missing suits, it would appear that a bid of one could hardly hold the contract and a secondary bid of six Spades would tend to show that the Ace was missing. Should the partner hold the Ace of Spades, the Grand Slam would probably not be arrived at, but as the adversaries hold 26 cards and the partner only 13, the chances are two to one that a Little Slam is the best declaration.

The preferred opening declaration, in my opinion, should have been a Demand bid of two Spades. The forced reply of partner, would keep the bidding open and subsequent procedure would be governed by this response.

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LOS ANGELES

Country Squires

(Continued from page 63)

sharp eyes, like Jim's, and you can get nothing out of them. The whole neighbourhood knows that Jim never works. He lives in one neighbourhood until it gets too hot for him and then moves to another. Wherever he goes things just disappear.

He's slick. In spite of themselves, the Squire and the neighbouring farmers, who have gathered in, admire his smartness.

They might have got him one time —there was a hen-house, filled with fine friers, back of the rich man's house—but for Jim's brood of kids. When Jim operated he could scatter kids all over a neighbourhood. People said they had a system of signals. A dog barked or there was the mew of a cat. Then Jim got out into the road and came moping along, as innocent looking as you please.

He likes to smile at the Sheriff, with that cold smile of his.

"What are you doing here, Jim?"

"Well Sheriff, if you want to know the truth, I came out here to get some whiskey. A man was going to sell me some. I guess he saw you here and he lit out."

Whiskey indeed. Jim was after them friers.

The Prosecuting Attorney is after something now. He scents a liquor case. "Where does he live?" "I don't know." That smile is playing about Jim's lips.

The Prosecuting Attorney is asking him to describe the fictitious man who was to sell the liquor.

"Well," Jim drawls, "he had two gold teeth, like you got, and had grey hair, like the Squire there." He points out the more respectable men present. The fictitious whiskey seller had eyes like this one, wore a hat like that man over there, had on a suit of clothes like the man leaning against the tree.

In the Squire's court everyone talks when there is something to say. The Squire can't be too dignified. He is a man of the neighbourhood. He stops the procedure of the court to borrow a chew of tobacco from the man accused. He and the Sheriff and the others will get the man if they can. It is a game. Most law cases, even in the higher courts, are a good deal that way.

In the case of Jim McGrew, the Prosecuting Attorney had something up his sleeve. He and the Sheriff had got Jim and two of his brood of kids on a country road at midnight two or three nights before. It is true there were no chickens in the car that night but Jim had in the car several empty bags and there was a heavy wire-cutter.

And, on almost any night, for two weeks, there had been chickens missing from hen-houses in just that neighbourhood. The hen-houses had all been stapled and locked and the staples had been cut with just such a heavy wire-cutter.

They had taken Jim and his kids to jail and one of the kids had talked.

Then afterwards, when he was brought into the presence of his father, the boy had tightened up. "Yes, I did say we stole the chickens but it was a lie," the boy declares now. He says he was bluffed into telling a lie. There had been a trick played. They had made the boy think his dad had confessed. It is all right, the Prosecuting Attorney says, smiling at Jim, who smiles back at him, "We can't get you Jim, but we can get the kid."

He explains to Jim that he can send the boy up for what he calls "perjury". The idea frightens Jim. Perjury is a big, dangerous-sounding word. Jim gets up from his seat on the grass, his back against a tree in the Squire's yard, and calls his wife to one side. The Prosecuting Attorney is smiling at the Sheriff and the old Squire is smiling. They have got Jim. Jim's wife is a heavy woman with a shrewd face. She and Jim whisper together.

"They can get the kid for telling a lie, eh. Can they send him to jail? Well, I guess they can send him to the reform farm."

"Huh," says Jim, "one of my kids going off there, eh."

He comes back and calling the Prosecuting Attorney to one side holds another whispered conversation.

The crowd is tense now. "You ain't got no case against me and you know you ain't, but I don't want one of my kids stuck. You went and bluffed the kid and made him tell a lot of lies. I'm an innocent man."

It is the Prosecuting Attorney who is smiling now.

"I'm going to get the kid."

"What is the least you will give me if I come through."

It is agreed that the Prosecuting Attorney will ask the Squire to be as light as he can on Jim and Jim confesses. It is to save his kid. They have got Jim this time but all the men in the crowd feel a certain sympathy for him. The Squire feels it too. He will let Jim off light.

And so Jim makes his confession to the Squire and to the men and women gathered in the Squire's yard. He makes it as dramatic as he can. After all, even in a chicken-stealing affair there is such a thing as art, and Jim is an artist.

He tells how it was done, how he and the kids have been working, how he got Mrs. Sullivan's chickens and John Williams' lot. There was a night when he and his kids did a stunt. They stole the chickens of the Sheriff himself.

It was a night when the Sheriff was right at home and was sitting on his front porch. Jim looks at him and grins. He and the kids got the chickens right from under his nose. They had their car parked within a quarter mile of the house.

Jim is making the Sheriff cringe a little as he tells his tale. He takes a shot at the Prosecuting Attorney, too. "We would have got yours if you had kept any chickens", he says. Then he takes the jail sentence that has been agreed upon with his characteristic cold little smile and is marched off.

As for the people who have come to the trial, they all feel they have got a good show. They go away along the road talking it over.

"After all he stuck to his kid. If it hadn't been for him sticking to his kid they wouldn't never have got him," they say, as they go back to the fields and to their work in the corn.

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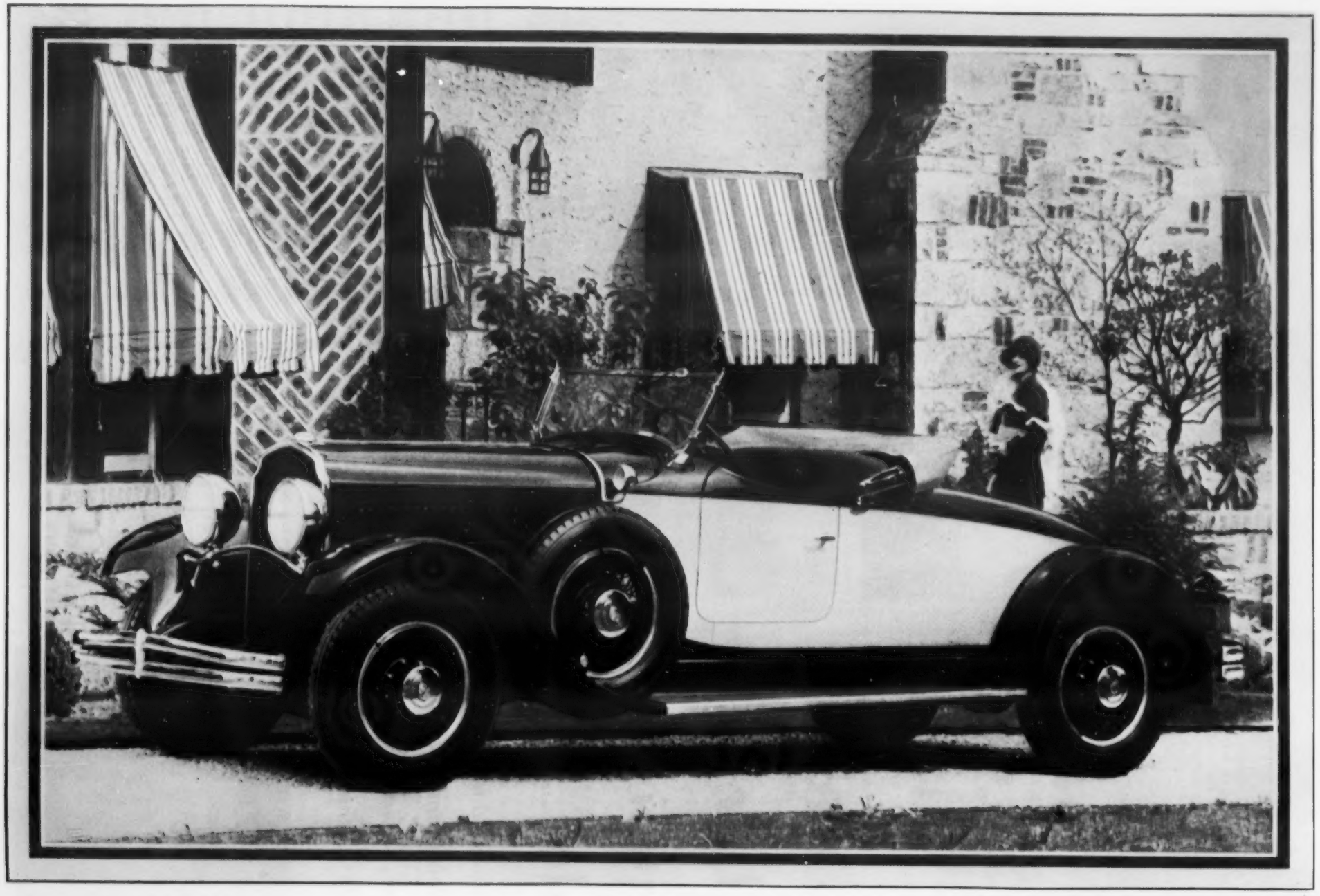

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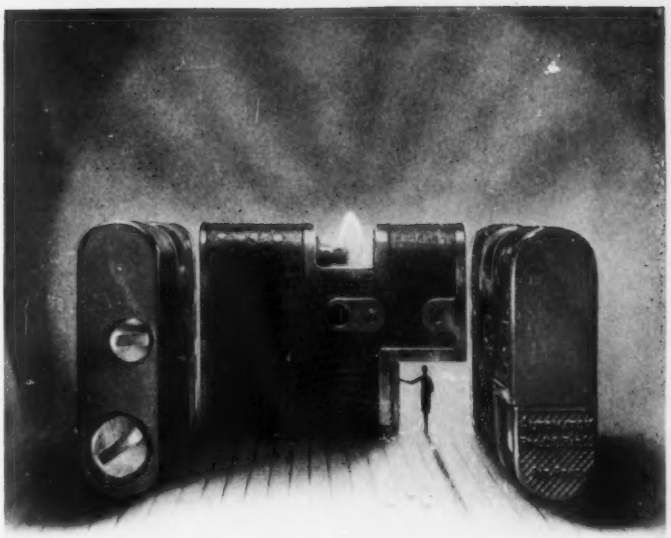

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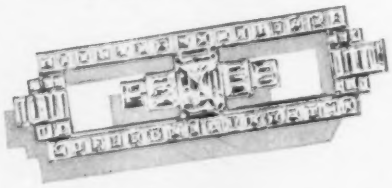

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Boul' Mich'—1929

(Continued from page 118)

come to perfume the Parisian air. The students have their headquarters there, in a charming old house in the *Rue de la Bûcherie.*

If one really wants to obtain a true impression of the former Latin Quarter, one must go, to-day, behind the *Collège de France,* on Mont Sainte-Geneviève itself.

Chinese, Armenian and Russian restaurants, brothers of those of Greenwich Village, have replaced the mediæval rotisseries, the taverns in which, in pewter pots, the students drank those tart wines they no longer make in the neighbourhood of Paris, and yet one still breathes there an ancient air of debauchery, of poverty, of mysticism which is essentially that of the Middle Ages.

I lived for ten years in the Latin Quarter. Oh, Trilby! I have spent many nights in its cafés, danced at the *Bullier,* wasted hours in seeking rare books, slept in its little hotels, even after my student days were done. Thus I lived in the *Ecole des Arts Décoratifs,* of which my father was director, a beautiful Eighteenth Century mansion, opposite the Chinese restaurant in the *Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine.* From my windows I could see the *Place Danton* where the guillotine was tried out for the first time and the black Gothic dining hall of the Cordeliers' convent which became, during the French Revolution, the *Club des Cordeliers,* where Danton, Marat and Desmoulins spoke, and which is, to-day, the Dupuytren Museum.

At the corner of the *Boul' Mich'* and the *Rue des Ecoles* was the *Café Vachette,* where Giraudoux went to listen to Moréas, as Moréas had gone there to visit Verlaine; to-day that café, quite naturally, has become a bank. In the *Place du Panthéon* was the *Café Voltaire,* also beloved of Verlaine, at the absinthe hour, and of Mallarmé, Barrès and Oscar Wilde. In the *Café Procope* the wits of the Revolution and of the Eighteenth Century foregathered, Voltaire and the Encyclopædists.

The romantic epoch introduced the Germanic *brasserie,* the reign of which is not yet over, into the Latin Quarter: romantic music, hard boiled eggs, beer mugs. The Germany of 1848 left us the Soufflet Tavern near the Panthéon, which was the haunt of the symbolists of the Nineties, Pierre Louÿs, Tinan, Hérédia, while the realistic novelists who preceded them, Zola, Daudet, Goncourt, preferred the *Cabaret du Coucou.*

As for the churches of the Latin Quarter, one must visit them with Huysmans.

They share the narrow, malodorous streets with evil spots which have not been cleaned up since the Middle Ages. Francis Carco, in his recently published recollections, *From Montmartre to the Latin Quarter* has written pages reminiscent of Balzac about the dingy little bars of the *Rue Monsieur-le-Prince,* the cabarets of the *Rue de l'Hirondelle* and the picturesque wretchedness of the neighbourhood of the *Rue Mazarin.*

Ah! yes it is fine to be twenty in a great city like Paris, and, like *Rastignac,* Balzac's young hero, to hold out one's hand to the city in a gallant gesture, crying: "To us both!"

The President's Unkind Words

(Continued from page 81)

opportunity to get more in ready cash than they could at regular and laborious stevedoring or truck-driving or riveting or plumbing, and they are in such a position as to feel no great loss in being outcasts from society. They have everything to gain and not much to lose.

There are two ways of dealing with them. One is the way of optimistic humanitarianism, such as in a modern state takes the form of the American penal system—indulgent of the criminal, eschewing in theory the entire method of corporal punishment.

The American penal system, with its rare death penalty, its legal confusion, its indulgence toward the criminal with a good lawyer and plenty of money and influence, is sufficiently familiar to us. But in China the crimes are cleaned up on the first Friday of every month. Comparatively petty crimes bring as their punishment twenty strokes on the back with whips. 20 such lashes will leave almost anyone unconscious and very few subjects have been known to survive 100 lashes, which is the punishment for more important crimes. For really serious crimes, however, the Chinese are in a position to amuse any gangsters who happen to come their way with the punishment known as the Death of a Thousand Cuts. An expert cutter can keep his victim alive through about the five-hundredth cut, but the remaining five hundred cuts must, by law, be made in the culprit's body—and, presumably, checked by a certified accountant.

It is, of course, improbable that, short of a tremendous revulsion of popular feeling, the United States will adopt the Eastern penal system. But we can't have our cake and eat it too. If we wish to amuse ourselves with humanitarianism and persuade ourselves that we are fine idealistic fellows, we must accept the entertainment that our newspapers will continue to furnish in the way of a fine and lavish display of assorted crime. And it is with some such *impasse* that any discussion of crime in America today usually concludes.

Naturally Mr. Hoover, being the chief officer of a great country, did not permit himself to conclude with that *impasse,* he went on to call upon the newspapers (for whom crime, not good citizenship, is news) and upon law-abiding citizens (who don't affect the crime situation except at the muzzle end) to rise in their might and re-arouse civic consciousness. Well, maybe that will help. But the irresponsible individual citizen need not make any such constructive suggestions.

He can go along without doing more than read the crime news in the papers until one day, he may, as a perhaps innocent bystander, add a morsel to the day's quota of news items.

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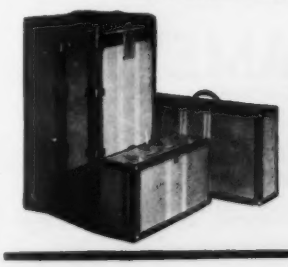

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Then came the cabinet makers and the pewter makers, the paneleers and the chandeliers, the plumbers and painters, and candle-stick makers—then almost before we knew it—it was time for the armored cars to draw up with the big bags of money.

And so, with our stock on the shelves, and everything ready, from the vaults downstairs to the ladies department upstairs, we threw open the doors one bright morning and there we were in the

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Love

(Continued from page 58)

upon yourself, nor that people will credit you with some of her charm merely because she is your wife. However united you feel yourselves to be, you are not so for the world. It has separate opinions about you both.

And yet, the thought which stirred you so deeply at your first meeting was that she was the woman who, added to yourself, would make you a perfect man. What you love in her is what you, yourself, lack. What you hoped and expected was that she would supply this deficiency. However, the belief of lovers that each of them will add to the virtues of the other is a mirage and a delusion.

What the union of a man and a woman will give, perhaps, to their child, each of them expects for himself alone.

The little man does not admit to himself that he seems still smaller beside his big wife. He persuades himself that he has grown up to her, that he represents at least half the sum of the two.

This is true, but only in the second generation.

§16

Your true drama is the drama of your insufficiency. You cannot resign yourself to not being God.

§17

A child born to her and you would perhaps be the conqueror you grieve that you are not.

To love is to desire an exchange in which the good unites with the good to form the better. . . . What Yseult and Tristan seek desperately is this projection of themselves into the future. Not knowing this, they wander blindly, and dissolve in death beside the fountain of resurrection.

By a complete and absolutely clear understanding of love, we should be led to the same goal as by following its obscure appetites and our own most primitive instinct. You do not love her unless you passionately desire a child by her. She does not love you unless her flesh aspires to this torment and instinctively strains toward the stigmata of your embrace.

When one does not love, pleasure can suffice. When one loves, it is no longer enough.

Consecrate her with a kiss that endures.

Let your child be conceived.

§18

Heavy, childish, absent of mind, indolent, happy, she leans on you a little. How much charm there is in her weakness! And in your strength, how much love!

Be strong to love. Stronger to love better.

§19

She nearly died and you were so afraid! . . . Horrible, stifling night! . . . Ah, what torments!

She lives . . . and, once more, there is, for you purity, sweetness, and the glory of the dawn.

§20

The exacting and precarious child. And bending over it, the two of you, temple to temple.

Your home is warmer; she is brighter. Toward you, she has a friendly, almost a sisterly air. She has lost some of her mystery, a little of the excitement she once held for you. She is nearer, more easily read, and more simply a woman.

And you . . . so light of heart now that you see her tranquil, justified, at peace!

§21

Forgotten is the time of those conflicts, those bitter quarrels that gnawed at the heart. Forgotten is your exhausting struggle to attain a distant, elusive harmony, that unision so pitifully insecure, so apt to be destroyed the moment it is re-established. You can think of her to-day without anguish, and you have ceased to doubt and to question her continually. You are no longer obsessed. You begin to see your friends once

(Continued on page 138)

The Ghost in Rope Street

(Continued from page 74)

most reason to fear me, why, it seemed doubtful whether he even saw me. And where was he going to, right up the desolate long length of Pole Street? —He turned into Rope Street. I saw a blue lamp: that was the Police Station.

"Oh, Lord," I thought, "I've done it! Oh, Lord, he's going to give himself up!"

"You drove him to it," the voice said. "You fool, did you think he didn't see you? What did you expect? Did you think he'd shriek and gibber with fear at you? Did you think your John was a coward?—Now his death is on your head!"

"I didn't do it, I didn't!" I cried. "I never wished him any harm, never, not *really!* I wouldn't hurt him, not for anything, I wouldn't. Oh, John, don't stare like that! There's still time . . . time!"

And all this while he stood in the door, looking at me, while the policemen came out and stood around him in a ring. He couldn't escape now.

"Oh, John," I sobbed, "forgive me! I didn't mean to do it! It was jealousy what did it . . . because I loved you."

Still the police took no notice of him.

"That's her," said one of them in a husky voice. "Done it with a hammer, she done it . . . brained him. But, Lord, isn't her face ghastly? Haunted, like."

"Look at her 'ead, poor girl. Looks as if she tried to do herself in with the 'ammer, after."

* * *

Then the sergeant stepped toward me.

"Anything you say will be taken down as evidence against you."

"John!" I cried softly, and held out my arms—for at last his face had softened.

"Holy Mary!" said one policeman, crossing himself. "She's seeing him!"

"They'll not hang her," another whispered. "Did you notice her condition, poor girl?"

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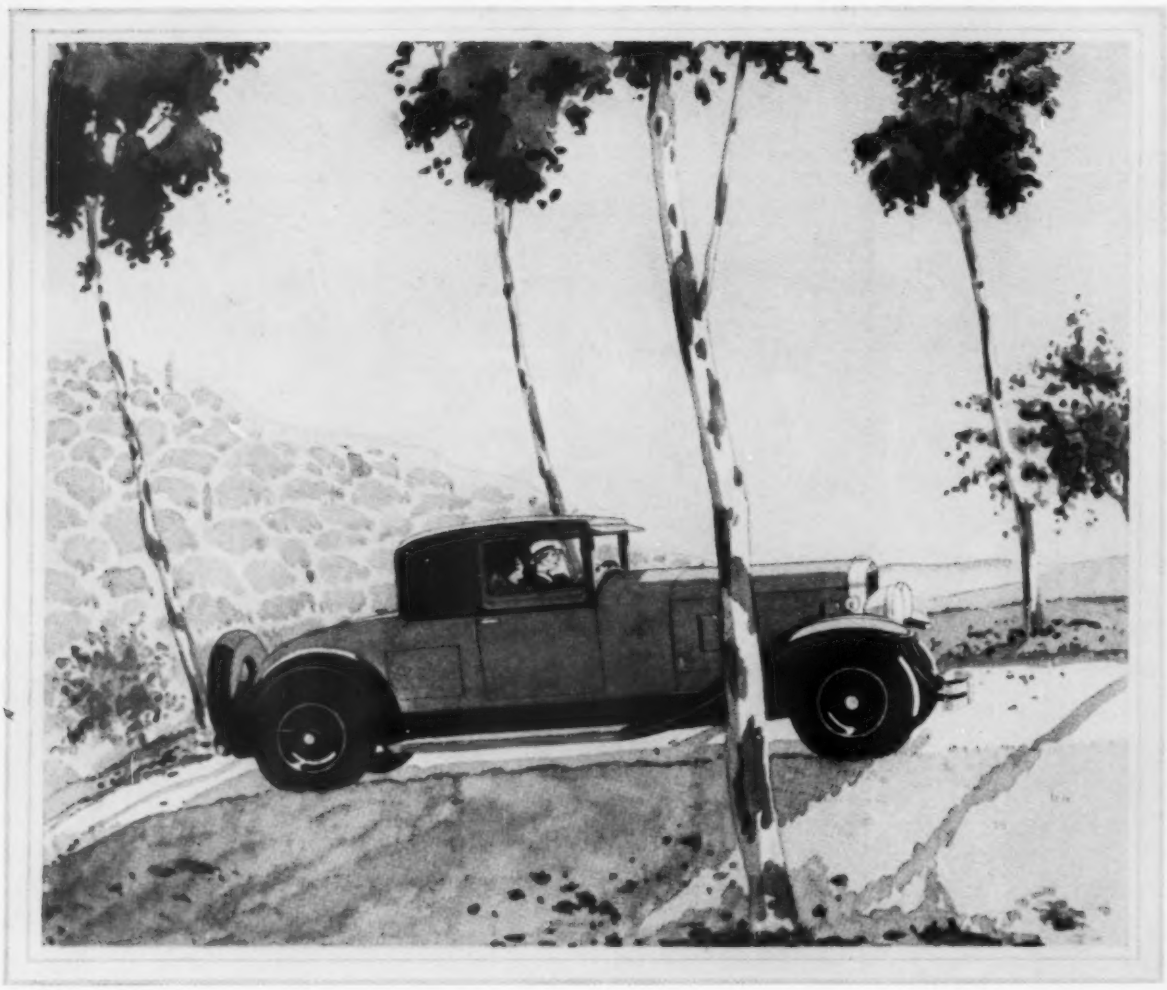

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A New Game for Poets

(Continued from page 72)

any obligation to write poetry, then certainly the modern anarchists can do the trick. Here, however, the point is only important as a stage in the argument. I submit that the ideal of free verse is wrong even by the test of freedom. But as a matter of fact the new poets do not appeal exclusively or even especially, to the test of freedom. They appeal even more enthusiastically to the ideal of progress. And it is particularly in relation to this progressive test that I have a polite suggestion to offer, touching what may be called a new game for poets.

Since the new poets are primarily concerned about the Progress of Poesy, passing with all its pomp of laurels and of lyres, it is relevant to point out to them that their long and splendid procession seems to be progressing backwards. What is called free verse is merely an attempt to make verse more natural by making it more conversational. That is to say, it is an attempt to improve singing by making it more like talking. But surely the ideal thing would be if all talking were like singing. If we are going to set before us the conception of a later and higher historical stage in human progress, that would really be a higher one. That would really be a Utopia; a world in which all the talkers were poets. Instead of breaking up the beautiful line about the immortal bird into fragmentary references to an indestructible fowl, we ought to do exactly the reverse. We ought to talk about the destructible fowl who lays eggs for breakfast or is eaten with bread sauce, and talk about the chicken in the same soaring and musical language in which Keats talked about the nightingale. We ought to be able, on the spur of the moment, to celebrate the hardboiled egg in a ballad as our fathers celebrated the golden egg in a fairy-tale. We ought to be able, spontaneously and on the spot, to produce a noble poem about bread sauce, like the many noble poems about bread.

It may perhaps be answered, by the craven and the faint-hearted, that it would be difficult to do. It would require a certain training, during which the new talent might or might not be matured. Under this artistic discipline the new poets would remain, for any such period or number of years as was needed before the first happy and light-hearted lyric sprang spontaneously from them. Perhaps some of the new poets would never recover the power of speech at all. After a time, the world would get reconciled even to that.

In the undergraduate stages of the course, while the student was still in a juvenile class, perhaps he would be allowed to quote poetry instead of making it up. In commenting on the weather to the booking clerk or the lift-boy, he would merely use some familiar phrase, as that the sun flattered the mountain-tops with sovran eye, or that the chimney-pots were pinnacled dim in the intense inane.

But all this use of familiar quotations is only for the young student while he is really young. From the public and recognized poet a perpetual stream of original verse will be expected, playing upon grapes, champagne-bottles, waiters, lift-boys and everything else. In early life he would be excused if he stood hesitating for some five or ten minutes, before he answered the greeting of some beautiful and fashionable hostess, with something in the Spenserian stanza that should be not unworthy of her beauty. But after some years of our new literary discipline, he could toss off a compliment in the most complicated metre. At its best the discipline might involve the literary man being a little silent at dinner; but again, who shall say that there might not be something of veiled and mysterious providence even in that? As for the main fact that anybody can write free verse—that merely means that it can become more prosaic. That is merely to chop up the simple and united language of the great poets into the chatter of the existing dinner-table. That is merely to make what might have been poetic speech as abrupt, as angular, as trivial and as inconsistent as the ordinary talk of the town. Free verse has not any tendency towards freeing any verse. It is merely chaining verse in the clanking and clattering fetters of conventional conversation.

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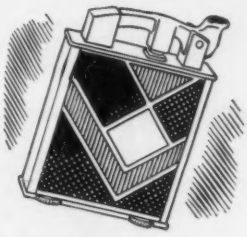

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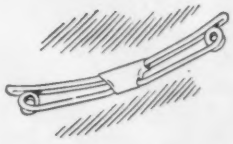

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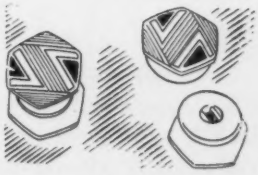

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Some American Contradictions

(Continued from page 55)

happened in Tennessee could not happen in the Old World. Even in Spain—even in Turkey—Mr. Bryan and the Scopes trial would be impossibilities. There is hardly a sect of religion, old or new, which is unrepresented in modern America. Every known brand of Christianity has its followers, and dilute versions of other oriental faiths are achieving wide popularity.

And yet in this religious country the frankly anti-Christian writings of H. L. Mencken have an enormous circulation. Significant of the ordinary lowbrow public's attitude in regard to these matters are the plays which recur on the American stage concerning the close connection which exists between religion and sex. Such plays when good are applauded by large and appreciative audiences, mostly of middle class women. They would never, I am sure, attract such an audience in England or on the continent of Europe.

Another of the remarkable inconsistencies of American life is the coexistence of democratic manners and an intense snobbery.

When they have got over the first shock of being called "Folks" by the attendants on the Pullman car, visitors from older and more feudal countries soon find these manners refreshingly sensible. Impressed by these superficial symptoms of liberty, equality and fraternity, they are all unprepared for the intense and passionate snobbishness, which manifests itself especially in the older cities of the Union. The amount of space devoted by the press to the doings of "Society" is a fair indication of a country's social snobbery. In America it is considerable. The Society columns in the American dailies are as long as they are in the papers of avowedly aristocratic countries, the periodicals devoted to the social, the smart and the correct are as numerous. Meanwhile the Old World comedy of social snobs and climbers is played by a new aristocracy of money. The sentiments one may hear expressed in New York society, the expressions one may see on the faces of the smart Elect would do credit to a duchess of the *ancien régime*.

These contradictions puzzle us. Our intellectual training has been in the school of logic, not of life. We demand explanations, we want to know why life does not conform to the rules we have invented to simplify our thinking. Perhaps the best explanation of such vital inconsistencies as I have described is to be found in the fact that, in life, if not in logic or syntax, every "in spite of" is really a "because." Thus we may say that "in spite of its Puritanism, America is Rabelaisian"; that is the same as saying, "America is Rabelaisian, because it is Puritanical."

If we require further explanations, we must look for them, I suppose, in the mere physical vastness of America, in the variety of occupations and environment with which it provides its inhabitants, and in the variety of grace and background among the inhabitants themselves. Thus, one cannot expect a town dweller and a farmer to have the same habits of mind and the same manners. They have never seen eye to eye in the past and, in spite of many urbanizations in American country life, in spite of a more or less standardized, nation-wide system of education, they do not see eye to eye at the present, even in the United States. Town mouse remains town mouse; the country mouse (if we may judge by his legislative and intellectual exploits in what Mr. Mencken calls the "Cow States") is as profoundly countrified as ever he was in Mediaeval Europe. And possessing as he does political power—which is more than the European peasant ever possessed—fortunately, as I like to think, for civilization, he is at liberty to display his countrification in thought and action before an astonished world. Made vocal and politically strong, the American peasant has emphasized the everlasting difference which separates his kind from the inhabitants of cities. Here, then, is one great and fertile source of contradiction in American life.

Another is to be found in the differences in prosperity and rate of material progress existing between different parts of the country. The philosophy of life, the mortality current in the brand new, opulent and rapidly expanding cities of southern California cannot in the nature of things be the same as those which hold good in old and stagnant communities where conventions have had time to crystallize, where material conditions are hard, where the present is gloomy and the future is not necessarily tinged with rose. Nor can we expect a huge cosmopolitan city like New York in constant touch with all the civilizations of the world, to resemble in any way the purely American communities of the remote interior. No capital is ever characteristic of the country it represents. In this matter, as in all others, America has done things more emphatically, on a grander scale and with a greater vigour than any other country. New York is perhaps the least typical metropolis of any. Its own inherent life and energy have carried it further from its hinterland than London has moved from the rest of England, Paris from France, Berlin from Prussia and the whole of Germany. The social, moral and intellectual tendencies of New York are likely, in the nature of things, to be in contradiction with the tendencies of the rest of the country.

But why should I go on trying to explain these contradictions in American life? They exist, as they exist everywhere, but with a peculiar and typically American luxuriance. Let us accept them and be thankful. For how dull life would be, if it were logical and entirely consistent! Contradictions give it variety and interest. The magnitude and obviousness of its inconsistencies are what renders America the most richly various and, to a student of human affairs, the most fascinating country in the entire modern world.

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Poland Water

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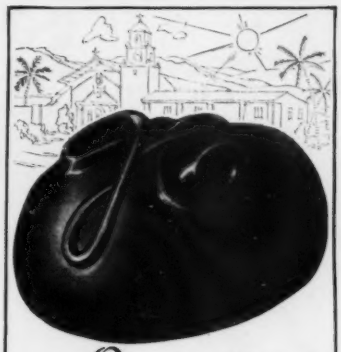

Only California could give such novelty and charm to mere candy . . As yet, few eastern people have had an opportunity to sample this new California confection, but these few have been outspoken in their praise. ◁ That is, perhaps, natural, for where else than in California can be found the choicest selection of fragrant orange peel, spicy ginger, luscious walnuts, and other titbits that form the centers, and such delicious "chewey" fruit wrapped about these morsels? ◁ These lovely combinations of sun-ripened fruits are coated with the finest fondant and chocolate to make "Aunt Jo's Prune Delights."

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to KEEP An indispensable reserve food supply among your emergency shelf goods.

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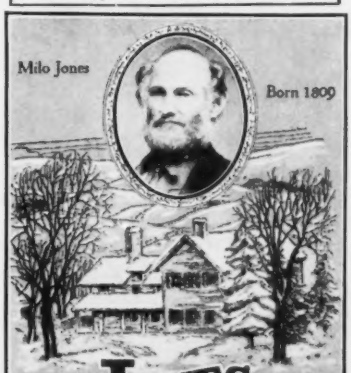

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Love

(*Continued from page 132*)

more. You can devote yourself to work.

You work.

At last you are relaxed, free, and disburdened of love.

§22

You wish she were more of a mother. She is not purely maternal. Mothers are quick to revert into women. You find this rather irritating, but it cannot be helped.

The antics of her child amuse her for a moment. . . .

She is intelligent, artistic, and you yourself desired her to be so. She can hardly spend her whole life bending over a crib. Let her live a little. You were working. Work on.

§23

Your life is calm. . . . You are a little bored. You begin to look at other women. They are very lovely, I know, and younger than they seemed in your time. Ah! the youth of woman!

Your grizzled temples and the wrinkles in your face do not frighten them away. On the contrary. You have never felt them to be so near you.

At forty, a man is astonished by the sudden ease of his conquests. But they no longer have the same effect on his vanity. Because of his wealth, his authority, and a certain acquired strength, the game has begun to be unfair.

My boy, be careful. Follow your own path.

Love is a man's effort to be contented with one woman.

§24

So you cannot do without them? You need their cool lips, the supple rhythm of their bodies, the intoxicating promise of their eyes? Merely to watch them pass by stimulates your mind and exalts your heart? Your courage and your blood are the woman who passes by? All love is in the woman who passes by?

Well then, my boy, let them pass by!

§25

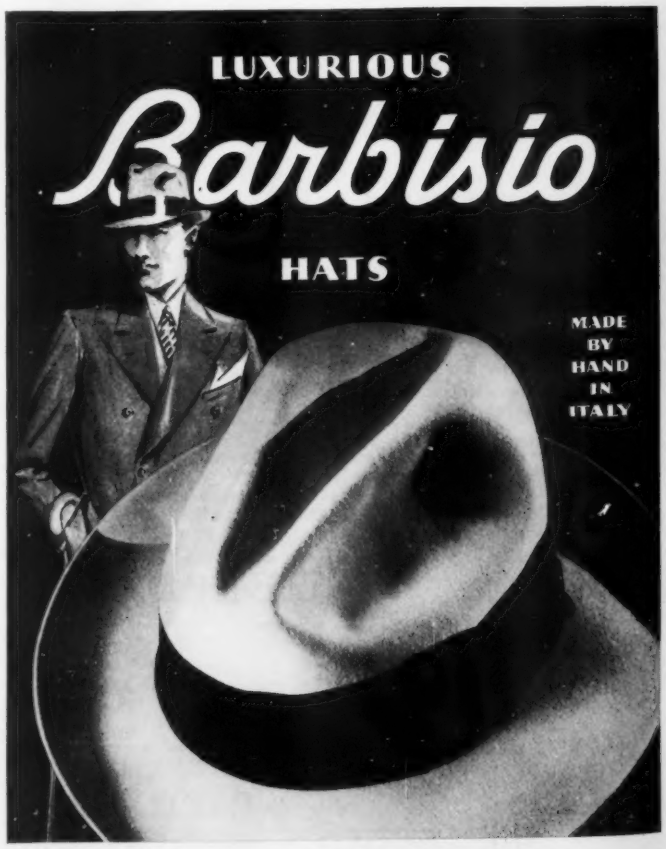
Work! At heart, you have never loved anything but your work.

Men work in the beginning to gain the love of women. But they are distracted from women by their own activity. They end by preferring it.

To work is to march toward yourself. Attain yourself!

To live is to feel oneself becoming the incarnation of the best one can possibly become.

And don't tell me that you would like to rest. You have had so much leisure already. Work on!



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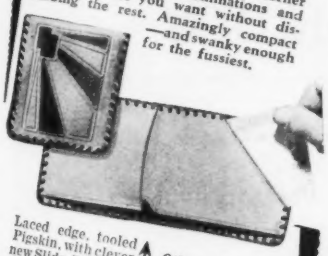
STERN HAT COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO, SOLE AMERICAN AGENTS

Smart "Minders" for the New Bills

The very newest in Billminders—and so handy. Just the size for the new bills, with convenient cut-away corner that lets you see denominations and pull out what you want without disturbing the rest. Amazingly compact —and swanky enough for the fussiest.



Laced edge, tooled Pigskin, with clever new Slide-Fold; adjusts self flatly to any number of bills. (Pat. Appl'd for)

Other Models Priced From **50c to $5**

Perfect for gifts or for yourself. Six different leathers—all good. Five smart styles, including "the smallest of them all,"—and combinations of Robinson Reminders and Billminders. See complete line at your dealer's.

ROBINSON REMINDERS, too—the detachable coupon memo that keeps notes up to date.

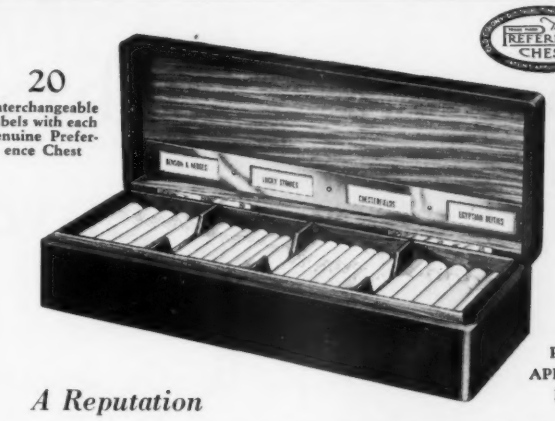
Robinson Billminder

Robinson Manufacturing Co.
Westfield, Mass.

THE comfort and enjoyment of the daily tub are unmistakably heightened by adding to the water a half-handful of No. 4711 Bath Salts in your favorite odor (there are eleven in all!) . . . No. 4711 Bath Salts are gently stimulating to fagged nerves and body . . . and the water takes on the gentle softness of pearly dew.

No. 4711 Bath Salts

Made in U. S. A. by
MULHENS & KROPFF, Inc.
25 West 45th Street New York



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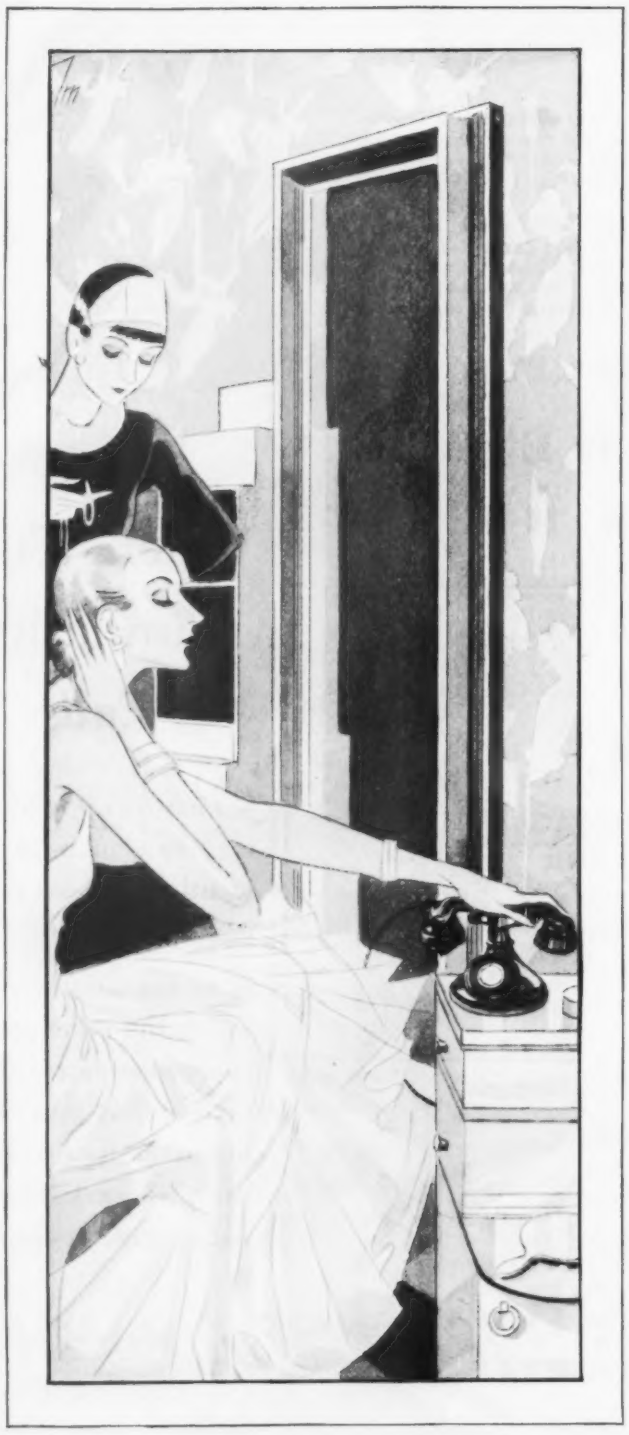
Telephones near at hand . . . for Comfort and Convenience



By the dressing-table . . . in the library, sun porch, guestroom . . . wherever they will save steps and time, and add comfort to living

, , ,

Of the many features which contribute to the livability and smartness of the modern home, few are more truly convenient than *enough telephones*, properly placed to give the greatest possible ease in the use of the service.

It is so desirable, nowadays, to have telephones in all rooms frequently used. Then important tasks need not be interrupted, nor long trips made to distant parts of the house, whenever an outside call is made or answered.

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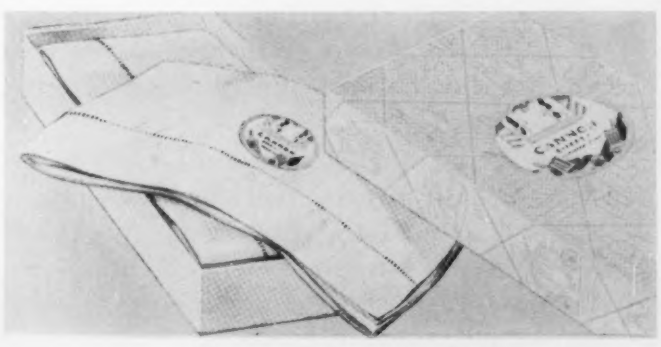
TRAVEL the wide world over, you cannot find a more comfortable sheet than Cannon Lavenlawn. Its close, even, supple texture will impress you in the store. But the real measure of its worth is to tuck its gentle, caressing smoothness into a bed. Its fine texture resists wrinkles. Its cool sof' ess woos sleep. To use it is to love it. You will be ready to declare that this sheet is smoother, gentler, finer than any sheet you've found! It is made only of long-fiber Egyptian Cotton, with more than 100 threads to the square inch. Naturally it wears longer. Feel it. Compare it with the finest sheeting you already know. You will find Lavenlawn priced below its worth. It will make a luxurious yet a *thrifty* purchase.

Cannon Lavenlawn sheets may be had in snow white, or in six lovely pastel shades, or in white with smart colored hems. They are sold singly, in packages of six sheets or pillow-cases, and in boxed sets (a pair of sheets and matching pillow-cases) scented with Yardley's Old English Lavender. Extra-deep hems, hemstitched or plain. Average size in white costs only about $3.25. Cannon Mills, Inc., 70 Worth Street, New York City.



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A radio that affords musical reproduction of brilliance, warmth and power comparable only to the singing or playing of the artists themselves... that at last achieves "acoustic symmetry"—from top to bottom of the musical scale!

Victor's *own* exclusive radio, the climax of thirty years of unchallenged leadership in acoustical reproduction—the supreme product of the most painstaking and specialized craftsmanship! Victor quality throughout.

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